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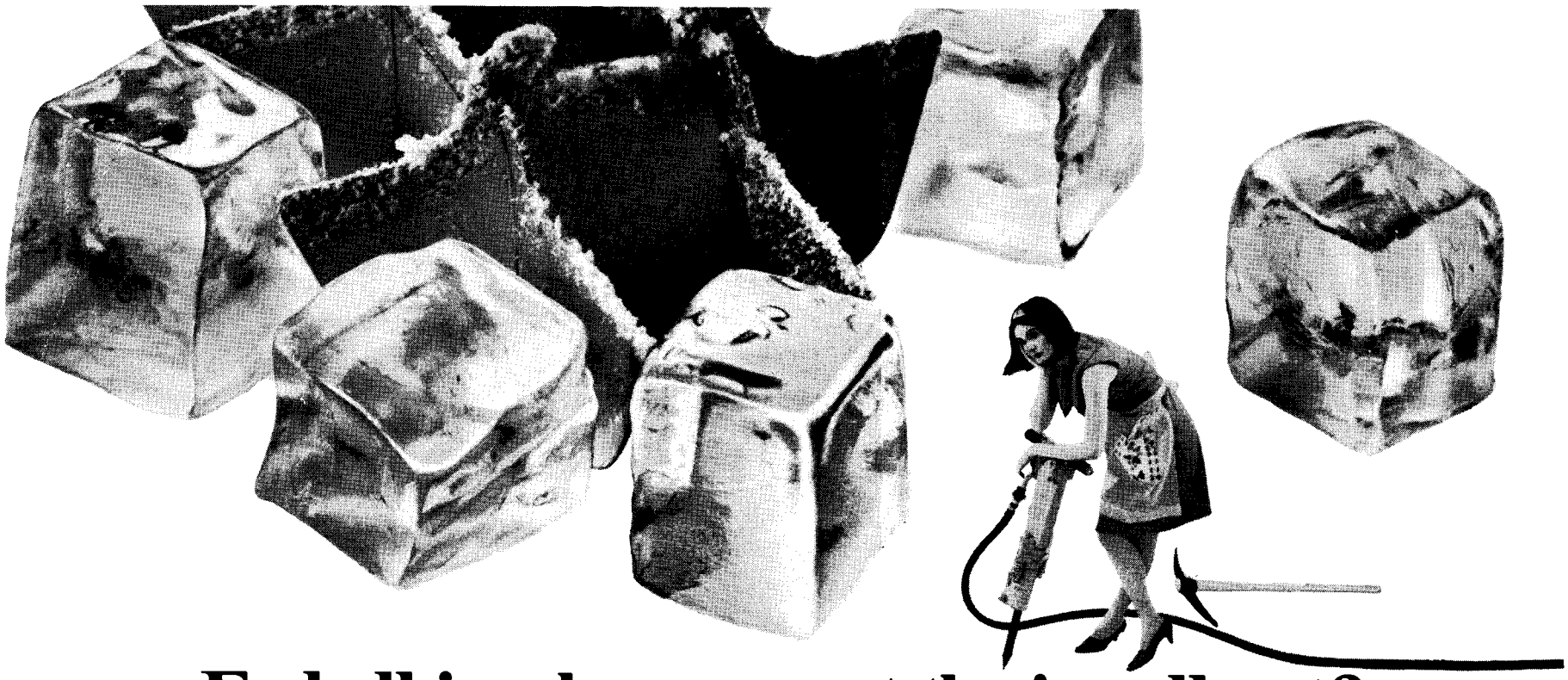

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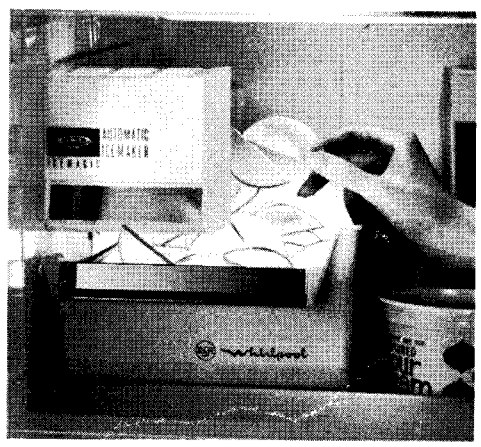

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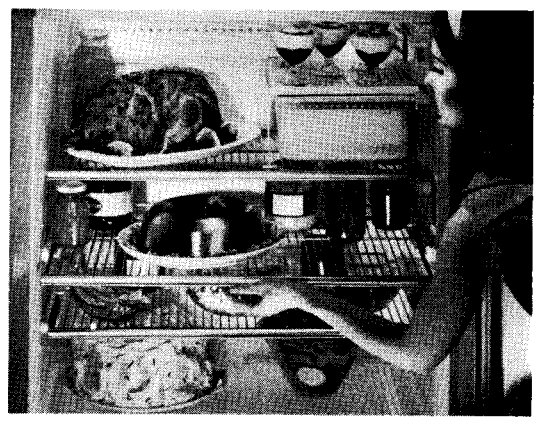

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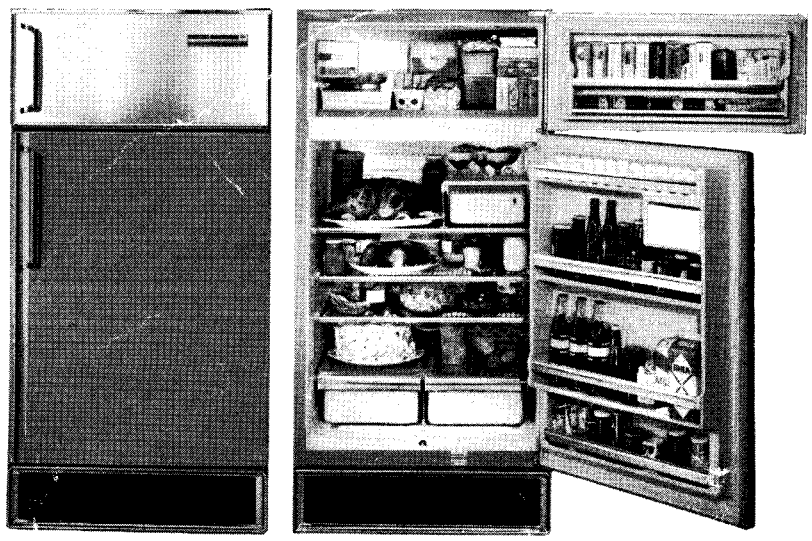

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POST

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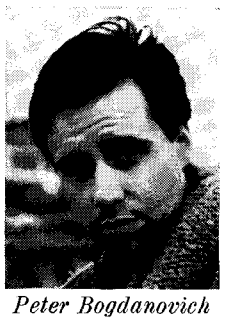

Peter Bogdanovich

The fiction section of this issue contains two of America's most prominent writers, both of whom are currently represented on the best-seller lists: JOHN O'HARA, with *The Lockwood Concern*, and LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS, with *The Embezzler*. . . . Although PETER BOGDANOVICH, author of the article about Sonny and Chér, has written for magazines for five years, his primary interest is writing and directing movies. He has produced and directed two off-Broadway revivals, *The Big Knife* (by Clifford Odets) and *Once in a Lifetime* (by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman). He is now assistant to the director of *The Fallen Angels*, a movie about the Hell's Angels motorcycle clubs. . . . ANDREW J. GLASS, who traveled throughout Latin America with Sen. Robert F. Kennedy, is congressional correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune*. . . . CALVIN TOMKINS, a staff writer for *The New Yorker*, is author of two recent books, *The Bride and the Bachelors* and *The Lewis and Clark Trail*. /Cover photo by JERRY SCHATZBERG.

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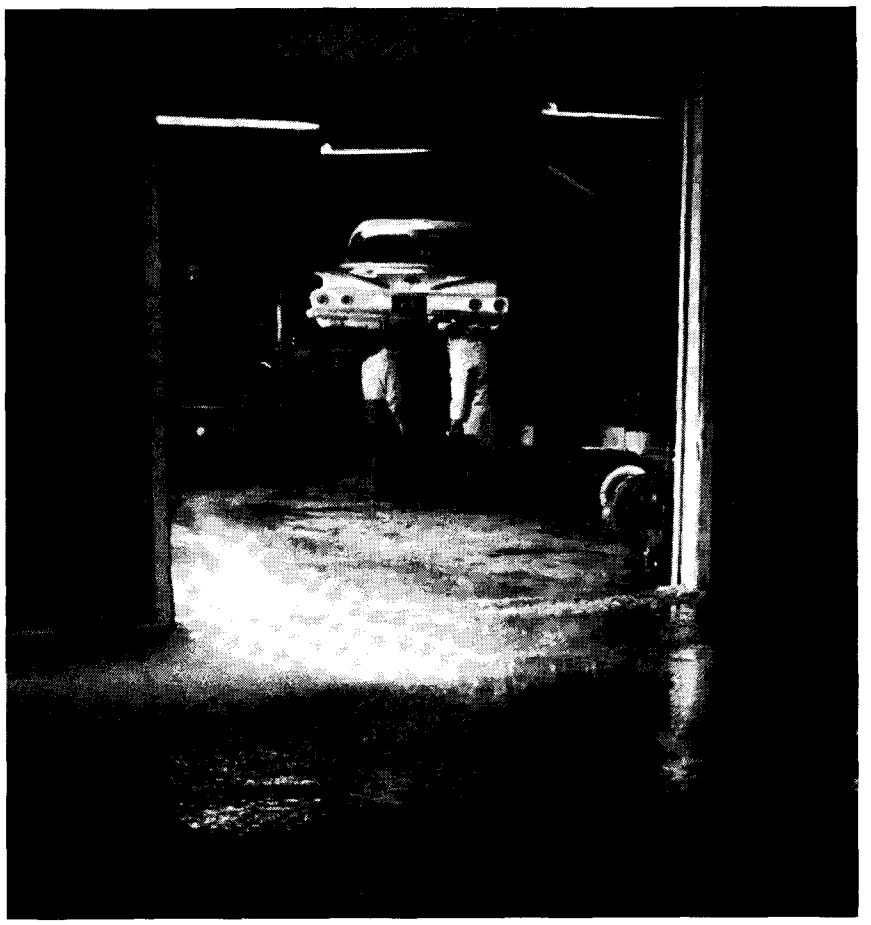

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Don't ask for trouble. Ask for Yale.

Letters

Marriage & the priesthood

Gentlemen:

I have been a priest for almost 53 years, and in the course of that time I have become acquainted with thousands of priests and candidates for the priesthood. The sentiments expressed by the American priest [I AM A PRIEST, I WANT TO MARRY, March 12] represent the mind of a comparatively small number. The vast majority of priests live a life of celibacy gladly, because it gives them a greater opportunity of performing their priestly ministry efficiently, but above all because it involves a total commitment to Jesus Christ.

I trust that Father Stephen Nash will come to realize what happiness there is in a life of perfect chastity consecrated to the service of God.

VERY REV. FRANCIS J. CONNELL, *C.SS.R.*
Dean Emeritus of the School of Sacred Theology
The Catholic University of America
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

Someone jokingly asked a priest-friend whether he had read I AM A PRIEST, I WANT TO MARRY. He replied, "Read it? I wrote it!" I suspect more of us might want to lay claim to the pseudonym of Father Stephen Nash.

The SPEAKING OUT expresses more clearly and more beautifully than anything else so far the sentiments of so many of us.

FATHER DONALD A. BLAES
Belleville, Ill.

Dear Editor:

It takes a lot of man, spiritually, to be a Catholic priest. If Father Nash finds it too difficult to live up to his vows, let him remove his collar. He performs his duties, but he is not a real priest. He'd make a nice family man, a good parishioner.

MRS. STELLA FENELL
Park Ridge, N.J.

Dear Sir:

The Church will, sooner or later, come to the realization that celibacy is an unnatural condition to many of the religious. I would welcome a priest with a wife into my parish; then I would not fret about the abominable diet upon which our dear Father X, who lives alone, subsists.

MRS. THOMAS C. CAIRNS
Siluria, Ala.

To the Priest Who Wishes to Marry:

I'm just a hard-working, uneducated Catholic, with a lot of misery, frustration, hard times and disappointment behind me, and also ahead, I know.

To me, beyond all the good work the priest can do is the fact that he thought enough of Christ, and enough of the souls of his people, to do penance and sacrifice through the cross of celibacy. I don't care how neurotic or crabby a priest is. The fact that he is carrying this cross for me by being lonely is the reason for my courage and strong faith, my belief.

J. STELLMAN
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

Soap opera lost a gifted writer when Father Stephen Nash turned his collar backward. Even if such an ideal woman did exist, such as he describes, how could he possibly love her, since he is evidently so deeply in love with himself?

FATHER JOHN F. JACKSON
Rochester, Pa.

Dear Sir:

Suppose his woman did not meet his expectations—would he then be writing, "I am a Married Priest—I Want a Divorce"? I am praying for you, Father.

MRS. JAMES P. DEROSE III
Niles, Ill.

Dear Sir:

For those who think "Father Stephen Nash" stands alone, I suggest reading the articles in the *National Catholic Reporter* last fall, as well as the coming issues—where hundreds of "Father Nashes" voice their concern. And thousands more read in agreement.

FATHER WM. F. CUMMINGS,
C.SS.R., STL, SSL
Professor of Sacred Scripture
St. Mary's College
Oakland, Calif.

Dear Sir:

We wouldn't like the general public to think that Father Nash has an exclusive claim on the *fomes peccati*. St. John the Evangelist wanted to get married long before Stephen Nash was a twinkle in his daddy's eye. We read in the *Summa Theologica*, Q. 186, Art. 4, Pt. II-II: "Wherefore Peter whom He (Christ) found married, He severed not from his wife, while He withheld from marriage John who wished to marry."

FATHER HOWARD MORIN, *Redemptorist*
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:

I am the father of a 37-year-old Catholic priest, Father Freddie, who simply walked away from his parish in California on the 9th of November, 1964. After giving much thought to two articles in *The Post*, FALLEN PRIESTS [by Sanche de Gramont, November 20, 1965] and I AM A PRIEST, I WANT TO MARRY, and knowing that my son was badly disturbed over his duties to his calling and his desires for a more conventional life, I am hoping that you can publish some part of this information. I am sure my son will have a better-than-average chance of seeing it (assuming he is alive and well) since the two articles obviously would have appealed to him greatly.

We pray that by your help, he will know that we are concerned deeply, and may return to us.

"DAD"
California

Continued on page 10

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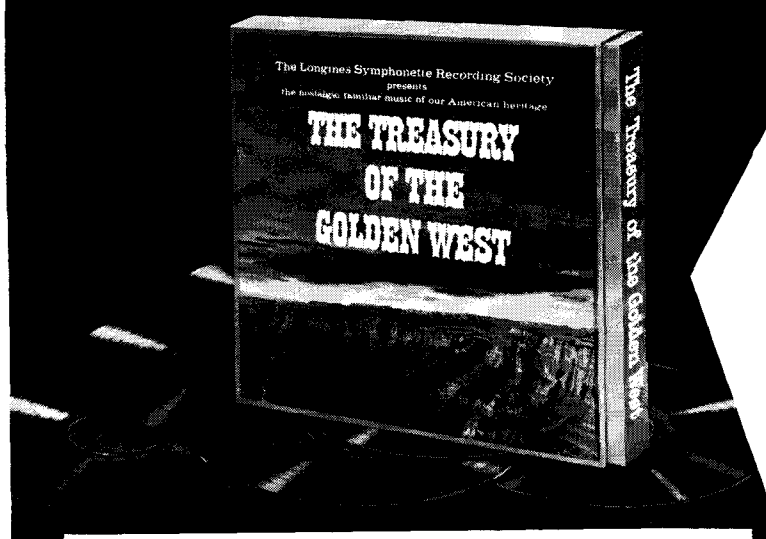
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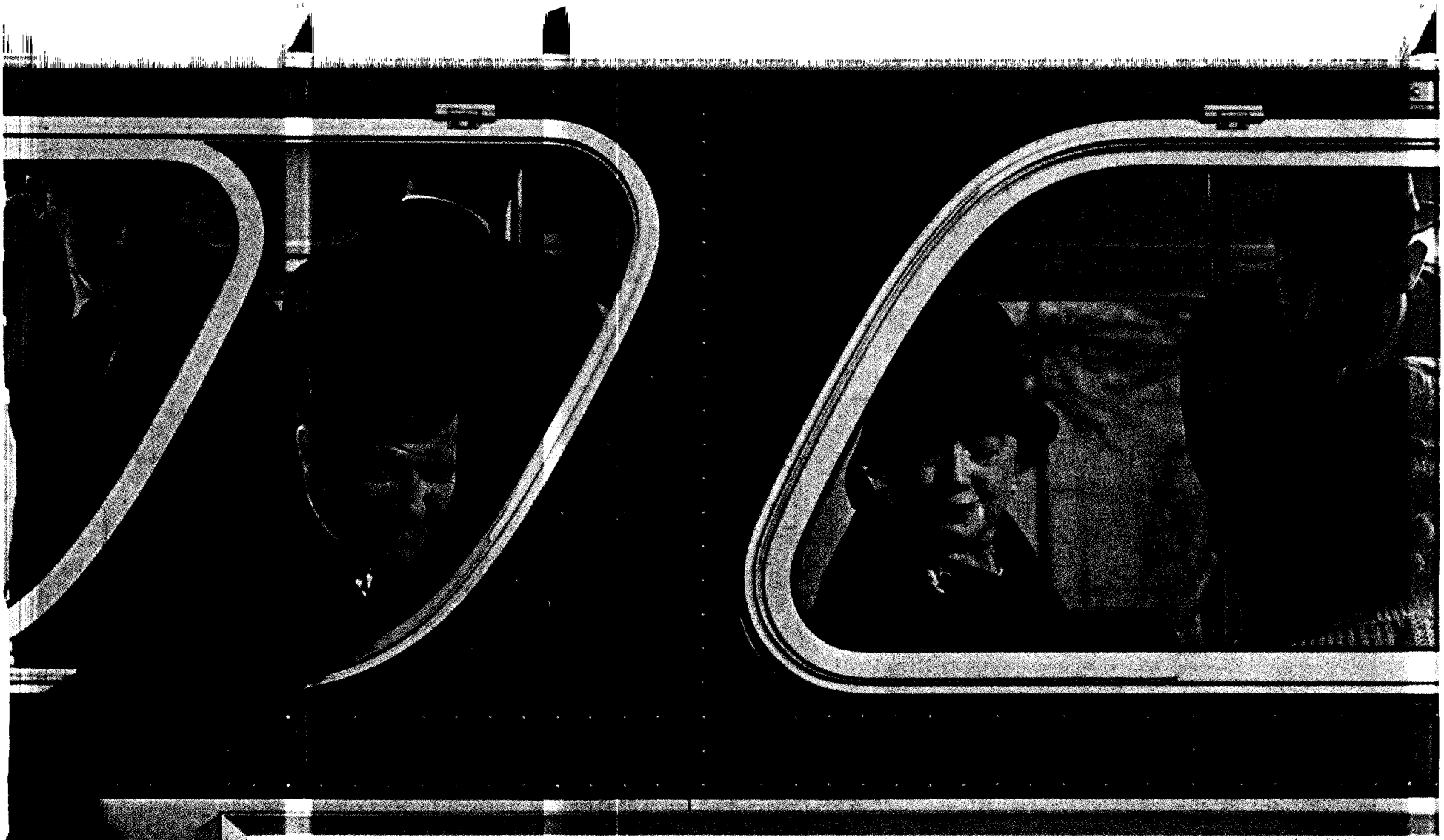

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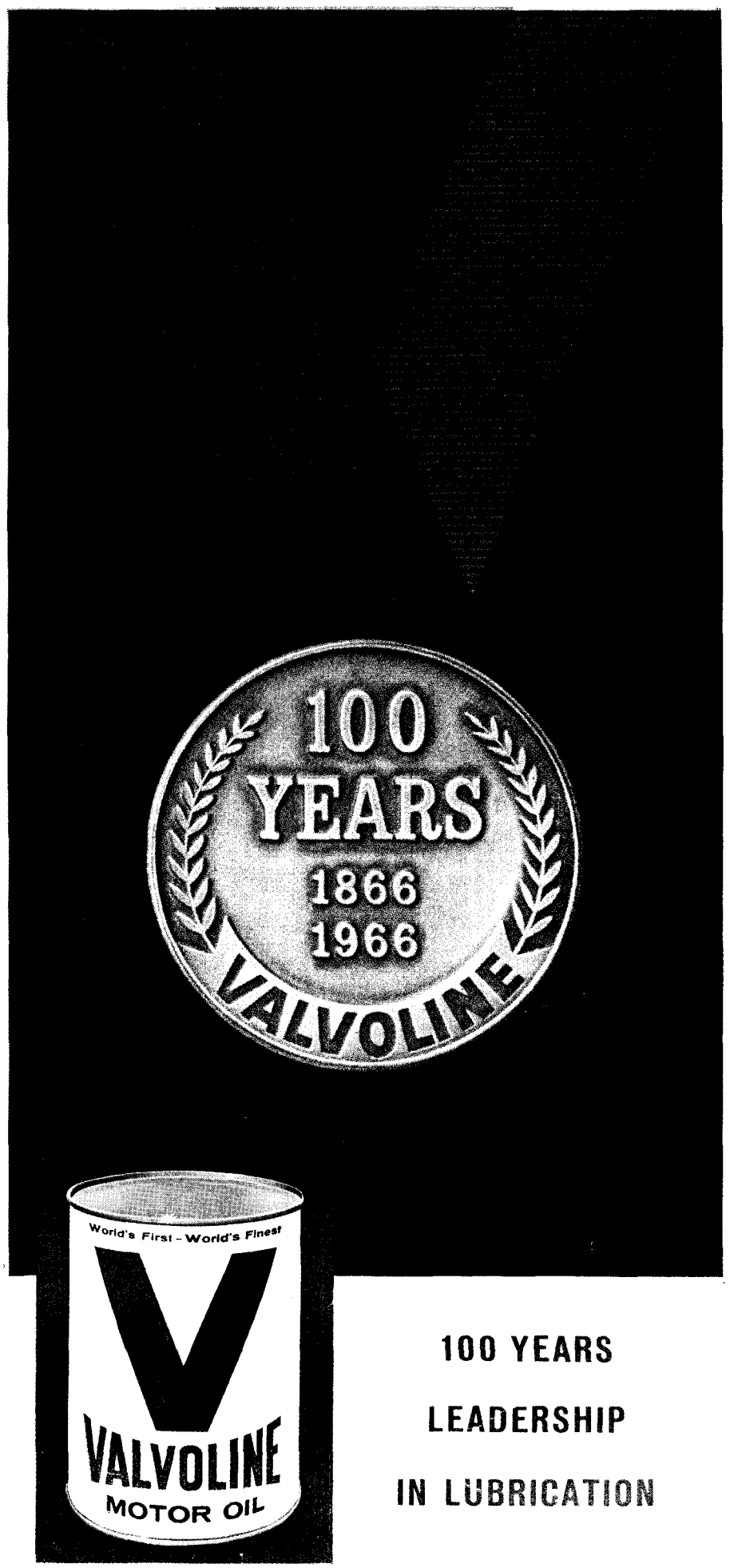

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VALVOLINE OIL COMPANY, Freedom, Pa.
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Letters

Papa Hemingway

Gentlemen:

Thanks for PAPA HEMINGWAY. [By A. E. Hotchner, March 12]. Solid endorsement for Papa. Solid endorsement for Hotchner. Also endorse *Post*. Want more.

TIMOTHY O'SULLIVAN
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Dear Sir:

A. E. Hotchner's fine article sent me to my bookshelf, and the next few hours were spent reading great chunks of *A Farewell to Arms*, *The Sun Also Rises*, and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. The mystery still remains, however: How could such an infantile, ridiculous man compose such brilliant prose?

TERRENCE N. HILL
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sir:

Your cover illustration [by Fred Otnes] is far more successful than the article. Mr. Hotchner has written just another sensationalized account of the author's eccentricities.

ALLAN G. PELLNAT
Buffalo, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

Thank you for Hotchner's warmly intimate portrait of this rare, gigantic, courageous man.

YVONNE DUNK
New York, N.Y.

Madness in the supermarket

To the Editor:

TODAY, A WOMAN WENT MAD IN THE SUPERMARKET [March 12] leaves a bad taste in my mouth, because I like happy endings. Hilma Wolitzer has learned to read and understand the fine print on the package.

FRED M. HAMMETT
Newport, R.I.

Gentlemen:

A wonderfully fine and human short, short story, and not a word wasted. We marvel at your good judgment in grabbing it.

MERRITT S. OSBORN
Green Cove Springs, Fla.

Bob Hope

Dear Sir:

My husband has been fortunate enough to see our beloved Bob Hope in Guam and the Philippines [BOB HOPE, THE GI'S BEST FRIEND, by Trevor Armbrister, March 12]. I hope that my husband, who's been in the Army 18½ years, doesn't have to go to Vietnam to see him again. But no "civilian" will ever know how grateful our servicemen are for Mr. Hope's devotion to them.

MRS. M. H. TYNER
Hartsville, S.C.

Gentlemen:

In reference to the March 12 issue, page 96: [The text describes an incident Bob Hope observed on the deck of an aircraft carrier in Cam Ranh Bay. An F-8 Crusader, back from a mission over enemy territory, skidded and plunged into flames while attempting to land. After some suspenseful moments, the article continues, "The pilot, Lieut. W. S. Braugher, of Newark, Ohio, had been picked up. He was alive and well."] At the time of its occurrence, this event had nationwide coverage in newspapers, radio and television. Wouldn't you think that someone, somewhere, would have taken the trouble to find out that the pilot's name is really William S. *Brougher*, and that his home is *Johnstown, Pennsylvania*. No one did, except our local news media.

Needless to say, more important to us was our son's miraculous survival and rescue!

MRS. OLIN H. BROUGHER
Johnstown, Pa.

Beginning of it all

Sir:

Max Gunther's article A LONG LOOK BACK TO CREATION [March 12] besides being informative, gives me a rare excuse for a bit of nostalgia.

I have, in the past, been one of the clan of amateur astronomers and remember debating the relative merits of the three current theories of cosmology. I was pro steady-state (Hoyle-Bondi-Gold). I also remember, at about age 11, observing Peltier's Comet with two school friends who were also astronomy buffs. One was Bruce Olsen and the other, Allan Sandage. To read of Allan, referred to in your article as being in the forefront of his field, brings pleasure to me.

I still, subjectively, prefer the steady-state idea, but bow to the power of the scientific City Hall and my long-lost friend, Allan Sandage.

RICHARD A. BAKER
Morristown, N.J.

Dear Sir:

The article on probing the universe inspired the following:

Twinkle, twinkle, little quasar
How I wonder where you are.

While all else in the universe
Obeys the law, you are perverse
And despite astronomers' toil
Your game is not according to Hoyle.

Brighter than you ought to be
Confounding even telemetry
Unlike a diamond in the sky
On science's face a custard pie.

JAMES D. CARROLL
McLean, Va.

Don Ameche fan clubs

Dear Sir:

Thomas Meehan's commentary concerning Midwestern and Southern collegiates who enjoy Ameche pictures [GOOD-BYE SAM SPADE, HELLO STEPHEN FOSTER, March 12] succeeded far better in annoying than in amusing. Apparently Meehan is another East Coast barroom sophisticate who regards as crassly provincial anyone who enjoys wholesome entertainment. Parochial resentment and ethnic envy such as his deserve no forum.

JOHN E. WELLS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Being a new resident of Nebraska, I fully enjoyed the article. Now I intend to go out and find me a "real swell guy."

BARBARA BECK
Omaha, Nebr.

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Alaska?

Employers Mutuals is glad to go!

Kodiak Electric Association lineman works against background of small but busy Kodiak harbor. A new KEA project is expanding the island's power facilities. In regular visits, Employers Mutuals representatives see to the insurance service needs of electrical, construction, canning and other industries scattered throughout the vast State of Alaska.

PHOTO BY FRED SCHNELL

Wausau Story

Since its inception more than 50 years ago, Employers Insurance of Wausau has been a leader in ideas and actions for the protection of companies and their people.

This dedication to the prevention of loss has taken Employers Mutuals' service far afield, sometimes into areas where other insurers chose not to go at the time because of the nature or location of the businesses.

That's why today Employers Mutuals gives the Kodiak Electric Association on Kodiak Island off Alaska the same kind of attention it offers a company just a stone's throw from one of the 185 Employers Mutuals offices in the "lower 49" states. The reputation for being "good people to do business with" is well-earned.

Think of your company's protection needs—workmen's compensation, health and accident plans, fire, casualty and other forms of business insurance. Employers Insurance of Wausau provides them all, with the important extra of the "Wausau way" of doing business to solve *your* problems. The Employers Mutuals office nearest you is listed in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. Call us. Or, write Employers Insurance of Wausau, Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Insurance of WAUSAU

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Anscochrome® slides do more than "just come out." They come out brilliantly with beautiful color every single time.

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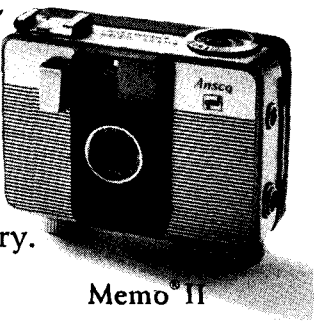

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For one very good reason.

It's the best single frame camera in the country. Tucked away in a pocket or purse, the Memo II is ready at a moment's notice to give you twice the number of mounted slides from every roll of film. (Under $70 complete with flash gun, carrying case, and roll of Anscochrome D-50 film.)

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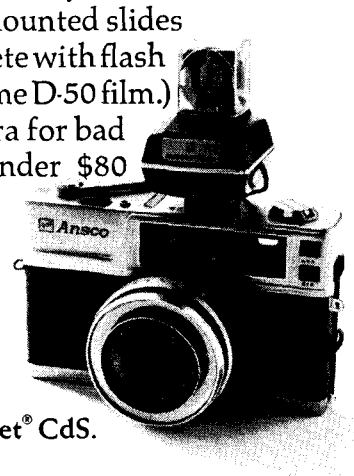

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Speaking Out

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS ARE FAILING

By CHRISTOPHER JENCKS

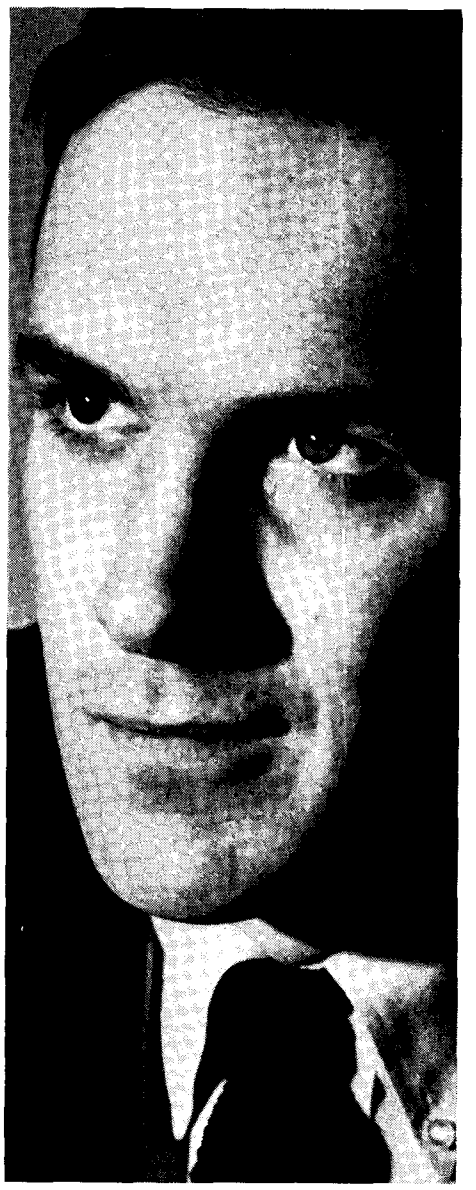
Americans are justifiably proud of their public schools, which have turned a nation of semiliterate farmers and immigrants into the world's most competent people in less than a century. But in one important area, the urban slums where some 30 million Americans now live, the public schools have been doing a terrible job. They prepare almost none of their students for college, and this means that almost none will be able to get a good job or live a comfortable life. More than half the students in these schools are made so miserable that they drop out at the first legal opportunity, filled with despair and rebellion against society.

Many educators claim that these students come from such wretched homes that the schools cannot do much to educate them. Yet while slum children are clearly difficult to educate, experiments have repeatedly shown that with the right kind of school the job can be done. Many educators admit this, and say that all they need is more money. Yet, the harsh fact is that money alone won't do the trick. The schools in Harlem spend almost twice as much per pupil as those in Milwaukee, and the results are nothing like twice as impressive.

Why haven't the people who run our big-city schools been able to find solutions to their problems? The reason, I think, is that effective remedies would require basic changes in the character of the public-school system itself. After several years of studying the problem, I have concluded that we cannot hope to establish good schools in the slums so long as we cling to the tradition of direct public management of public schools. What we need in the slums are privately managed schools, financed and ultimately controlled by the taxpayer. To those who have always assumed that private schools are for the rich, this will seem a startling idea, but it shouldn't be.

Public management means public accountability—not just for long-term educational results but for every penny, every minute and every word of every educator on the public payroll. In such a system the fate of a school's alumni inevitably seems less important than avoiding overt conflict and "staying out of trouble." If nobody is found with his hand in the till, if no "subversives" are alleged to be in the classrooms, if no serious discipline problems arise, if no unfavorable news stories appear, if taxes don't have to be raised, public officials seem to feel that all is well.

The public schools' obsessive fear of "trouble" leads to an incredible proliferation of restrictive regulations. The working assumption of those in charge seems to be that everyone in the system is incompetent, irresponsible and potentially dishonest. Everyone is therefore told to follow detailed procedures laid down by someone "higher up" and is held accountable for his conformity to the rules. State legislators assume that if local school boards are left to their own devices they will hire incompetents, so the legislature imposes elaborate (and largely irrelevant) state certification requirements for teachers. The school board assumes that the superintendent is likely to steal (or at least squander) public funds, and insists on reviewing even trivial expenditures. The superintendent assumes the principals have questionable judgment, and insists on prior approval of their budgets, personnel, curriculum and even teaching materials. The principals, in turn, assume that teachers are inherently self-indulgent, and give them little control over the school or even over their own syllabi. Some principals go so far as to install intercom systems with which they can monitor classes. The teachers are also infected by the pervasive deference to authority and tradition, and try to impose it on their pupils by placing innumerable restrictions on social and academic behavior. Everywhere there is an atmosphere of suspicion more appropriate to a prison.



The author has served as a consultant on education to federal agencies, private corporations and local anti-poverty groups, and is coauthor of a forthcoming book, *The Academic Revolution*

These problems are not, of course, unique to the slums. They are found to some extent in every publicly managed school system, be it urban, suburban, small town or rural. Why have the results been so much worse in schools serving the poor? The answer is that poor children are harder to educate. Educators who deal mainly with slum children have every reason to fear trouble and failure. They are therefore less willing to innovate, more anxious to hide behind rules and precedents, more conditioned to saying "No."

In such a system the only way to get along is to go along with those over you. The student tries to dope out what the teacher wants and to provide it; in effect, the student becomes a con man. (Usually all the teacher wants is a reasonable amount of quiet in class and docility about doing assignments.) The teacher, in turn, tries to figure out what the principal wants. (In most cases, filing grades and attendance records promptly, and avoiding complaints count more than whether the children learn anything.) The principals, in turn, try to keep the central administration happy (and the superintendent tries to keep the school board happy) by not sticking their necks out and by damping down conflicts before they get into the newspapers.

Innovation from the bottom up is obviously impossible and unthinkable in such a system. But even innovation from the top down is difficult. If, for example, the school board tries raising salaries in order to attract more enterprising teachers, it must still assign them to the same old schools, where they are still treated like filing clerks. The more imaginative and dedicated usually leave after a year or two for other schools—sometimes suburban, sometimes private—which treat them better. If the principal tells veteran teachers he wants them to revamp the curriculum, they immediately begin looking to him—not to their students—for clues about what kinds of changes to propose. In the unlikely event that a teacher tells his students to "think for themselves," the students automatically interpret this as another frustration in their efforts to "give teach what he wants."

I know no cure for this kind of sickness. In private organizations it leads either to bankruptcy or to the creation of cartels to protect the diseased institution from healthy competitors. The choice is the same in the public sector, but cartels are easier to establish. Public schools, for example, have a monopoly on educational opportunities for the poor. Prosperous families can send their children to private schools or move to suburbs, where the schools are less rigidly bureaucratic and have more faith in their pupils. The poor are stuck with whatever the city fathers and school board see fit to provide.

It seems to me that this lack of choice is at the heart of our educational problems. If so, the solution is to create a variety of competing schools, both publicly and privately managed, and then give poor families a chance to choose among them. To some this will sound "un-American"—an attack on the "common school" and the "democratic" character of public control. But to me the present monolithic system of urban education, controlled by a remote central administration neither responsive nor responsible to individual parents, is what seems "un-American." If we Americans are as alarmed as we say about "creeping socialism," if we really believe in "pluralism" and "private initiative," then we should apply our principles to urban education as well as to business. This does not mean reducing public financial support for big-city schools. Nor does it mean abandoning the principle of public responsibility and overall control. It does mean that on a day-to-day basis we should rely much more heavily on private management, judging its adequacy on the basis of long-term results.

How might this be done? Two possibilities deserve a trial. The first is tuition grants for needy parents who want to take their children out of the public schools and send them to approved private ones. The federal anti-poverty program has already begun to do this for a few hundred high-school students, through its "Upward Bound" program. This effort should be expanded and extended to include not only the posh boarding schools now involved but all sorts of private schools, old and new, elementary and secondary.

The second possibility is for public agencies to begin contracting with private groups to manage schools. Some school boards already use this approach to preschool education, and on the whole it has worked smoothly. The Federal

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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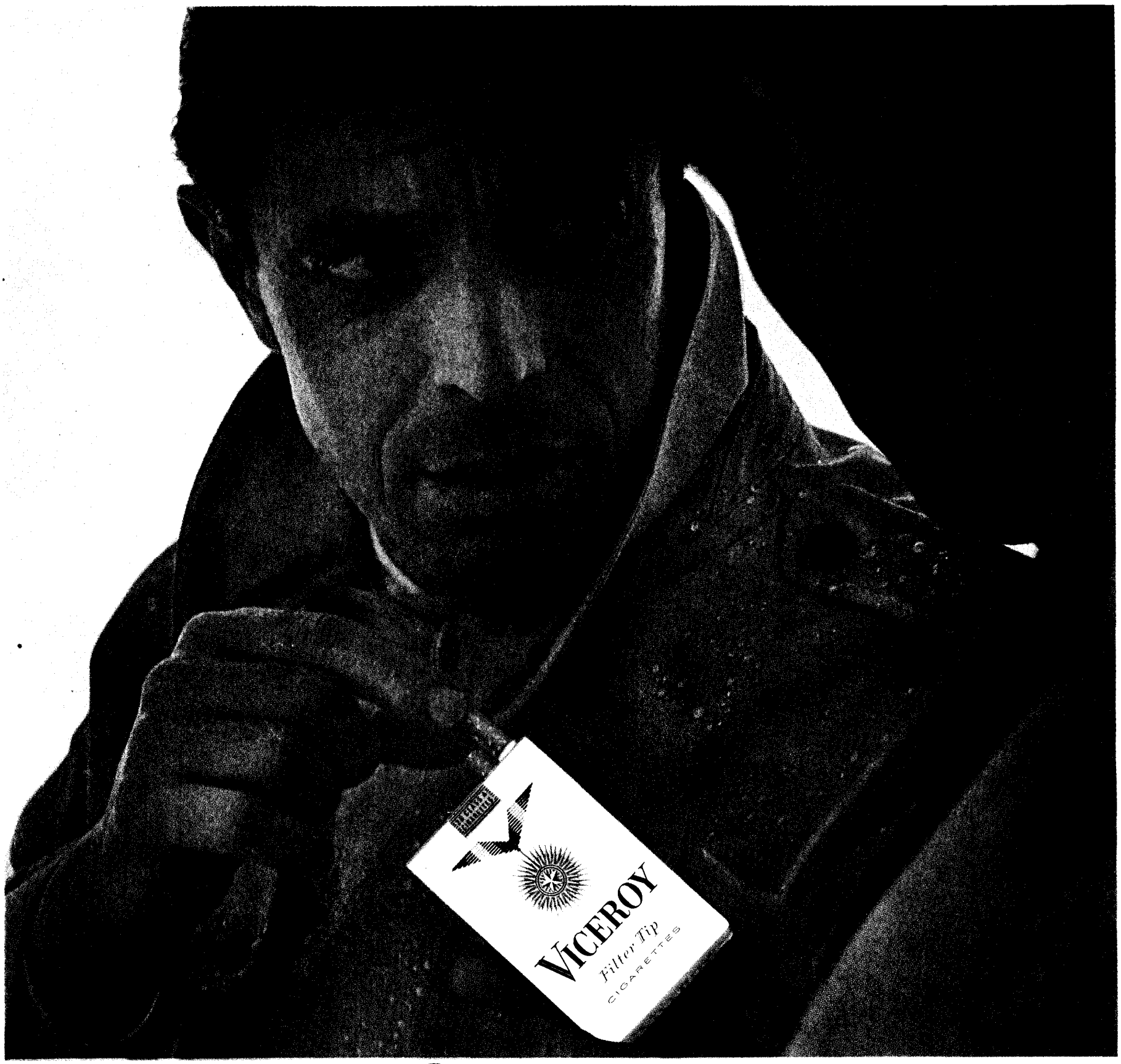
What makes Viceroy the right one?



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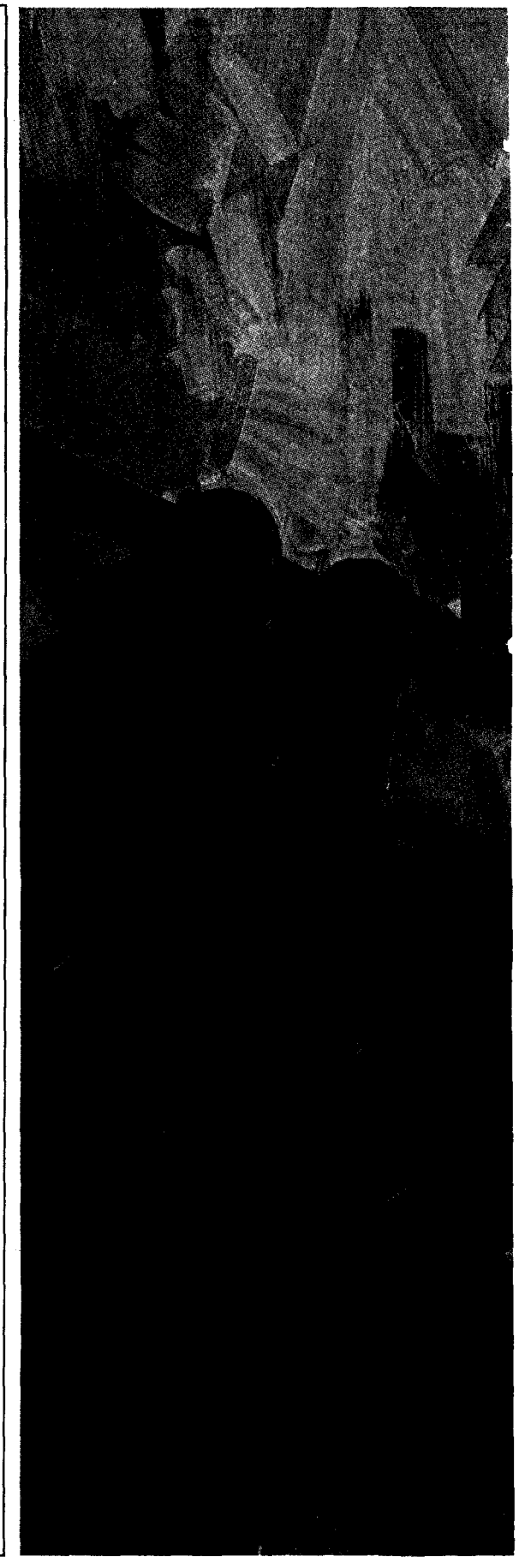

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With our other "cats" and hydroformers—the super-high-octane facilities pioneered by Humble

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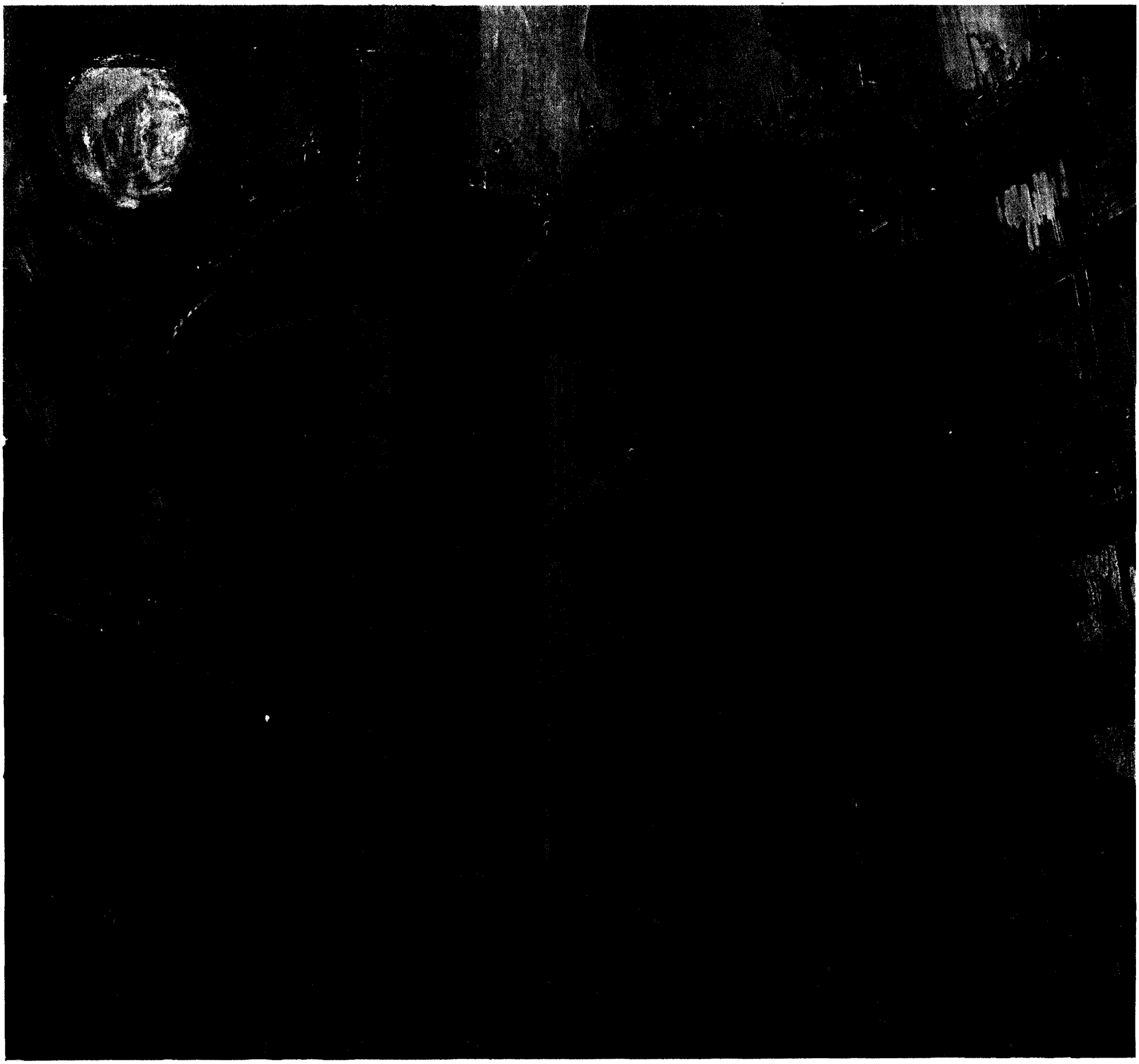
we had to build the world's biggest "cat."



—it will help turn out more of the quality components we need for Enco Extra.

All so you can drive into any of our more than 30,000 stations from coast to coast and "Put a Tiger in Your Tank!" We hope you will. ***Happy Motoring!***

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RESEARCH WORKS WONDERS WITH OIL

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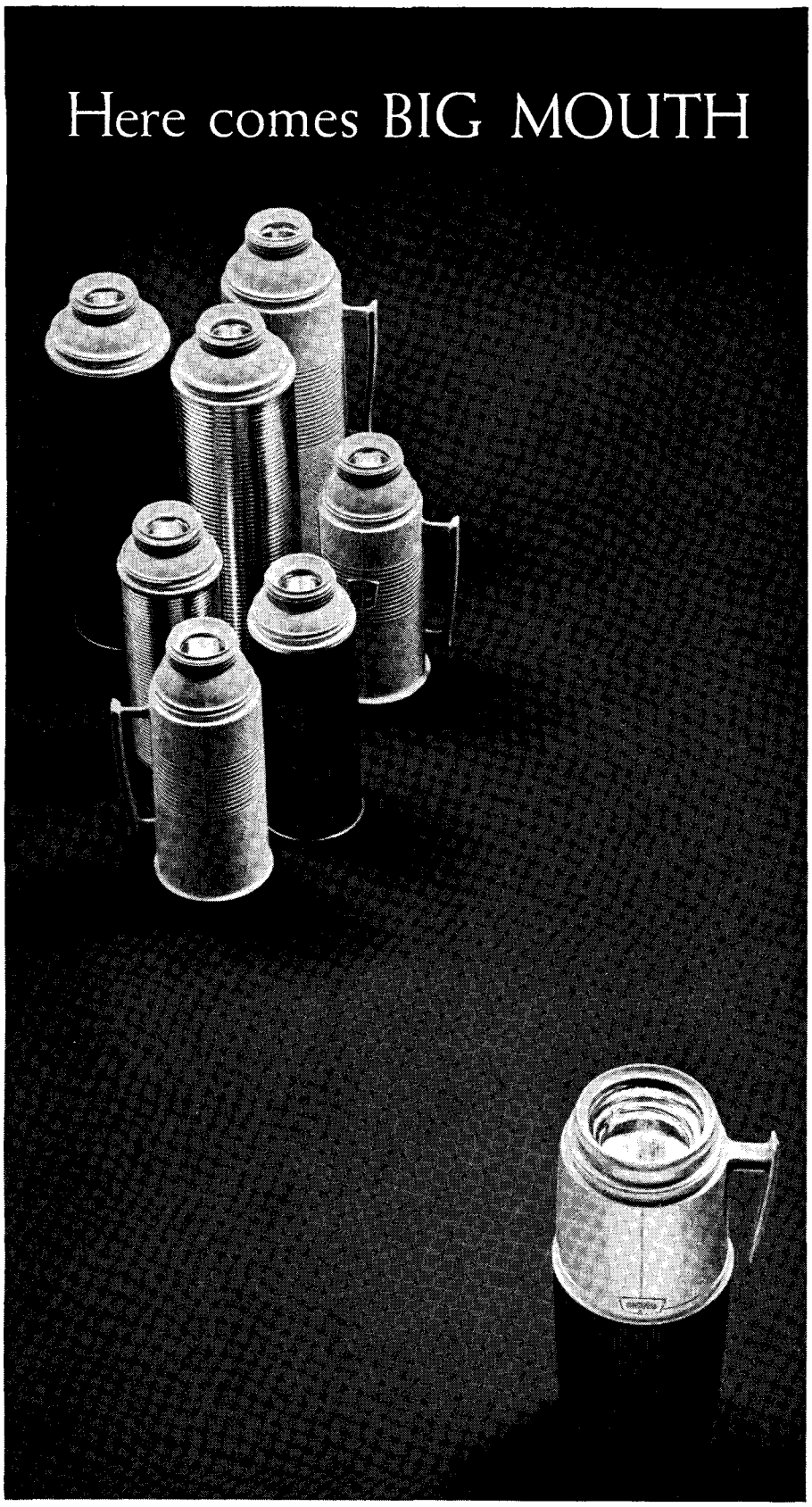

He looks different but he's one of the family. And so obliging, too. Keeps stew, chili, beans and whatever pleases you hot for hours. He's also happy to give a chilly reception to potato salad, shrimp cocktail and many other dishes. Best of all, the Wide Mouth vacuum bottle is made by Thermos. That means the strongest glass, the finest leakproof construction. Look for the genuine Thermos brand Wide Mouth vacuum bottle. It's perfect for the hungry mouths in your family. Give him a home today.

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Government has also turned to private groups to manage its Job Corps camps, and while there have been problems the overall record is impressive.

Used in combination, large-scale scholarship programs and private management contracts would unleash an enormous amount of energy and talent which is now untapped.

- Universities could run schools serving the poor. If the University of California can manage the Atomic Energy Commission installation at Los Alamos, surely it could manage schools in Watts, under contract with either the Los Angeles school board or the Los Angeles anti-poverty program.
- Private corporations could go into the education business, either on a profit or nonprofit basis. If I.B.M. can manage a Job Corps camp for the poverty program, it might well run a Harlem elementary school better than the present public-school bureaucracy does.
- Groups of like-minded teachers who find themselves frustrated by the existing school system could band together and set up new kinds of schools. By giving teachers a free hand to do things that excite them, teacher-initiated schools might attract and retain a much better staff than the present system does.
- Parents, neighborhood antipoverty boards and other agencies could set up their own schools in competition with, or under contract to, the school board. The result might be a restoration of truly local control, which has long been a dead letter in the slums.

Today all a public school has to do to stay in business is keep from falling or burning down. If dissatisfied parents could send their children to many different kinds of publicly financed schools, however, and if unpopular schools' budgets were cut when enrollment fell, the days of the time-servers would be numbered. Such a competitive system would do far more than present budgetary nit-picking to ensure that the taxpayers' money was being well spent.

Private management would also be a way of getting away from the neighborhood school, which has always been a major obstacle to innovation. Recent debate over neighborhood schools has been between white parents who don't want Negroes in their children's classrooms and civil-rights groups which want to end *de facto* segregation. In this debate almost everyone has assumed that, race aside, neighborhood schools would be desirable. Yet both pedagogically and administratively the neighborhood system has serious defects. A neighborhood school is expected to serve everyone who happens to live near it; such a school must seek a lowest common denominator which offends nobody. This is a formula for pedagogic disaster. All good education offends some people, and imaginative educators need to be able to tell some parents to take their children elsewhere. The neighborhood school cannot do this, and as a result it can do very little at all.

The great virtue of a privately managed school is that it need not make everyone happy. So long as it satisfies enough people to keep its classes full, it is free to go its own way. Those who don't like what it is doing can turn to another school with a different philosophy. (In heavily populated slums there can be a number of competing schools within walking distance of most homes. In cities with decent public transportation, the choice can be even wider.)

Given real freedom and real choice, big cities could accommodate all kinds of minority tastes and needs which are now ignored. At certain stages of their lives, for example, some children need to attend a school solely for boys or solely for girls. This option, now usually available only to rich families, should be open to all. Similarly, some children need schools which are extremely permissive. Other children go through stages in which they require strict discipline. The present system mixes both kinds of children in a single public school which follows a middle-of-the-road policy. But if scholarships were widely available, or if private groups could get contracts to manage publicly financed schools, we could make both kinds of opportunity available to everyone. Without this kind of diversity education can never achieve real excellence.

"But," you may say, "private management would make schools less democratic. Some would become bastions of privilege while others would get only poor students." This might indeed happen if public officials let it. But tax subsidies could easily be restricted to those private schools which took a cross-section of the population. One must also remember that in the big urban centers where most Americans now live, even public management has also led to racial and economic segregation. Indeed there is some evidence that public management is more likely to lead in this direction than private management. Many private schools try to mix rich and poor by offering scholarships for needy students; few suburban schools would admit slum children even if their way were paid.

Privately managed schools might have still another advantage over the present public system. They would probably be able to get more adequate financial support. Public management has produced a system of budget-making which is almost certain to perpetuate poverty. Boards of education first decide how much they can afford to spend, based largely on what they spent last year and to a lesser extent on what nearby school districts spent. Then they try to buy as much education as they can on this budget, adequate or not. If they relied on contracts with private groups, however, they might well approach the problem more ambitiously. They might begin by setting forth in broad outline what the children for whom they are responsible need to learn and become. Then they would ask private groups to submit proposals for doing the job. The initial bids would undoubtedly cost far more than most boards of education now think they can afford. Still, a few contracts could be let, simply to see if private groups would deliver on their promises. If it turned out that by spending enough in the private sector school boards could bring slum children up to the same level of competence as suburbanites, the demand that they do so might become irresistible.

If it does not, America is in for a lot more Watts riots.

Christopher Jencks

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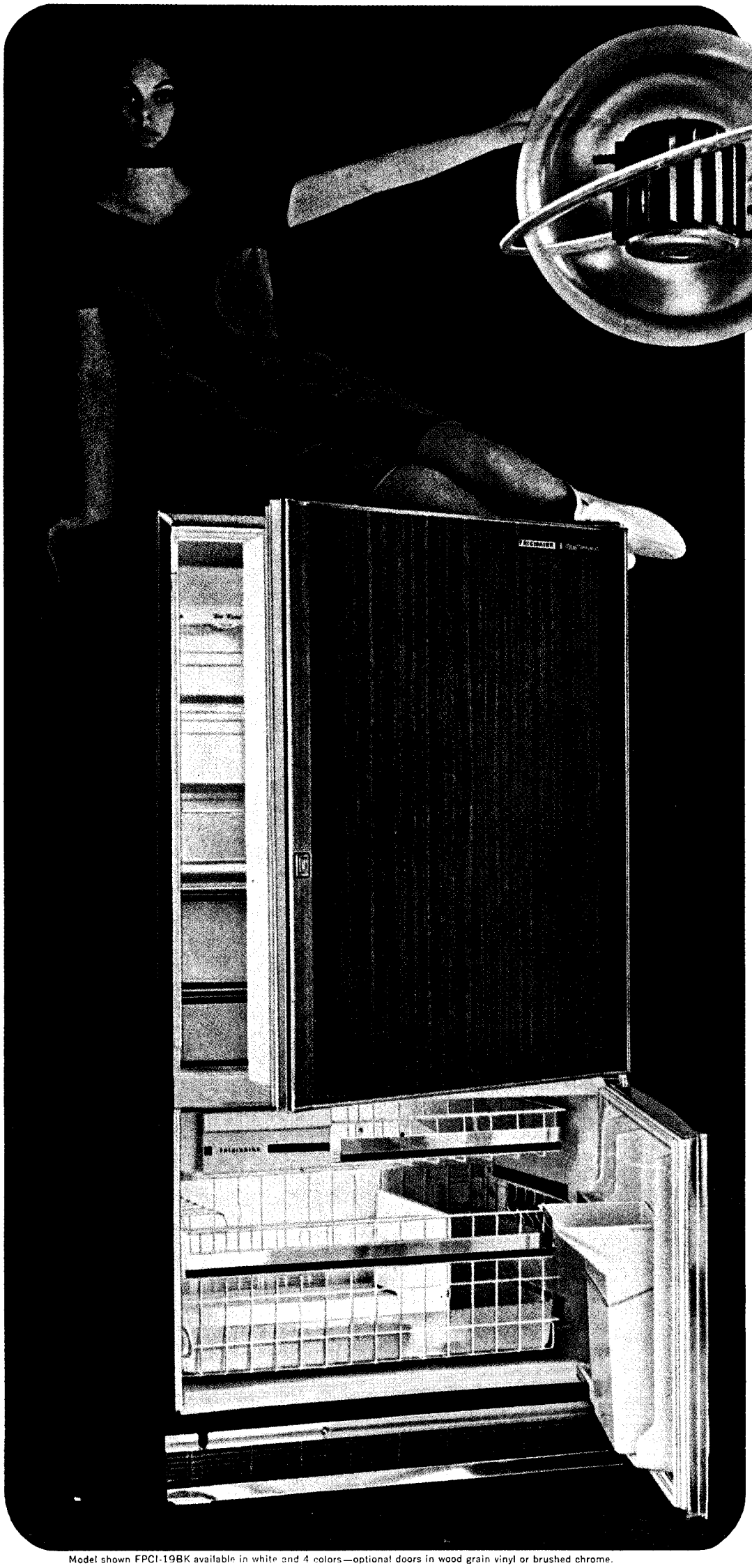

the **POWER CAPSULE**... revolutionary space age successor to the old-fashioned compressor...new power for more space, new features... now in the 1966 Frigidaire refrigerators and freezers.

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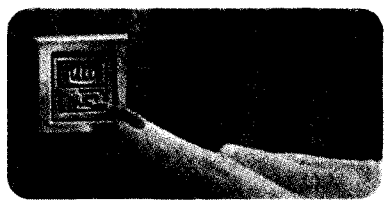
Compact! Powerful! Packs more power per cubic inch—as much as 78% more than past Frigidaire units. Made with incredibly wear-resistant materials—the divider block, one of 3 moving parts, is made of a satellite-type material with a resistance to wear 4 times greater than highest grade steel.

See the 1966 Frigidaire Custom Imperial Nineteen Refrigerator—Space Age inside and out.



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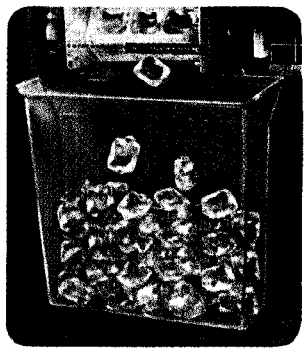
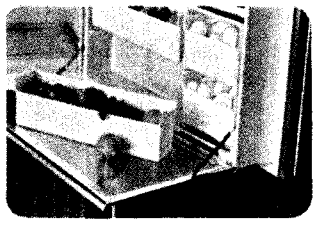


Space Booster—new interior design for expansive living. Takes a fat watermelon, or a 25-lb. turkey with no shelves to adjust. **Solid Visi-Shelves**—provide smooth, strong, transparent surfaces to replace old-style wire racks.



Vapor Zone—for foods hard to keep fresh—eggs, certain fruits and vegetables. Wraps them in moist air to keep them at peak flavor. Strong, clear, Visi-Door acts as handy shelf when open. Lets you see provisions at a glance when shut.

5-YEAR FRIGIDAIRE WARRANTY BACKED BY GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION. All the resources of Frigidaire and General Motors are behind the new Space Age Refrigerators. The 5-year Warranty is evidence of their dependability, precision, and quality. A one-year warranty on the entire refrigerator for repair of any defect, plus a four-year warranty for repair of any defect in the refrigerating system. And you get all this long, strong protection at no extra charge whatsoever.

FRIGIDAIRE

Model shown FPCI-19BK available in white and 4 colors—optional doors in wood grain vinyl or brushed chrome.

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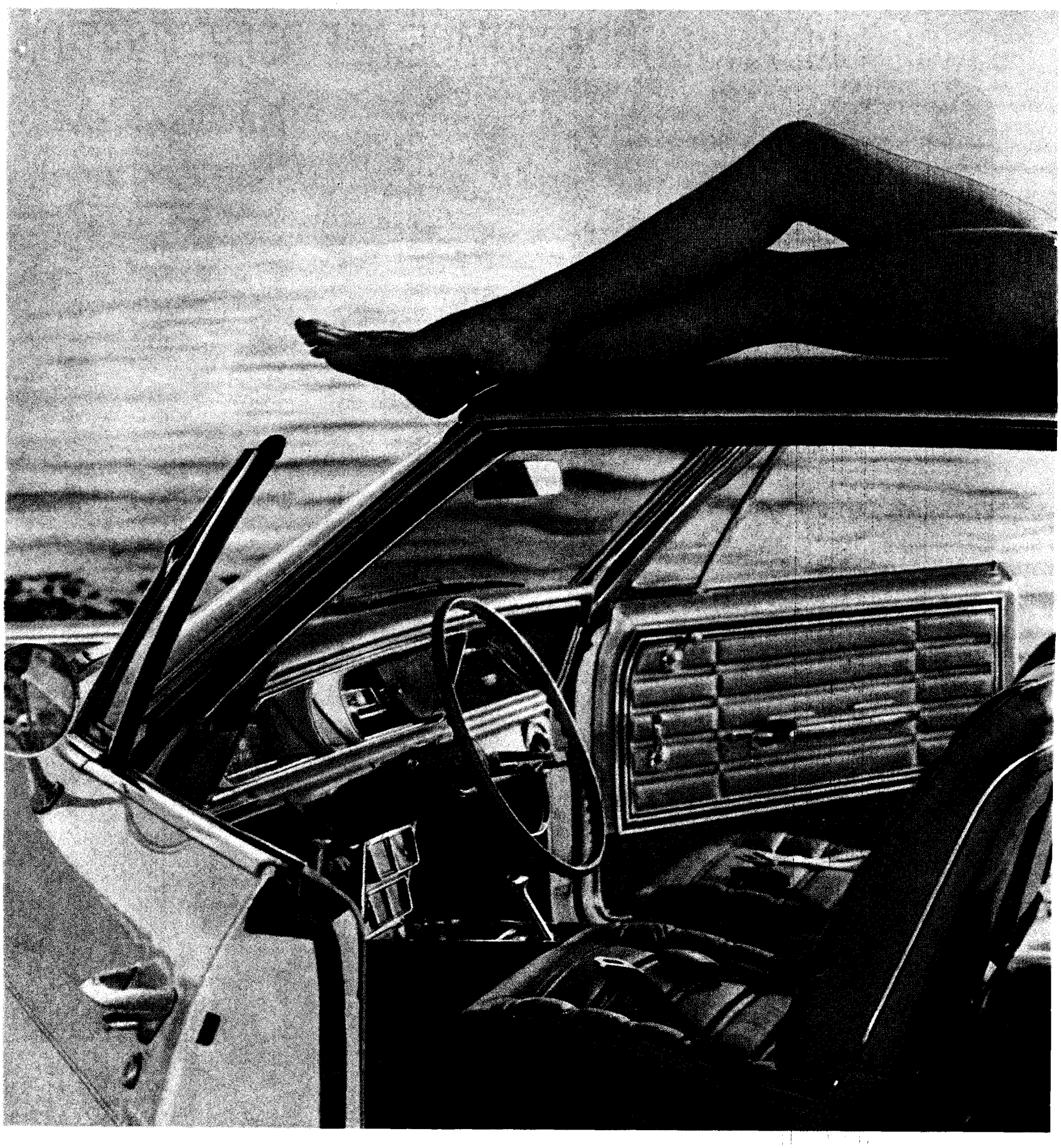

The Chevrolet "convertible" that

Clever. The vinyl roof covering available for your Caprice Custom Coupe creates the impression it's a convertible. But Caprice is really a luxurious hardtop with all the advantages of Chevrolet hardtop design. Inside, Caprice allows only luxury, like foam-cushioned seats, thick carpeting and paneling to highlight doors. Padded dash and seat belts, front and rear, for added safety. Want to top the Caprice? That's easy. Just tell us whether you want the black or beige vinyl roof cover.

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This is the Caprice Custom Coupe with roof styling unlike any other car's.

doesn't convert

Caprice UNIQUE THE CHEVROLET WAY

CHEVROLET GM

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The loaded pistol

WASHINGTON:

Grady Mars, Grand Klaliff of the Ku Klux Klan of North Carolina, took a pistol out of his shoulder holster and proudly passed it around. It was a little, snub-nosed, .38 caliber pistol—a fine gun, Grady Mars said, a Smith & Wesson Chiefs Special.

"Mister, with this little gun," he said, "I can drop a man at a hundred yards, every time."

I met Grady Mars at the house of Robert Jones, Grand Dragon of the North Carolina Klan, on the final stop of a visit to the Klan which was described in the last issue of the *Post*. It seems to me that Grady Mars's boast about his pistol explains a lot about the Ku Klux Klan—and not only about the Klan.

With his pleasant-faced wife and red-haired teen-aged daughter, Grady Mars came into Robert Jones's overheated front parlor just as the Grand Dragon was explaining how one of these days the Klan was going to "put a white man in the White House." A rather handsome man in his early 40's with a small moustache, Grady Mars had "Regular Army" and "noncom" written all over him.

Klansman Grady Mars

He had been in the armed forces for 22 years, he said. He had been serving in Turkey, expecting to make top sergeant at last, when "the niggers yelled, and they promoted a nigger seven down the list from me." So he got out of the Army and joined the Klan. In less than a year he had become not only Grand Klaliff of the Realm—No. 2 man to the Grand Dragon—but a full colonel in the "V.I.P. Security Guard." As such, he was privileged to wear a near-regulation uniform with a colonel's silver eagles on his collar at the Klan's cross-burning rallies.

We had bourbon and branch water in the Grand Dragon's front parlor, and then we ate some delicious shrimp in the kitchen—the men ate first, and then the ladies, a Klan custom. Finally, in the "Dragon Wagon"—the green Cadillac the Klan has given Jones—we drove to a "fish camp" owned by another Klansman, for a late meal. Throughout the evening the Grand Dragon did almost all the talking.

Grand Dragon Jones is an almost-handsome man with obsidian eyes and a scar on his cheek, and the beginnings of a paunch. He must have organizing ability—in less than three years he has built the North Carolina Klan from nothing into the most powerful Klan in the country. But after a while I stopped listening to him—his talk is all of "niggers" and "white niggers," and in time the ruthless repetition of those ugly syllables induces a kind of deafness.

Though he said very little, Grady Mars seemed a pleasant fellow, and cheerful enough. His wife said later that he was deeply unhappy, because he had taken the Fifth Amendment before the House Un-American Activities Committee. But there was no outward sign of inner turmoil—though he did show real emotion at one point. Jones was talking about the cross-burning rallies the Klan had held every night in 1965, somewhere in North Carolina, until it got too cold.

"I seen grown men with tears in their eyes when they see that burning cross," Grady Mars said. "You know where those tears come from? They come from here." He pointed to his heart. I looked at him carefully, and I thought I detected tears in his own eyes.

Grady Mars struck me as a genuine romantic. The capacity to feel real emotion for spurious reasons is one mark of the romantic, and the capacity to believe what isn't so is another. Nobody, of course, can "drop a man at a hundred yards, every time," with a snub-nosed pistol, but I am sure Grady Mars really thought he could. With the possible exception of Grand Dragon Jones (who seemed a cool customer), all the Klansmen I met were romantics.

I suspect that television, which is turning the United States into a nation of Walter Mittys, has had a lot to do with the mushroom growth of the Klan. In Grand Dragon Jones's house, the television was on all the time—mostly Westerns and private-eye shows. Grady Mars himself looked a bit like "Lawman," and as he went sashaying about the state with his snub-nosed, .38 caliber, Smith & Wesson Chiefs Special snug in its shoulder holster, I am sure that he saw himself in some such role, and that it gave him pleasure. I am sure it gave him pleasure, too, to wear his full colonel's silver eagles at Klan rallies. Noncoms often dream, no doubt, about what it would be like to be field-grade officers, and surely it is one secret of the Klan's appeal that it permits such dreams to be realized—or to seem to be realized.

The urge to escape from reality into a dream world is as old as the human race. It is a dangerous urge—it had a lot to do with the phenomenon of Hitlerism, which drove a nation mad. And I suspect that the urge to escape from reality has never been more widespread in the United States than it is today.

The United States today presents a queer paradox. Most Americans—including most members of the Ku Klux Klan and even many residents of such Negro ghettos as Watts—are materially better off than they have ever been before. Yet a great many Americans—not only in the Klan or in Watts—seem to feel an almost overpowering sense of frustration, which explodes from time to time in near-insurrectionary violence. This has always been a violent nation, but never more so than now, when the nation has never been more prosperous.

Pete Young, the youthful reporter who is a friend of Klansmen like the Grand Dragon and Grady Mars, and who acted as my guide during my visit to the Klan, has a pet theory about this paradox. He calls the Klan "the white ghetto," and his theory is that Klansmen are motivated by precisely the same sense of discrimination and injustice that drives the Negroes into the streets.

Most Klansmen are poor whites—or think of themselves as poor whites. They are not asked to join the country clubs, and they are as much outside what the Negro intellectuals call "the white power structure" as the Negroes themselves. The Klan, Young believes, gives them an outlet for their rage and frustration, like the outlet that street violence provides for the embittered Negroes. Maybe there is something in this theory. But it seemed to me more important that the Klan gives its members a chance to act out their dreams.

The Klan has everything that makes a boys' secret club so satisfactory for 12-year-olds—oaths, rituals, costumes, a sense of belonging, no girls, and an enemy. Most of the Klansmen I met seemed less like sadistic subversives than like not-very-bright kids, running about with toy pistols, shouting, "Pow, Pow," and pretending to be television cowboys or private eyes.

But the pistols are loaded, and the shattering of a dream can be a terrible experience to the dreamer. Somehow, I suspect, Grady Mars must suddenly have realized that he wasn't "Lawman" at all, that he wasn't even a real chicken colonel, and that the Klan wasn't the little band of dedicated patriots he thought it was. The day after I met him, Grady Mars put his snub-nosed, .38 caliber, Smith & Wesson Chiefs Special to the side of his head and pulled the trigger. He died on the way to the hospital.

Stewart Alsop

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Floor in kitchen-dining area: Kentile's new 12″ x 12″ vinyl asbestos tile—Au Naturel, with feature strips. Easy to clean. Greaseproof. Four fashion colors. Practical in any room. Interior by Edmund Motyka, A.I.D. Your Kentile® Dealer? See the Yellow Pages under "Floors."

Extra tile thickness for extra wear—Au Naturel vinyl

KENTILE VINYL FLOORS

New luxurious Kentile Au Naturel for extra wear and comfort underfoot. Has extra-deep texture. Helps hide uneven underfloors. And you can install a 12′ x 15′ area as shown for only about $75.

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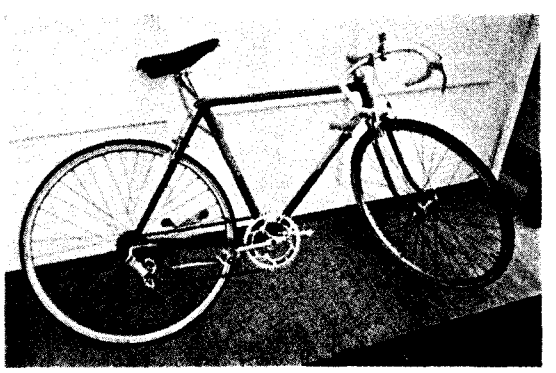
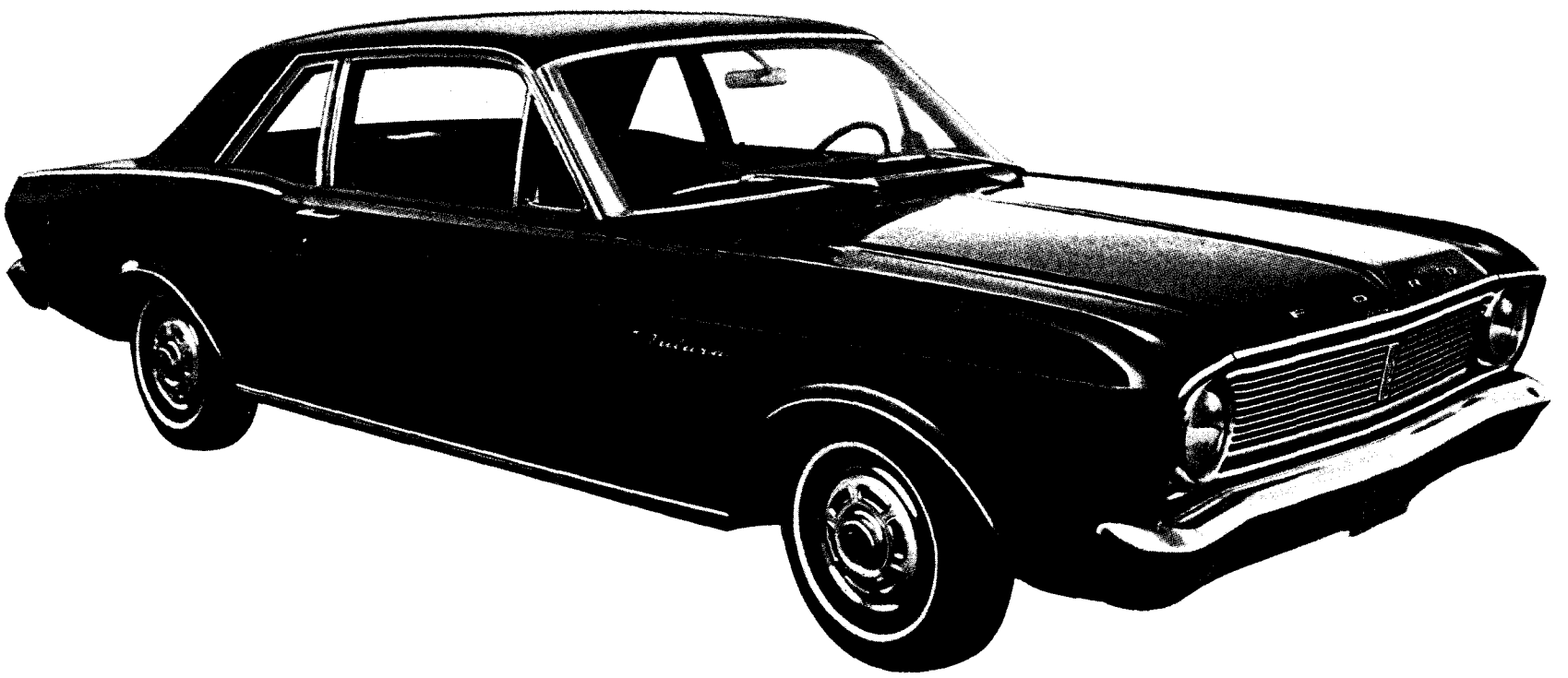
Commuters: Exciting news about the Economy Run to Suburbia!

1st place won by shoe leather



2nd place won by Sears



3rd, 4th, 5th place won by Falcon!

When it comes to economy, the only thing that beats walking or pedaling is Falcon. Basically, the whole point of Falcon is to be economical. Low price, low maintenance, low gas costs. And these big savings are built into a car that's easy to park, tough, reliable; a car that's roomier by actual measurement than any other compact. Good reasons why Falcon, with its stronger body and more rugged suspension, is saving money for more suburbanites than any other compact car in America.

FALCON

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Linger a few days in a château on the Loire when you quit working.

How?

With Travelers Money-Back Life Insurance.
It guarantees you protection when you need it
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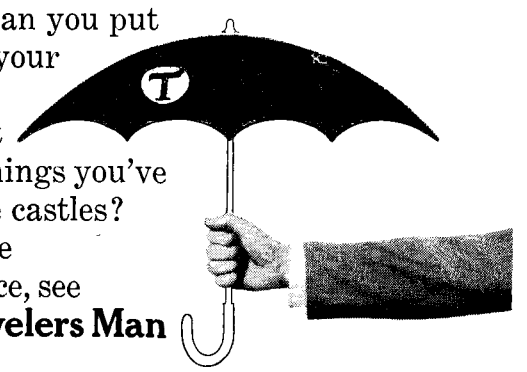
Why just *look* at the châteaux on the Loire? For $30 a day you and your wife can *stay* at one. Like the Château du Gué-Péan above. Four French kings warmed their hands at its great hearth. There are trout in the stream and horses in the stable.

That the kind of touring you'd like to do when you quit work? Your Travelers man can show you how you can be your own beneficiary. He has Travelers Money-Back Life Insurance that can return even more money than you put in. Money-Back Insurance protects your children while they are dependent. Then later it makes you independent ...so you and your wife can do the things you've always wanted to do. (You don't like castles? Take a cruise.) For Money-Back Life Insurance and every kind of insurance, see



Your Travelers Man

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OLLIE WHO?

BY RICHARD LEMON

I recently rented a vacation house which contained half a dozen photography magazines. I have never been a camera buff—I photograph only my own children, and those sparingly—but in a vacation house I will look at anything. While reading the magazines, I was struck by the cooperativeness of photographers who, when showing a good shot, explain in detail just how they got it.* Now, I am a journalist, but beyond the knowledge that Hemingway wrote standing up, I can't recall the working tactics of any of our major writers, let alone how they got their best sentences.

I think the writing fraternity could use some of the photographers' cooperativeness and so I have reviewed my notebooks to collect some of my better sentences and show, in the manner of the cameramen, my method of writing them down. My choices follow:

1. "Quiet Please, Residential District"

This amusing sign appeared in a story about Beverly Hills which I wrote for this magazine. I was driving east on Sunset Boulevard at 5:30 on a cloudy-bright August afternoon, in an automatic-shift Leilani blue Dodge Dart from Harold's Rent-a-Car, when I spotted the sign. I quickly drew my pocket notebook (Spiral 924, yellow) and pencil (No. 2 Semi-Hex) and laid the notebook open on the seat. Knowing that I was approaching a long stretch with no traffic lights, I slowed to 28 mph, grasped the pencil in my right hand, allowed 30 feet to open between me and the car ahead, and in easy stages, wrote,

Qt Pls Resid D'sto

This may appear tricky, but it is a simple feat for those who, like myself, have had training reviewing movies and making notes in the dark, I should add that at the intersection of Sunset and Bedford I nearly collided with a slow-moving gardener's truck (Ford, green, 1949), but put on the brakes in time, and when I checked the note at the first traffic light, it had come out perfectly. My feet, including the one on the accelerator, were enclosed in wing-tip cordovans, size 10½-B. That long tail on the "s" came about when I almost hit the truck.

2. "Girl who doesn't know what to do with her feet."

This note, hitherto unpublished, was written during the winter of 1956 on the back of a plain brown pocket notebook, using a Watkins Please-All ballpoint pen. I made it on the 8:21 commuter train out of Bedford Hills, N.Y., on a stretch of roadbed between Valhalla and Kensico Cemetery, while regarding—ogling, if you will—a striking girl who was standing in the aisle, talking to friends, and nervously throwing her feet all over the place. I wrote it down for some future novel, but I have not until now found occasion to use it, which indicates the sort of patience this work requires. I wore a medium-gray herringbone suit, size 40 long. Since then, I have given up this size suit, but that is another matter.

3. "Rich. Elkingborn, Dumset Way, Larchmont."

This note was made in a Bullseye sailboat approximately 300 yards off Little Cranberry Island in Maine. It represents the name, just mentioned to me, of somebody I wanted to look up in connection with an article, and it was written with a red Eagle half-pencil in the margin of a golf scorecard while I was tending a jib with my left hand. Later, at leisure, it was transferred to a notebook. This is a fine example of improvising with materials at hand under difficult circumstances. Actually, the scorecard was a little wet and I am not quite sure whether the name is Elkingborn or Wallenvale.

4. "I painted him as a horse."

This quotation is reprinted by permission of *Newsweek*. I got it while interviewing Miss Kim Novak for that magazine in her duplex town house in New York, under a 100-watt light bulb. The conversation had turned to Miss Novak's hobby of painting, and she had disappeared to fetch a sample she had painted of a friend. "I painted him as a horse," she said. Sure enough, she came back with a small painting of a horse's head with a man's face on it.

"This is Ollie," Miss Novak said.

"Ollie who?" I asked.

Miss Novak looked at me oddly. "Aly Khan," she said.

5. "Ho ho cat you made one mistake, Wanda."

I am unable to make any sense out of this note. I suspect it is really two notes superimposed—"Ho ho cat" and "You made one etc." The second part may have been an overheard snatch of conversation whose context has eluded me, or possibly a significant line of dialogue from something. It is addressed, at any event, to a lady named Wanda, whom I would guess to be a secretary or a murderess, depending on the tone of the speaker. I include this to show that even the best of us slip up.

This is most unusual. It is a drawing of an elephant which Suzy Parker made with her eyes closed. It may be that Miss Parker does this all the time, but I don't know anybody else who does, and it seemed worth saving. It was made during a luncheon interview in New York City, and it came about like this: *Miss Parker:* "Did you ever try to draw an elephant with your eyes closed?" *Me:* "No." *Miss Parker:* "Here." (*Makes drawing*) It is always smart to encourage interviewees in any direction they wish to take, to catch their individualism.

It is possible that some of you have questions. For instance, my wife has just come in to ask what, in example No. 1, the procedure would have been if the writer–driver had been left-handed. Well, I can't solve everything in one article. Try Norman Mailer. □

Drawing done on four-ply, medium-finish Bristol board with Artone fine-line India ink (black), using a splayed 128 Esterbrook point under eight 20-watt fluorescent bulbs; with an eye-setting of hung-over squint 86.6 proof.

*Sample from *Modern Photography:* Herbert Migdoll used two floods, a 500W bounced off a nearby wall and a 300W bounced from a linoleum floor, and shot at f/8 and 1/125 sec. on Adox Kb-14 in a Miranda with 55mm f/1.9 Soligar lens. The child's hair was "electrified" by placing an electric fan behind her.

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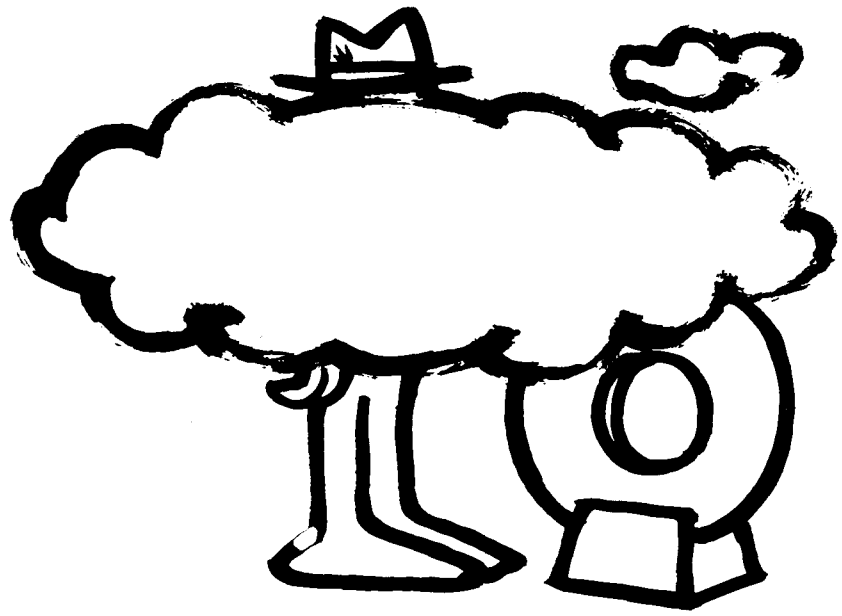
Is fog a permanent fixture in tire stores?



It doesn't have to be. We've taken some positive steps to drive it away.

You won't be blinded by a cloud of technical tire terms at a B.F.Goodrich dealer's. Or get lost in a haze of tire sizes and grades and prices.

Confusion is out at B.F.Goodrich dealers. Straight talk is in. It's our way of doing business.

What's also in is something called the B.F.Goodrich Tire Value Calculator: a pocket-size item with a dial on it. You feed it a few simple facts about how you drive. It tells you which B.F.Goodrich tire you should be driving on.

At B.F.Goodrich, it's a cinch to spot the right tire.

Even with your fog lights turned off.

The straight-talk tire people. B.F.Goodrich

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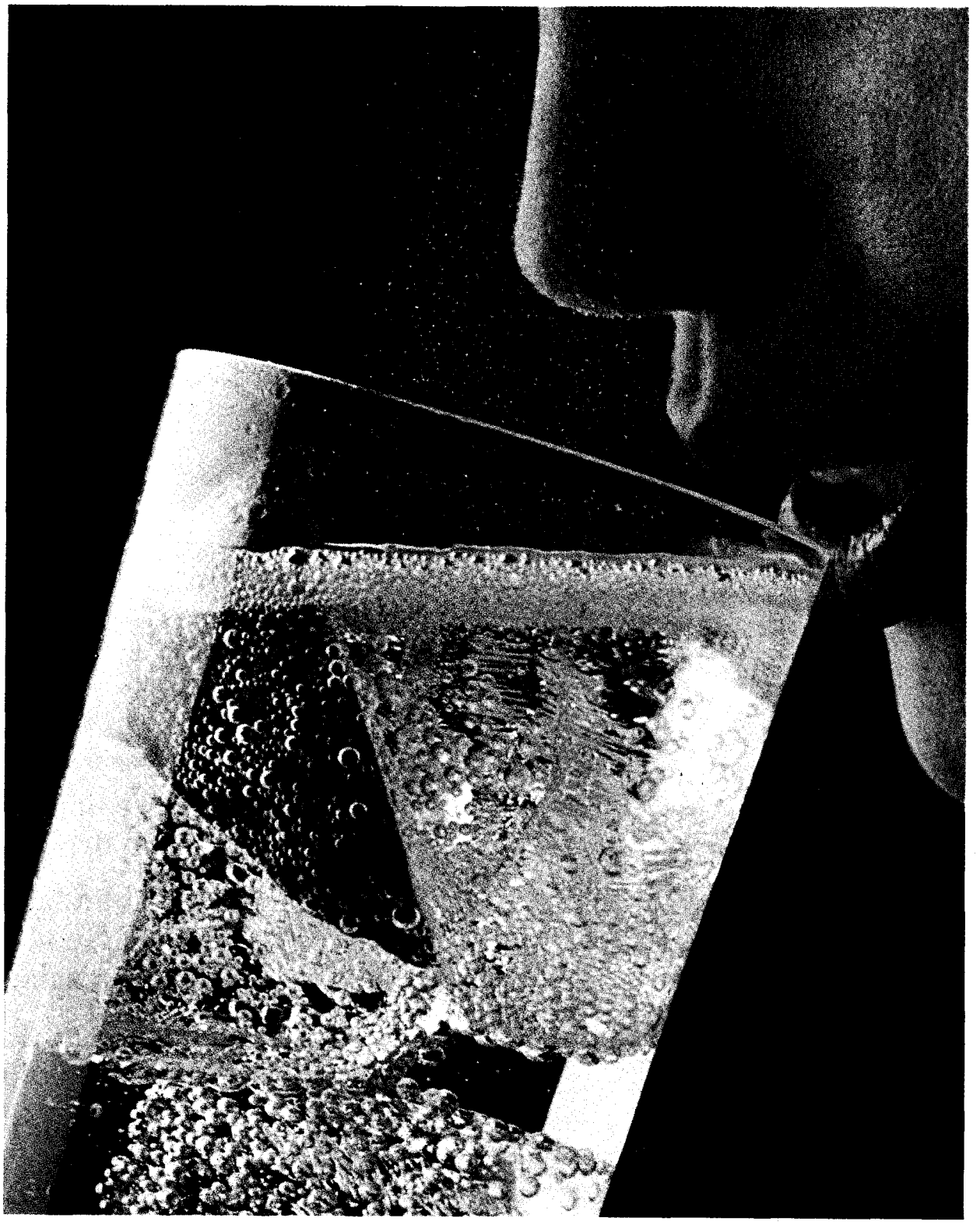
Tart, tingling and even ticklish.

You can feel this tingling tartness.
Too exuberant to suppress.
Sprite. With the tart taste that gently tingles. Subtle. Interesting. Alive. Even ticklish.
So tart and tingling, we just couldn't keep it quiet.



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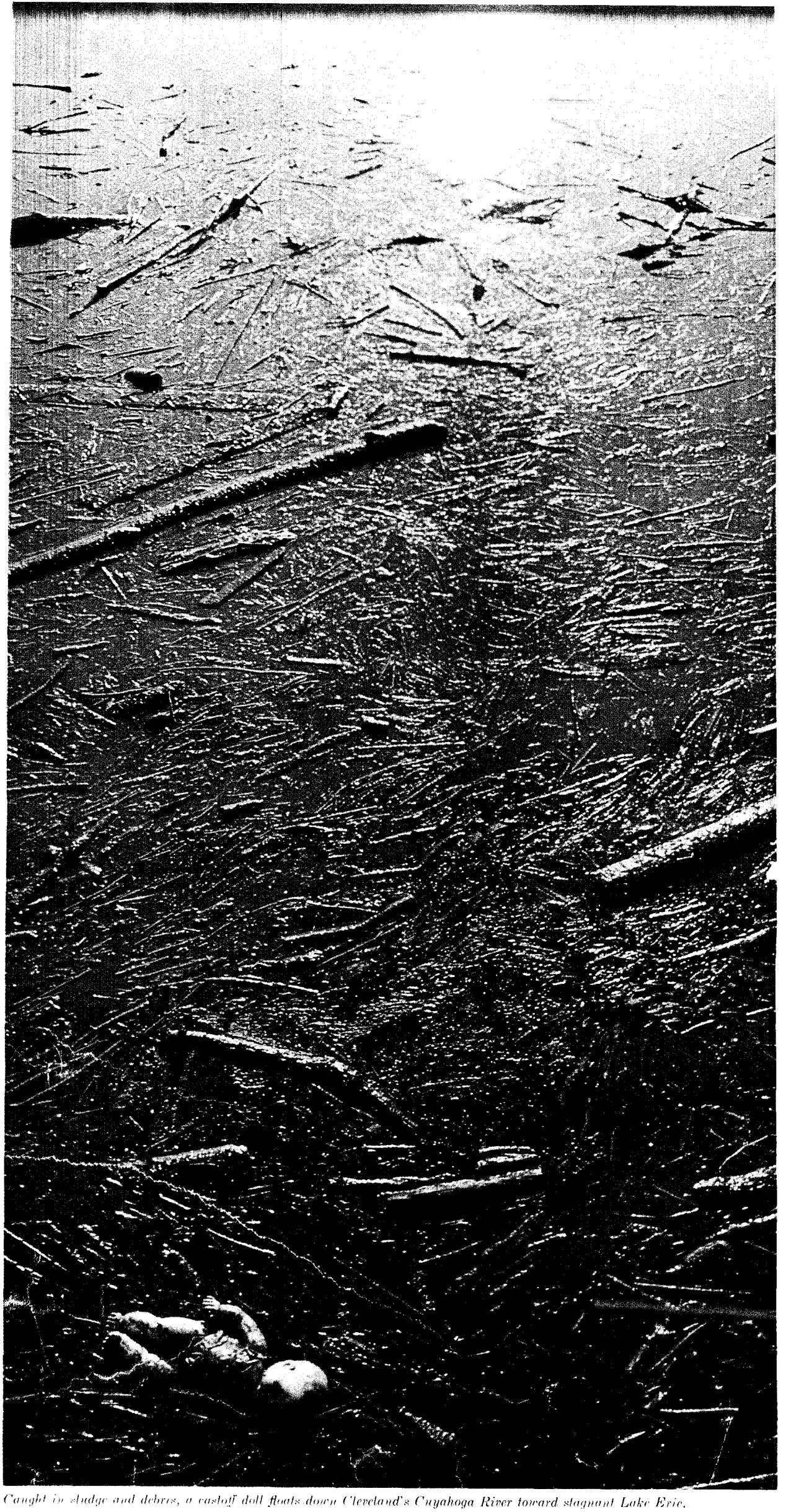
The Saturday Evening POST

OUR DYING WATERS

BY JOHN BIRD

This is the story of a national disgrace.

We Americans were privileged to start our national life on a virtually unused, unspoiled continent. The country which became the United States was vast and beautiful, a landscape of mountains, valleys and plains, all drained by one of the world's most generous systems of waters: crystal-clear mountain brooks, meandering lowland creeks, great rolling rivers, massive fresh-water lakes and salty bays and estuaries. Here was a primary source of life, wealth and enjoyment beyond measure, it seemed to our forefathers—enough good water to meet a nation's needs for all time to come. Yet, within a



Caught in sludge and debris, a castoff doll floats down Cleveland's Cuyahoga River toward stagnant Lake Erie.

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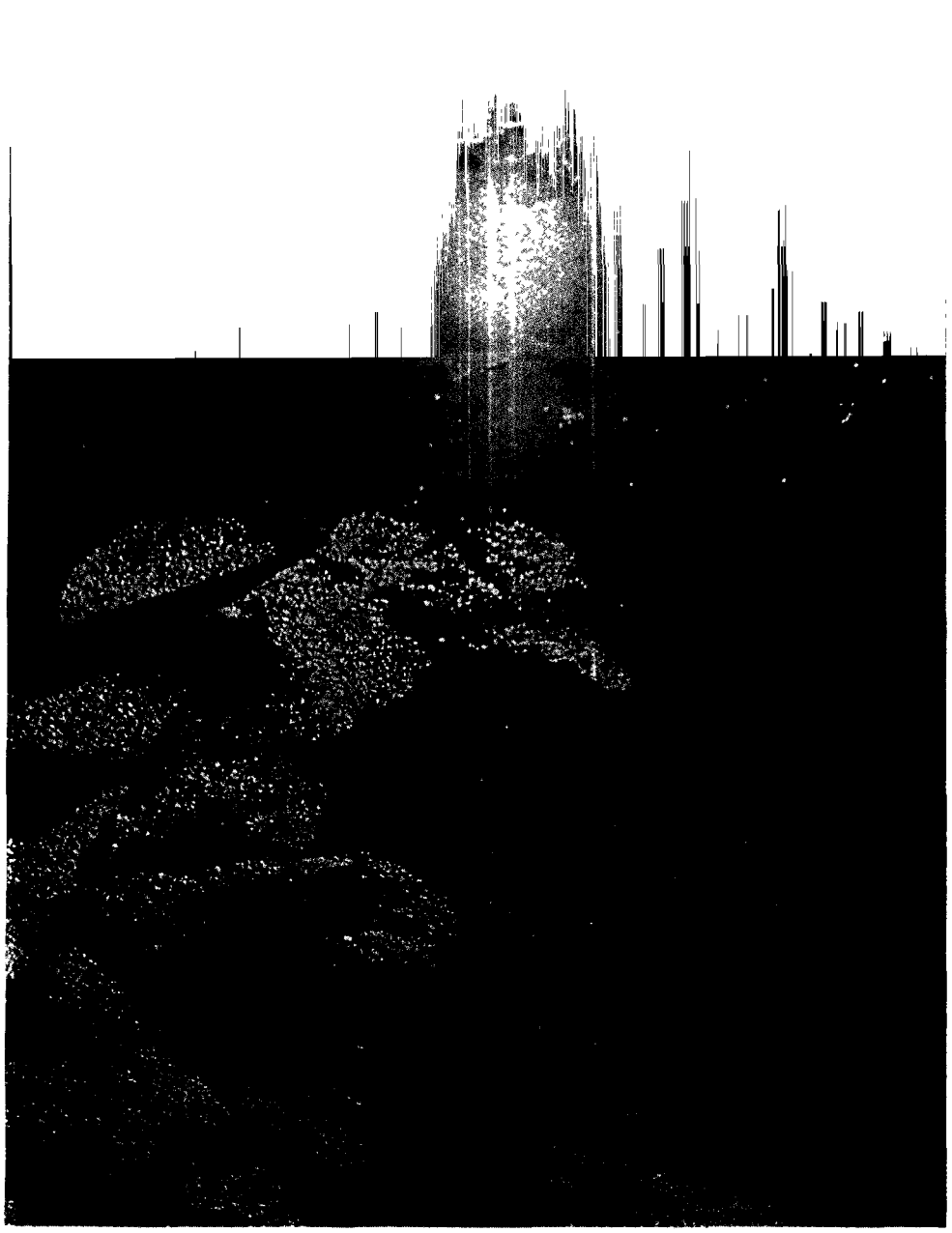
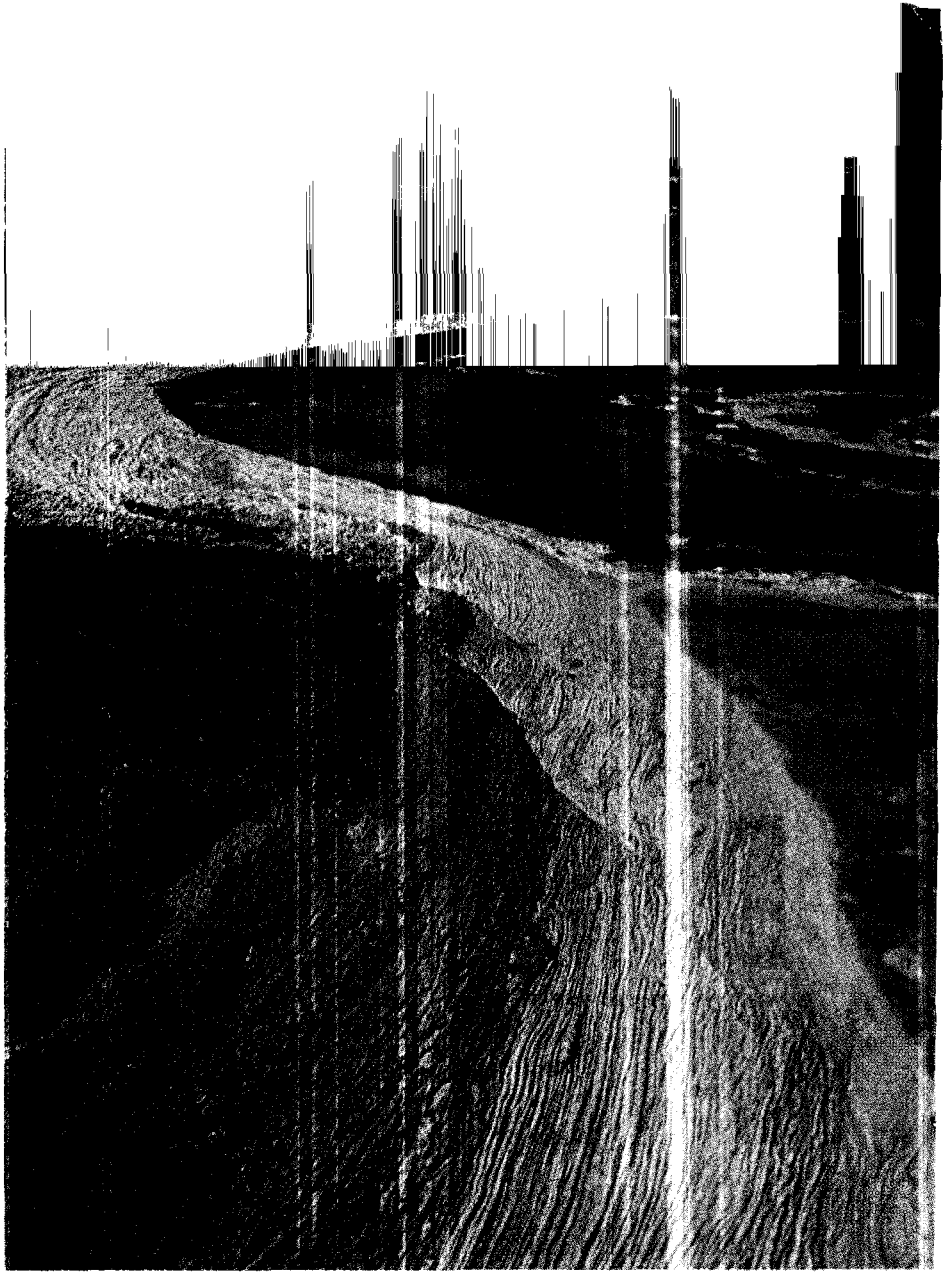


Scum oozes across a Hudson River cove. New York City soon will drink Hudson water.



Below a paper mill near Detroit, a thick curd of manufacturing wastes clogs the shore.

IS IT TOO LATE TO STOP THE RUIN OF OUR WATERS, OUR OPEN LAND, OUR AIR, OUR SCENIC BEAUTY? THIS ARTICLE BEGINS A SERIES OF REPORTS ON A MAJOR NATIONAL PROBLEM, AND ON THE ANGRY NEW PUBLIC DETERMINATION TO SAVE OUR NATURAL HERITAGE FROM RECKLESSNESS AND GREED.

few generations we have fouled and degraded our beautiful waters. With destructive ignorance and vandalistic abandon we have clogged the capillaries and arteries of our land with filth. Perhaps we were lulled in the early days by the reassuring platitude that "running water purifies itself." Perhaps we simply didn't care. In any case we have used our creeks, rivers and lakes—the same ones from which we must draw much of our drinking water—as handy, cheap sewers to carry away every imaginable kind of waste.

We have filled our streams with raw excrement and garbage, laden with disease. We have stained them with oil, coal dust, tar, dyes and chemical "liquors" discharged by industries. We have burned them with powerful acids which destroy all aquatic life except a stringy, loathsome type of algae. We have turned them gray and murky with silt and sludge, smothering shellfish and other forms of bottom life. We have used them to dispose of residues containing long-lasting poisons, some so powerful that less than one part per billion in a stream can kill fish. And, as though to show our contempt for our natural scene, we have dumped billions of tons of trash and offal in our once lovely waters: beer cans, worn-out tires, old mattresses, rusty oil drums, refuse from hospitals, broken glass, dead animals, junked automobiles.

It is a dismal fact that we now have seriously contaminated and despoiled almost every creek, river, lake and bay in the entire United States. An early colonist called the graceful Potomac "the sweetest and greatest river I have seene," but in recent years a sign on the river landing below the green slopes and white pillars of Mount Vernon has warned visitors: DO NOT COME INTO CONTACT WITH POLLUTED WATER. Any tourist who might have the urge to take a dip in the river George Washington loved so well would run about the same risk as swimming in a cesspool; at times the Potomac in this area is loaded with 100,000 fecal bacteria per 100 milliliters—about two jiggers—of liquid. In summer the tidal portion of the river often is in a state of decay.

At that, the Potomac is no worse than many of our waters. Honeymooners at Niagara Falls sometimes find the atmosphere less than romantic because the torrent of tainted water often fills the air with a stench like that of rotten eggs. Lake Tahoe, high in the Sierra Nevada mountains, one of the three clearest lakes in the world—"so clear you can see a beer can thirty, forty feet down," boasts a local resident—is ominously threatened by inflows of silt and sewage which may turn the crystalline water a murky green. Chesapeake Bay, like most of our major bays, long has been a receptacle for the combined pollution load of a number of dirty rivers, plus sewage and oily wastes from heavy ship traffic. Long ago the Chesapeake's once-clear waters became turbid, and its bottom life was choked by silt and sickened by toxic pollutants. Particularly hard-hit were the oysters, whose young depend on clean rocks or shell-bars to which to attach themselves. Fifty years ago the Chesapeake was the main harvest ground for the 10 to 12 million bushels of oysters that Maryland then produced. Now, despite advances in oyster culture, the harvest is only one tenth as much. Each year hundreds of thousands of acres of shellfish beds along the American shores are "uncertified" by health authorities; that is, they are found to be polluted by fecal-carrying water and cannot be harvested.

Or consider the mighty Hudson. first described

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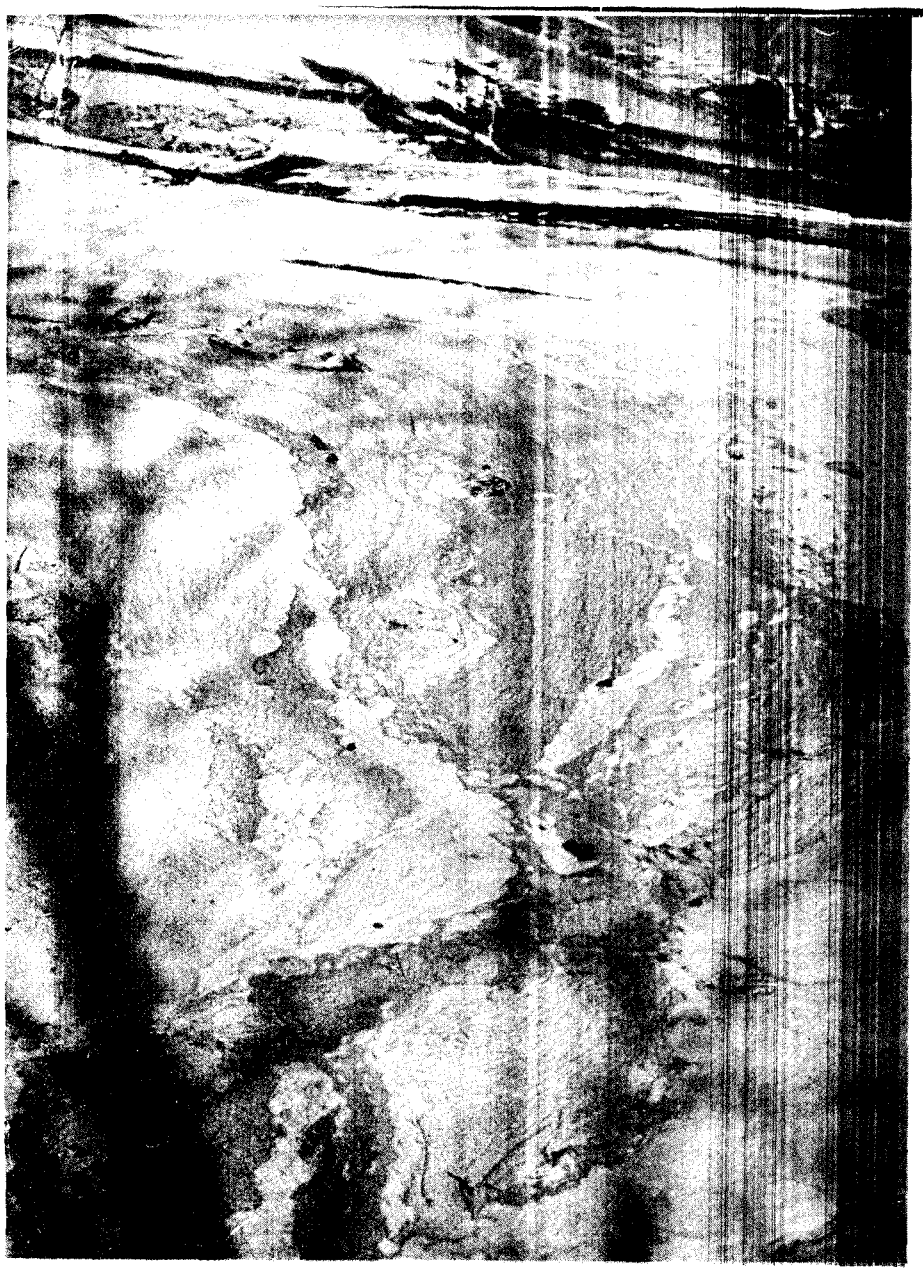
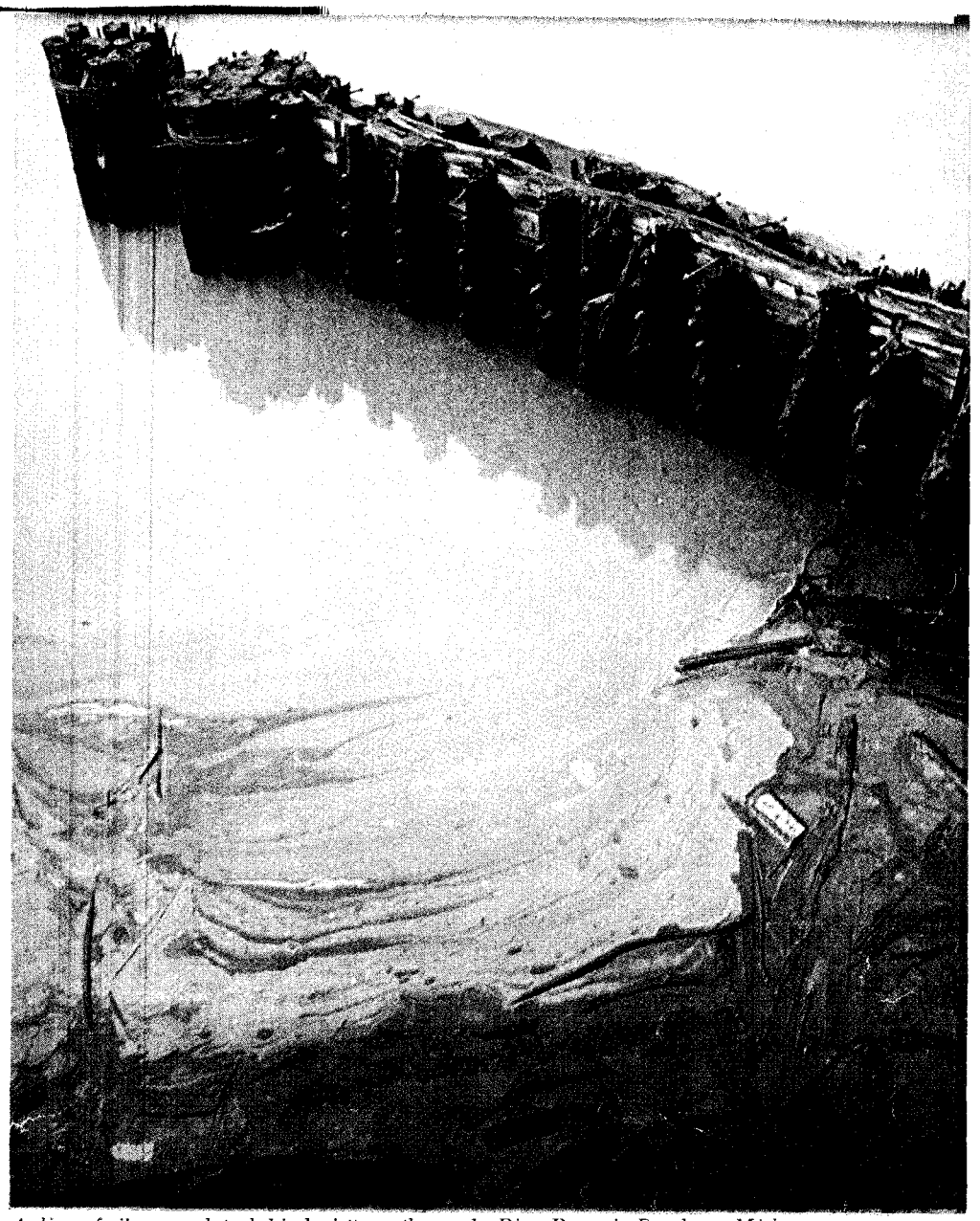


Needlessly, dyes from a Tennessee factory are dumped into a Mississippi tributary.



A slime of oil accumulates behind a jetty on the murky River Rouge in Dearborn, Mich.

in the log book of Henry Hudson's *Half Moon*. As the explorer sailed up the palisaded river in 1609, searching for the fabled Northwest Passage, he was disappointed as the water lost its salty taste and became fresh. In our times anyone tasting water from the river would be taking his life in his hands. The Hudson repeatedly is contaminated by raw sewage before it flows past New York City, where it receives another colossal discharge of the stuff, more than 400 million gallons a day. Sen. Robert Kennedy, when transferring from one boat to another in New York harbor, looked at the water and said, "If you fall in here you don't drown—you decay." Just how dangerous the Hudson has become was shown more than a year ago when some children found a watermelon floating in the river near 125th Street. They took it home, washed it off and ate it. Eight of them came down with typhoid fever.

Mark Twain called the Mississippi Basin "the body of the nation" and wrote lovingly of "the great Mississippi, the magnificent Mississippi, rolling its mile-wide tide, shining in the sun." Today pollution experts call this once-proud river "the colon of mid-America." Along its winding, 4,000-mile length the river suffers all the indignities a slovenly society can heap on it. Hundreds of towns and cities use it as a sewer. Thousands of manufacturers, packers, stockyards, refiners and mills drain their assortment of wastes into it: oils, phenols, toxic metals, slaughterhouse offal, pickling liquors, chicken feathers, garbage, chemical sludge and other horrors. Water birds and fish on the Mississippi have been killed by oil slicks. Spawning beds have been smothered by silt and sludge. Occasional slugs of dead water, robbed of its oxygen by decomposing organic wastes, have slaughtered countless migrating fish.

Few people seemed to get aroused by these chronic problems. Conservationists raised complaints from time to time, of course, and often were derided by local business boosters as "nature cranks" or "guys who want to go back to the days of the Indians." Then, in the fall of 1960, worry began to spread. The lower Mississippi, from Memphis to the Gulf, at times became a river of large-scale, unexplained death. The crews of tugboats reported that schools of fish, frightened by the beat of propellers, darted to the surface in a frenzy, went into convulsions and died. In the fall and winter of 1963 the mysterious ailment killed an estimated five million fish. The shores of some bayous and canals were shingled with the bodies of decaying catfish, drum, buffalo and shad.

A mysterious *something* seemed to be poisoning the fish, but routine analyses showed the river no more polluted than usual. Lack of oxygen didn't seem to be the cause. In the calm, dehydrated official language of government, investigators reporting the fish deaths stated that "their long and recurring nature suggests a continuing contamination of the environment." It was only after use of newly developed techniques, capable of detecting as little as one part per *trillion* of certain pesticides, that the U.S. Public Health Service scientists believed they knew what the *something* might be. They found low levels of endrin, dieldrin, DDT and other pesticides in the samples of raw river water and in the supposedly purified water supplies of Vicksburg and New Orleans. They found higher concentrations in dead and dying fish.

The government investigators concluded that endrin was mainly responsible for the fish deaths. This pesticide, a chlorinated hydrocarbon, is a powerful, long-lasting nerve poison, widely used as an insecticide on cotton and sugarcane. Studies by aquatic biologists have established that as little as two tenths of a part of endrin to one *billion* parts of water can be lethal to channel catfish, buffalo and shad. People, fortunately, are far more tolerant to the pesticide. Still, the presence of even minute amounts in the water supply of some cities along the Mississippi was, said the government people, "a matter of concern."

As there was just one manufacturer of endrin along the river, the Velsicol Company at Memphis, the PHS immediately sampled the sewers and streams in the drainage of this large plant. In the bottom of one large sewer the scientists found several thousand pounds of sludge carrying high concentrations of endrin and dieldrin. The City of Memphis immediately sealed off and bypassed the sewer and has since cleaned out the sludge. Velsicol installed waste-control facilities, and the sewers carrying its discharges are sampled regularly and analyzed by the PHS. Also, the Federal Government, in cooperation with the states, has set up a special project for continuing study and control of pesticide pollution on the lower Mississippi.

Many other examples show how we have gone to the brink of disaster with our water supplies, but the point should be clear: *Our surface waters are in horrible shape.* Long ago the immense load of filth and poisons we dump in our streams overwhelmed their natural ability to purify themselves. At the same time, the volume of wastes discharged by our cities and factories is steadily increasing.

Now, terribly late, we have begun worrying about the ruin we have wrought. The perilous condition of our water supplies has been heavily underscored by long-lasting droughts, especially in

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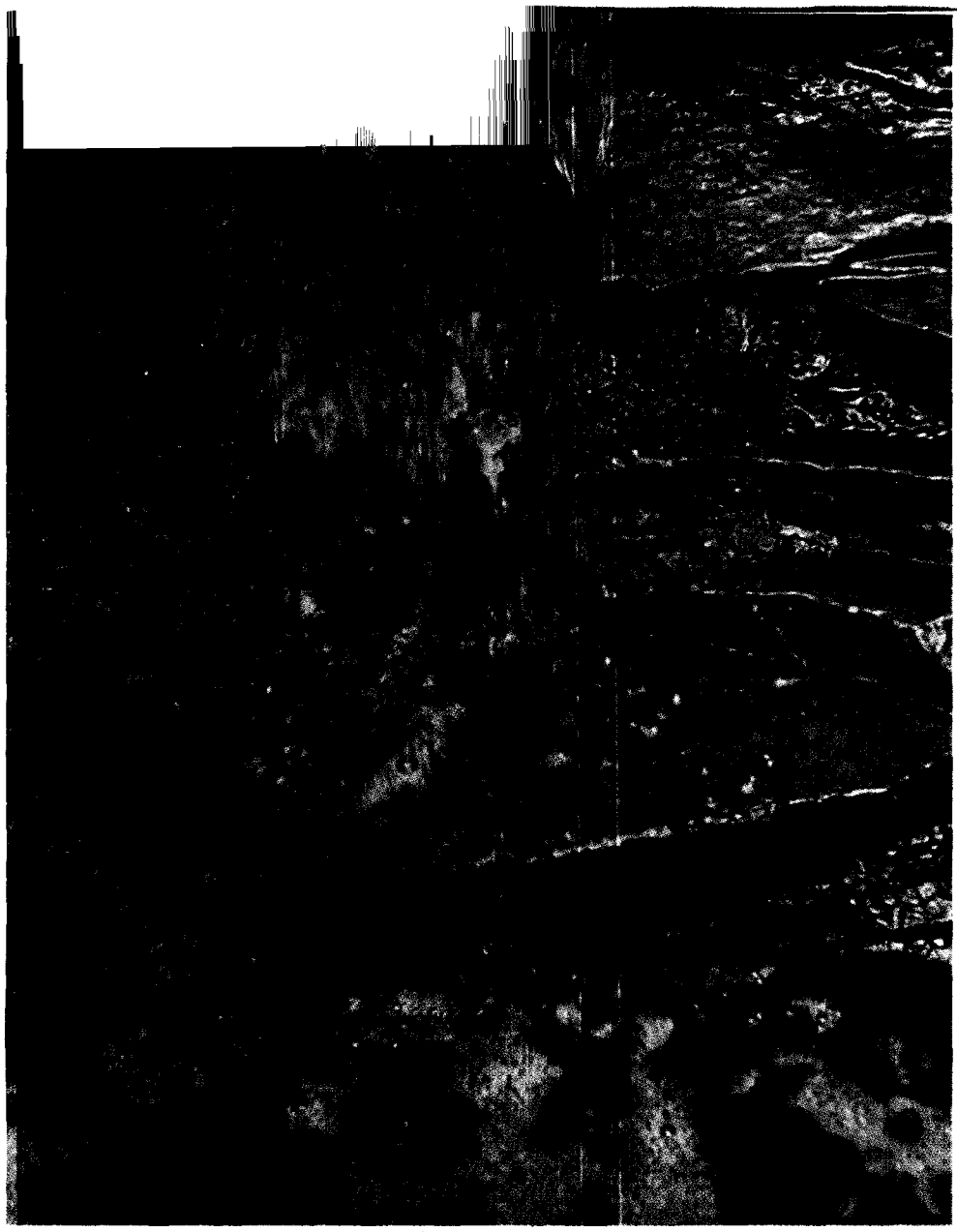

Iron from an abandoned strip mine near Hazard, Ky., stains Lotts Creek a sickly red.

In Lee County, Ky., an oil well's outflow invades the mountain stream of Duck Fork.

the Northeast where, as stream flows dwindled, the usual amount of pollution became more concentrated and revolting. As New York City's great mountain-fed reservoirs threatened to run dry, its people learned to their dismay that they soon would drink water from the heavily contaminated Hudson. Could it possibly be made fit to drink? It could be filtered and fairly well disinfected, of course, but that wouldn't assure that it would taste or smell good, or might not carry some detergents and other persistent chemicals.

With or without droughts, however, the problem of obtaining all the water we need is going to be with us from now on. Our population, our cities and our industries all are expanding while the basic water supply, once thought so plentiful, remains the same. Increasingly we are going to have to reuse the flows of our streams several times before they reach the sea, whether we like it or not. (This is no news to one small southern city which has become so water-short that, to continue growth, it has to depend on a river largely made up of treated water from a larger city upstream.) Within 20 to 30 years the country will need around 1,000 *billion* gallons of water per day—but the average available supply from rain and snow will be only 650 billion gallons daily, on the average. We will have to accept the fact that much of the water we drink, launder our clothes in, wash our dishes in, or swim in, has gone through other homes and factories before reaching our water systems. We should hope that by then it has been effectively purified. Right now we can't be sure because our pollution-control and water-treatment methods are still largely in the horse-and-buggy days.

Some people realize these things. But many cities and industries have done little about the problem. Sewage-treatment plants, especially the modern two- and three-stage kind, are expensive to build and operate. They bring in no profits; they are for the benefit of "the other fellow" who lives downstream. Many cities that are proud of their parks and schools and civic culture persist in dumping raw sewage and garbage into streams simply because they can get away with it.

There are anti-pollution laws, of course, with fines and even imprisonment as ultimate penalties. But the federal law, limited to interstate pollution, has been slow and cumbersome. State governments, as a rule, haven't found it politically expedient to prosecute offending cities, or economically feasible to crack down on polluting industries. Some cities haven't hesitated to apply political pressure or simply to stall. Many years ago Newburgh, N.Y., was ordered by the state health department to stop pouring raw sewage into the Hudson, but the town couldn't seem to get the building of a treatment plant started, and the state didn't prosecute. Several years ago a new abatement order was issued, this time with a definite timetable for each step of construction, and the town is starting to move on the problem. In the great industrial complex of Detroit, where the latest in computerized management is applied to assembly lines, municipal and industrial wastes are handled in Model T style. Among the daily items the Detroit River is supposed to absorb and carry out of sight are 19,000 gallons of oil, more than 200,000 pounds of acid, two million pounds of chemical salts and 100,000 pounds of iron. These are all in addition to the sketchily treated human wastes from a population of several million. The Detroit River is only one of many similarly polluted streams debauching Lake Erie. Some scientists warn that this huge lake is dying. It soon may become a vast greenish sump.

Now, at long last, the nation is starting to do something about its nationwide water mess—but slowly. Much of the impetus for the cleanup has come from citizens' groups and from aroused, angry people who witnessed the fouling of *their* favorite stream, lake or beach, and began wondering what gives anyone the right to ruin our environment. Certain conservation-minded congressmen, such as Rep. John A. Blatnik of Minnesota and Sen. Edmund S. Muskie of Maine, have pushed for better pollution-control laws. President Lyndon B. Johnson has repeatedly pointed out that every river system in America is suffering. "Of all the reckless devastations of our natural heritage," he has said, "none is more shameful than the continued poisoning of our rivers and the air."

Something of a breakthrough came last fall when Congress passed the Water Quality Act of 1965, which gives the states until July, 1967, to develop standards of quality to be maintained on interstate streams within their boundaries. If the states don't act by the deadline, the Federal Government will establish the requirements. The new law also established a new agency, the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration (FWPCA) to supervise federal action in this field.

Despite its promise, the new water-quality law still is a compromise, its programs limited. Already President Johnson is urging a bolder course. In his February 23 message to Congress on conservation he proposed that "we begin now to clean and preserve entire river basins from their sources to their mouths"—a much-needed approach.

President Johnson is also asking Congress for stronger, quicker-acting legal powers to use against

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stream polluters. If he prevails, the Federals will be able to take action against offenders on any navigable stream, whether it is interstate or intrastate. The long preliminaries, required under present law, would be done away with in the case of polluters who are endangering public health and welfare; they could be hauled into court immediately and ordered to stop it, under penalty of stiff fines or even imprisonment for contempt of court. The President also recommends that potential sources of major pollution be registered and required to permit inspection. This is aimed at some plants, such as steel mills, which regard their wastes as a trade secret. ("They won't even tell us what or how much they are dumping in a river," complains a federal water official.)

It isn't a sure bet that President Johnson will get the new enforcement powers he is asking for, and certainly he isn't talking the kind of money a full-scale cleanup will cost. The true cost of the job is indicated by the fact that about one fourth of our towns and cities have *no* sewage-treatment plants of any kind, and half of the existing plants are outdated, still relying on primitive primary treatment which merely settles out the heavier solids and in no way purifies the outflow. To modernize and build the new plants needed—just to catch up—will cost around $20 billion. Then, many of our older cities made the mistake of combining storm sewers and sanitary sewers, with the result that heavy storm runoff overwhelms treatment plants; the overflow bypasses the treatment system, and raw sewage and sludge flush directly into the streams. Separating storm and sanitary sewers is a colossal tearing-up job which, if done, will cost another $20 billion. Thus, even without including industry's costs in handling its own wastes, the total bill for renovation of our sick waters will come to around $40 billion.

Towns and cities now are spending around $600 million a year on pollution-control systems, without much aid from states. Under last year's Water Quality Act, federal grants have been increased to an authorized $150 million a year to aid this work—just a fraction of the multibillions given to farmers for acreage controls or to states for road building. Furthermore, such grants are limited to 30 percent of the cost, with a ceiling per project of $1.2 million. This is not an impelling incentive to large cities such as Atlanta, which figures that it must build $100 million worth of facilities just to catch up with its growth.

At this rate—$750 million a year for a $40-billion job—the 21st century will be well underway before we are ready to cope with 20th-century pollution. We may choke on our own filth by then.

The water-quality people have a tremendous amount of updating to do in the technical department, too, in learning *how* to clean up modern civilization's messes effectively and economically. Pollution control long has been a stepchild in the engineering family. "Present methods were devised, generally, for pollution problems that existed forty years or more ago," says Dr. Leon W. Weinberger, chief of FWPCA's science program. "No satisfactory methods were ever devised for many industrial wastes." Research may give the sanitary engineers some answers, but at present only $15 million a year of federal money is going into studies of new and better pollution-control processes—peanuts compared to the money going into space research, for example.

The key question actually has become: *Can* we save our waters? An irate citizen might say, "Sure—if we just stop people from dumping all this stuff in our rivers. Pass a law against it."

Unfortunately it isn't that simple. There are laws, but they don't seem to work well on entire rivers. Take the Potomac, not a huge watercourse, but woven deeply into our history. It rises as hurrying streams in the wooded mountains of Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia and West Virginia, then swells into a broad river running among rich farmlands. Along its banks are names that

It is a dismal fact that we now have contaminated almost every creek, river, lake and bay in the entire United States.

evoke national memory—Harpers Ferry, Antietam, Bull Run, Arlington, Washington and Mount Vernon. President Johnson, disgusted by what he sees on the Potomac, has determined to make it a showplace river, "a model of scenic and recreation values for the entire country." He has ordered a task force of government agencies to come up with a plan which, among other things, would make the river swimmable by 1975.

"People may be shocked when they get the bill," says Keith Krause, one of the task force experts and chief of technical services of the FWPCA. "It's going to run more than two billion dollars. That will be spread out over some years, of course. We hope to get to the action stage within eighteen months." Krause knows that people are impatient. "Whenever my wife goes down to Mount Vernon," he says, "she comes back all upset and asks me, 'Just when are you going to do something about that river?'"

The Potomac's sickness is the result of generations of neglect and abuse. It was perfectly normal for the early towns and industries along the river to use it to carry the sewage away. Up to a certain point a running stream, exposed to air and sunlight, cleanses itself. The flow of water dilutes and disperses the pollutants. Oxygen dissolved in the water from the air and aquatic plants "burns up" or oxidizes organic materials, breaking them down into harmless compounds of nitrogen, phosphorus and carbon dioxide. But when a stream is overloaded, the cleansing process breaks down. Dissolved oxygen is depleted; the sewage putrefies, producing noxious gases such as methane, ammonia, and odorous hydrogen sulfide. Masses of dead water suffocate fish.

Far upstream, some parts of the Potomac get hit with sulfuric acid, formed by the action of air and moisture on minerals exposed in strip mines. Along its length the river is burdened with silt and trash, washing from land stripped of trees and grass as roads, subdivisions, and shopping centers are built, plus, of course, erosion from farmlands. More than 2.5 million tons of sediment reaches the Potomac estuary every year. And the banks of the river are dotted with outfall pipes from municipal sewage systems. Most of the Potomac towns still use the "primary" type of treatment, which does nothing to remove the dissolved pollutants, the bacteria, the viruses, the pesticides or the detergents.

By the gleaming marble buildings and monuments of the national capital the Potomac's shame becomes overpowering. Here, as the river broadens into a tidal estuary, it receives the waste of the District of Columbia and the many satellite communities. The District now has a modern two-stage sewage-treatment plant; that is, after primary settling, the organic wastes are broken down by aeration and action of "friendly" bacteria. This sort of treatment has been called "complete," but actually it removes only 75 to 85 percent of the oxygen-demanding material. At times, as during summer when the river is slow, the collection of sediment, trash and sewage is too much for the river to handle; it sloshes back and forth with the tide, rotting at Washington's doorstep.

The Potomac task force must do more than come up with a plan that is practical. It must get four states, the District, and various government agencies to agree on common action. Scores of communities will have to spend money on treatment systems and soil-conservation measures. As yet, however, there is still some argument as to how the metropolitan Washington wastes will be handled. One proposal is simply to pipe the stuff farther down the river or even into Chesapeake Bay, where there is more water to take the load—and where the mess wouldn't be so embarrassingly visible. Several years ago the Army Corps of Engineers studied the Potomac basin and proposed plastering the whole river system with big dams to control the floods and provide, in lilting engineer's language, "low stream-flow augmentation"—or letting more water loose in summer to dilute the pollution. The FWPCA believes that as much pollution as possible should be kept out of the river. The final plan is likely to be a compromise.

Potentially more tragic than the Potomac is Lake Tahoe, one of the few remaining unspoiled bodies of water in the world. Seen from an airplane, the bright blue mountain lake, 20 miles long, looks as clear and pure as it was 122 years ago when Capt. John C. Frémont discovered it. But along some of its coves telltale green splotches are starting to creep out from shore: algae. Lake Tahoe is in the beginning stages of a process that the scientists call "eutrophication." It more or less means overnourishment; that is, when wastes add nitrogen and phosphorus to a body of water, these plant foods encourage explosive growth of undesirable algae. It can become a chain reaction in which the algae fill the water, then die and decompose, raising a tremendous stink and causing the water to go dead from depletion of its oxygen.

This creeping blight is relatively new at Tahoe. Until 10 or 12 years ago the high, isolated lake had been largely a summer resort with a few homes scattered around its rocky shores. Then the boom in winter sports, gambling and all-weather roads changed all that. Squaw Valley, built for the 1960 winter Olympics, went up on the California side of the lake. On the Nevada shore rose a strip of fancy casinos and motels. Expensive housing developments tore up the landscape—a lakefront lot brings as much as $50,000. The summertime population around the lake soared to 60,000 and perhaps 20,000 live there in winter. There were few zoning restrictions or sanitation requirements, at least not uniform ones, as the lake not only lies between two states, but has five counties around its perimeter. Only about 20 percent of the homes and business firms around the lake are connected to sewers; the rest use septic tanks. The seepage and sediment flowing into the lake began causing trouble.

Some Lake Tahoe residents began worrying about the problem early in the glittering, unplanned boom. In 1958 they formed an area council in an effort to bring some order out of the chaos. One of the first things the council did was to hire experts to make a study of the lake. "The report was in scientific terms, but it gave us the bad news," says James F. Crafts, gray-haired chairman of the board of a San Francisco insurance company. "The gist was that it is only a matter of time until the lake won't be blue anymore, unless we control pollution on a basinwide scale. We are losing ground every day. The only unknown is how long it will be before it's too late."

Several of the communities around the lake have tried to meet the problem but are frustrated by complex technical and political obstacles. In the congested settlement at the southern end of the lake the South Tahoe Public Utilities District has built one of the most modern pollution-control plants ever devised. Robert Fesler, young insurance man, local booster and chairman of the district, claims that the outflow from this plant "is

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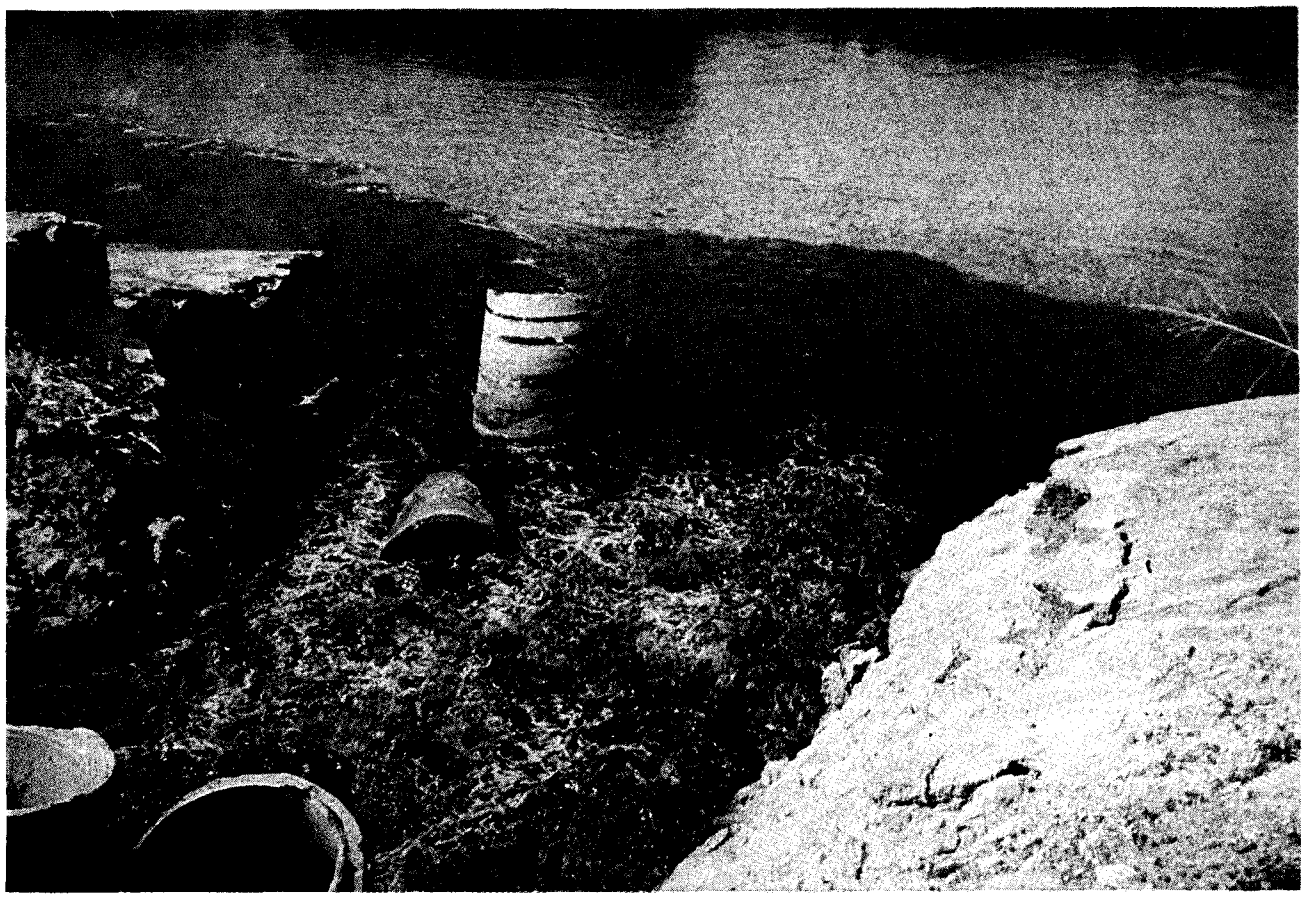
Mark Twain wrote lovingly of "the great Mississippi, the magnificent Mississippi." Today pollution experts call it "the colon of mid-America."



Through a sundered sewer line, pollution enters the Wolf River near Memphis, a city that does not process its sewage.

clearer and purer than the water most people drink."

"The South Tahoe plant is a good one," agrees Charles Martin, a former city manager who came to Tahoe to become executive director of the area council, "but it's already too small—and it handles only part of the problem. We may face a disastrous pollution of the lake this summer. What we need is a moratorium on building until we can catch up with pollution control. However, just the mention of that causes a great hue and cry among merchants and developers, accusing us of wanting to 'sacrifice the economy.'"

James Crafts believes the Tahoe problem can't be solved by purely local action and has helped organize the League to Save Lake Tahoe, with the slogan "Keep Tahoe Blue." "We're trying to build moral and financial support all around the country to keep this national shrine from going down the drain," he told me. "Unless we have a basinwide authority, one that can control land-use planning and sanitation, we will never get anywhere."

By this time it should be abundantly clear that we can't save our water resources simply by passing a law or two. We also need goals and the means to reach them. And what is especially baffling to an ordinary citizen, such as this reporter, is the general low level of the goals. You seldom hear a politician, an industrial spokesman or, for that matter, even a water-quality official, say "Our streams and lakes should be the cleanest, best and most attractive in the world," or "Let's make sure that we are steadily *improving* our waters." Instead, they emphasize that pollution control costs money, that water can be of many different qualities, and there is no need to make it better than required for its major uses. Much of this worthy talk adds up to: *Let's do just enough to get by.*

American industries now are responsible for more than half of the pollution in our streams and lakes, and the wastes from their factories and mills are among the meanest, most complex and most difficult to clean up. Some heavy-industry streams are dead and gone as normal waterways. The bottom of Arthur Kill, a tidal connection between Newark Bay and Raritan Bay, has *no* living organisms; the bottom is covered by a thick mattress of oil, grease and chemical sludge. In the unlikely prospect that the water is cleaned up, the sludge will remain for many years.

Industry's attitude toward pollution control has been ambivalent, to say the least. Some companies have invested millions of dollars and the best engineering talent they can find to safeguard the streams they use. But others go merrily along, dumping their brines, acids and offal. "Most industries haven't lifted a finger to stop pollution unless the government forced them to," says one water-quality expert. "Big companies haven't hesitated to use political and economic pressure to avoid spending money on pollution control. They threaten to move out of an area, taking their payrolls with them, if regulations are enforced."

After the federal Water Quality Act of 1965 was passed, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States called a national conference in Washington, D.C., to assess the situation. The chamber's attitude is clear enough. In a statement on "Principles of Water Resource Use and Development," it declares: "The Federal Government should engage in the conservation, planning and development of water resources only when no other effective means exists, or when the national interest requires federal participation in joint action." Anyone naïve enough to expect the majority of the conferees to say, "All right, let's roll up our sleeves and get the job done," would have suffered swift disillusionment. The speakers often expressed the suspicion that the crusade for clean water was being used as an excuse for the Federals to take over responsibilities which belonged to local and state governments. There was concern about costs—and the "emotional" character of the anti-pollution campaign, which didn't take costs into account. A few industry spokesmen did acknowledge that action was overdue. Herbert S. Richey of Cleveland, president of a coal-mining company, put it this way: "Industry's attitude generally has been one of watchful waiting. However, with the passage of the Water Quality Act . . . waiting must give place to action. The threat of dictatorial federal control looms large on the horizon." And George Olmstead Jr., a Boston paper maker, suggested that "if we are going to shoot for the moon in water quality," the Federal Government should pay a large part of the expenditures as "a social cost."

The let's-get-by school of thought received little solace from James M. Quigley, assistant secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, and acting commissioner of the Water Pollution Control Administration. He told the Chamber conferees that "no one has the *right* to use America's rivers as a sewer," and that "you must accept the principle that the cost of pollution control from now on is part of the cost of doing business."

That cost can be high indeed. For example, when the Kimberly-Clark Corp. planned to build a mammoth pulp-and-paper mill not far from Mount Shasta in northern California, one of the state's specifications was that newly hatched salmon and steelhead trout must be able to live in any waste water the mill discharged into the icy waters of the upper Sacramento River. Young salmon and trout are notoriously sensitive to pollution, and paper mills are notorious polluters when their wastes are not extensively treated.

"It was a tough problem," said Quinton Narum, a young, crew-cut Kimberly-Clark engineer. "We had to combine a number of new processes to get the kind of results we wanted. We also built in many safety features, such as electronic monitors and controls on every step of the process so we could tell exactly what was going into the river." When the waste-purifying plant was finished, it had cost more than two million dollars and was capable of cleaning up around 11 million gallons of mill wastes per day. Along one side of the treatment plant's control center are rows of glass tanks in which swim fingerling salmon and steelheads. "That's pure effluent from the holding pond," Narum explains. "We have to show that newly hatched fish can survive and grow in it. So far they have done just fine."

Under the new federal water law, states are supposed to come up with proposed standards that will "enhance" their portions of interstate streams—and they might find it opportune to apply similar measures of cleanliness to their other waters. The significance of such standards is that once established they become legal yardsticks, like speed limits, and any proposed use of a stream that would breach them could be prevented by law. The FWPCA now is developing specifications of the water quality needed for various purposes, such as drinking, water sports, normal aquatic life, industrial uses and so on, to serve as guidelines to states.

"We don't want to dictate to states, but we don't want to put them in the position of flying blind," explains Assistant Secretary Quigley. "They need to know where the foul line is. This is their last big opportunity to do their part of the job. If they fail, the trophy will go to the Federal Government by default."

He admits that the standard-setting will require reconciling a number of differing viewpoints. "Conservationists are likely to say the requirements are being set too low, while cities

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and industries may claim we want them impossibly high," he says. "But what we want are yardsticks that upgrade our waters—not those that will lock in present pollution." Some states already are moving on their own. More than two dozen, thus far, have notified the Federal Government that they are working on water standards. In New York the voters passed a one-billion-dollar bond issue as part of a $1.7 billion statewide program. "We hope to clean up the entire state in six years," Gov. Nelson Rockefeller says.

To date this country has been amazingly lucky, considering the risks we have run with our dirty water. We have taken it for granted that the water flowing from our faucets is free of disease, but we couldn't be more wrong. True, most of our municipal water is as safe as we know how to make it, but evidence is accumulating that this may not be safe enough. Take viruses, for example.

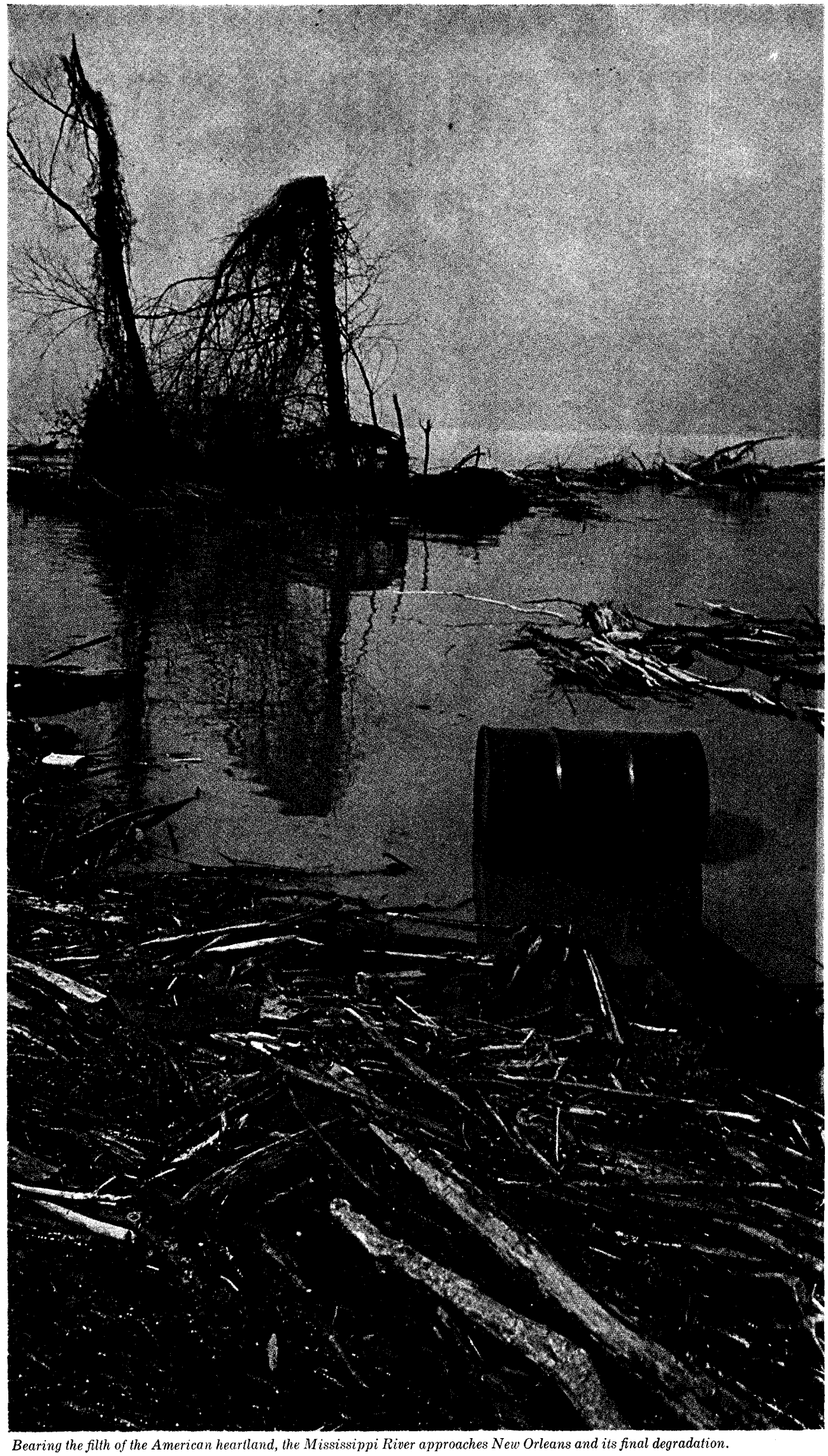
"We know there are viruses in sewage—we have isolated many kinds from effluents of sewage plants, even after chlorination," says Gerald Berg, Ph.D., chief virologist at the Taft Sanitary Engineering Center in Cincinnati. "We have also found them in rivers miles below the outfalls. There is no doubt that conventional water-treatment processes don't remove all the viruses—they aren't designed to." He suspects that our water supply may be a route for a steady, low-level transmission of a number of diseases, not at a strength that causes epidemics, but "seeding of communities with viruses to which they might not otherwise be exposed."

It has been well established that infectious hepatitis, a difficult, dangerous disease, can be waterborne. Back in 1961 an outbreak in New York and New Jersey was traced to clams taken from contaminated Raritan Bay.

Even deep wells can be polluted and become the transmission routes for disease. Last summer approximately 18,000 people in Riverside, Calif., were stricken with sudden attacks of dysentery, accompanied by high fever, nausea, cramps and vomiting. The villain proved to be the vicious bacterium, salmonella. The pattern of cases pointed to the water supply, which the city considered so pure that it hadn't had it chlorinated. Samples of water from various parts of the system were analyzed and, sure enough, salmonellas were floating around in it. The community immediately began chlorinating its water, and the epidemic subsided. But the question remains: How did the bug get into the wells? This hasn't been answered, but epidemiologists point out that the watershed that recharges the wells, once open country, has become heavily urban. They suspect that seepage from septic tanks and runoff from streets carried the bacteria into the groundwater from which the wells pump.

Water-quality scientists are also concerned with the growing problem of what they call "refractory pollutants," such as the space-age synthetic chemicals which are wonderful in their place but not in our drinking water. "Strong evidence exists," report Taft Center researchers, "that traces of synthetic organic chemicals can travel hundreds of miles downriver, pass through the most modern water-treatment plant, and can be detected in measurable concentrations in tap water." Some of these "refractories" are harmless; others are highly poisonous and, with repeated reuse of water, they tend to concentrate. At present we rely mainly on dilution with fresh water to reduce the hazards, but our supplies of "new" water are getting smaller and smaller. That is why we need to do a much better job of keeping such tough contaminants out of our water in the first place, and of removing them if they get in.

Water-quality researchers now are busy working on methods that will take out even the toughest kinds of pollutants—"everything but the H_2O," says one. The problem is doing it at a reasonable cost. On a little stream called Turtle Creek near the town of (*Continued on Page 86*)



Bearing the filth of the American heartland, the Mississippi River approaches New Orleans and its final degradation.

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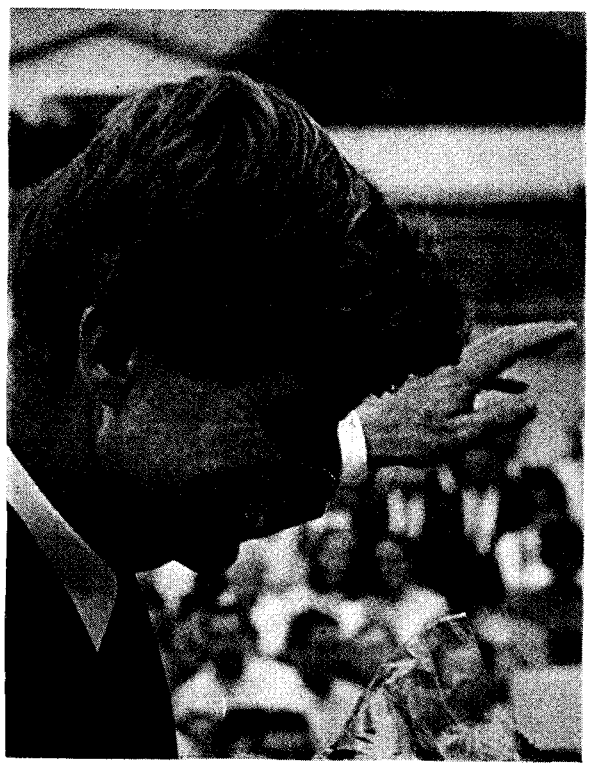
THE COMPULSIVE CANDIDATE



Robert Kennedy runs for President every day. His recent Latin American trip was an illustration of that. Leaping onto cars, plunging into piranha-infested waters, the senator campaigned relentlessly in five countries—always with one eye on the newspapers back home.

Surrounded by well-wishers and hemmed in by the curious, Sen.

BY ANDREW J. GLASS *Photographs by Peter Sheier*

Each step Robert Kennedy takes seems calculated to thrust him closer to the Presidency. From his office in the U.S. Senate, he runs what amounts to a government-in-exile, financed by a family fortune, secured by a magic name, anchored by unshakable New Frontier loyalties. Kennedy's every political move is carefully timed and executed. At the age of 40, having shaken off the shock of his brother's assassination, the junior senator from New York is constantly on the move, seeking to enhance his prestige as a world figure. That was the principal reason why he traveled 12,000 miles through South America last November, and why he intends to tour the Soviet Union next year. What could be an explosive trip to racially tense South Africa is set for June, and a visit to Israel is also in the works.

Such a Kennedy trip is conducted in the grand manner, with an entourage of presidential proportions. Surrounded by schedule arrangers, path clearers, bill payers, door openers, reporters, photographers and just plain traveling companions, Kennedy swoops down upon startled peasants, badgers leftist students in university halls, chucks the chins of shirtless urchins and generally disports himself like the hard-driving candidate that he is. He repeatedly plunges into hostile situations so potentially dangerous that he seems at times to be courting disaster.

All of this occurred on the senator's trip to Latin America, for it was in many ways typical of every Kennedy campaign. Orbiting about him during his 20-day tour was an "official party" that included three members of his staff: Miss Angela Novello, his longtime secretary; Adam Walinsky, a legislative assistant in Washington, assigned for the occasion to speech-writing, and Tom Johnston, a New York-based aide who drafted schedules of whom Kennedy would (or would not) see. Johnston also acted as paymaster for bills submitted en route.

In his casual, off-hand manner ("How'd you like to go to South America with me?") Kennedy expanded the group. One day he just called up John Seigenthaler, editor of the Nashville *Tennessean*, who had once served as his aide at the Justice Department. During the trip Seigenthaler filed stories home and acted as *de facto* press secretary.

Another such casual recruit was Richard Goodwin, a Latin American specialist and a former aide to both Presidents Kennedy and Johnson.

William vanden Heuvel, a New York lawyer who once worked for Kennedy in the Justice Department, alternated as body blocker, note taker and speechwriter. Vanden Heuvel's wife, Jean, the daughter of millionaire Jules Stein, came too, and Kennedy teased her for "collecting" poets, painters and assorted intellectuals along the way.

Ethel Kennedy brought along two of her friends: Judy Harris, an old school chum, and Mrs. Frederick Ames Cushing, who works part time in the senator's New York office.

Kennedy had not been to Latin America since 1946 when, released from duty as a seaman second-class aboard the destroyer *Joseph P. Kennedy Jr.*, he made a six-week tour of the continent. Now, two decades later, his Latin hosts assumed he was there to gather experience for a presidential contest against Lyndon Johnson. At nearly every stop cheering throngs threw rose petals at his car and chanted "*Presidente, Presidente*" as he rode by.

"I am not thinking of running for the Presidency," Kennedy would inform reporters at every stop along his route—without quite shattering their convictions to the contrary. "I have a high feeling for President Johnson. He has been very kind to me. I would support his bid for reelection in 1968, and I strongly wish to campaign for him."

By any standard his trip was a success. But it also managed to unnerve a round of ambassadors, CIA agents, hapless policemen, soldiers and protocol-minded Latin officials—their best-laid plans repeatedly wrecked by the "Candidate"—who, on one gay evening, laughingly acknowledged that he was indeed running for "President of the World."

Kennedy's troubles with the American embassy officials began with his first stop, in Lima, Peru. Citing "security precautions," the embassy had withheld word of Kennedy's visit until the last moment, and only small crowds greeted him on his arrival. His staff was convinced that U.S. Ambassador J. Wesley Jones had held back in hope of scoring brownie points with Lyndon Johnson.

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Robert F. Kennedy and his wife Ethel perch atop a limousine in their bogged-down motorcade in São Paulo. The Brazilians shouted "Presidente, Presidente," as they touched him.

Leaving Ethel behind in Lima, where she was to visit a series of schools and hospitals, Bobby took off in an unpressurized DC-4 for a flight over the mountains to Cuzco, Peru. It was obvious from the beginning that no embassy plans were going to stop him there.

When he climbed out of the plane on Cuzco's sun-splashed dirt airstrip, a crowd of some 2,000 people watched from behind a barbed-wire fence. A solid phalanx of police, wearing military uniforms and wielding Czech tommy guns, tried to steer him toward a bouquet-bearing reception committee, but Kennedy instinctively headed for the crowd like a hometown politician.

Seeing him come, the people pushed forward and the fence collapsed. All at once dozens of bodies were strung across the wire. There were cries of pain. Kennedy's right cheek was cut, and a hole was torn in the knee of his trousers. The senator didn't seem to mind. He refused a tetanus shot, and wore the ripped suit for the rest of the day.

That afternoon, a caravan of Land Rovers picked up the senator and those of his party who were not too exhausted by the effects of the thin mountain air and drove them through a village some 40 miles north of Cuzco. There a group of A.I.D. specialists from the University of North Carolina run a school to help the Indians improve their meager corn and potato crops. It was part of the Alliance for Progress, and the Alliance is what Kennedy had ostensibly come to inspect.

At one point en route Kennedy spotted a dozen grizzled peasants working in the cornfields beside the road. "Stop the car," he ordered. Soon the senator had leaped a wide ditch and joined them. None of the startled field hands knew who he was, although they sensed he was someone important.

Under questioning, the foreman explained that his men earned 12 *soles* (45 cents) a day. Kennedy shook his head sadly and moved back to the road. One of the Indians, however, ran after him. Haltingly, he told the visitor that he was forced to pay an exorbitant price for powdered milk being donated under the U.S. "Food for Peace" program.

"You look into this," Kennedy snapped to an accompanying Peace Corps guide.

Night had fallen by the time the party returned to Cuzco. Kennedy was tired and drawn, but still there was no rest. The embassy had set up a meeting with a group of leftist university students at the "binational center," which turned out to be a dingy second-floor hall decorated with outdated posters about the U.S. space program.

"Sometimes I wish somebody would say something nice about the United States," Kennedy said softly after the students had used the question period to make blustery anti-American speeches. Yet, exchanging sharp words with the students revived Kennedy. When the session ended, he escaped a new crush of admirers waiting for him in the street by beginning to run, racing Bill vanden Heuvel and Adam Walinsky 100 yards uphill to the hotel. Kennedy won by three yards.

When we returned to Lima, Ethel was eager to learn how her husband had done. "It went well," I told her. "Bob made quite an impression."

"Oh, aren't you *nice* to call him 'Bob,'" she said. "I don't think it's dignified for a man who's nearly forty to be called 'Bobby.' I wish everybody would call him 'Bob.'"

I suggested to her that she could help the situation by calling him 'Bob' herself—whenever Ethel refers to her husband in public, she invariably says, "Bobby thinks . . ." or "Bobby likes . . ." But Ethel protested that she had always called him "Bobby," and then she dropped the subject.

Kennedy was still angry about the way his campaign had been arranged in Lima, and he was relieved to depart for Chile, where old New Frontiersman Ralph Dungan, now the U.S. ambassador, had personally attended to the arrangements.

The pace let up. Dungan took Bob and Ethel home to his modernistic official residence on the outskirts of Santiago. He also found room at the residence for Miss Harris, Mrs. Cushing and John Seigenthaler. The senator and his friends enjoyed a quiet Saturday-afternoon swim in the springlike sun at the home of a wealthy publisher. It was the first day Kennedy spent in South America that he failed to visit a slum.

On Sunday, when the official schedule was resumed, Kennedy and Dungan drove to an elementary school near Viña del Mar, a coastal resort,

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In the Brazilian sugarcane fields near Recife, where Kennedy heard tales of wage-gouging, he grasps the hand of a laborer on muleback. Man wearing a tie is Bobby's interpreter.

where 300 children were gathered in the courtyard, all wearing white smocks. In the course of the speechmaking, Kennedy was introduced as "the future President," and this seemed to make him a trifle nervous. He drummed his fingers on a copper plate that two of the children had given him.

"My thanks to all of you," Kennedy said, when it was finally his turn to speak. "President Kennedy really believed in education. Problems made by man, he always felt, could be solved by man. We have immense problems in the United States—the same kind of problems you have in Chile. We are making a tremendous effort in the United States, and it is being made in Chile. But, in the last analysis, it's up to you. *Adios* and *gracias*."

The mayor took the microphone. "Let's give a hand," he said, "to Robert Kennedy who is *our* candidate for President of the United States."

Vanden Heuvel, who hopes to be *Kennedy*'s candidate for a political office in New York State, was quite upset by the remark. "You're not going to write that President thing, are you?" he asked.

Kennedy was an hour late when he reached Viña del Mar for a private lunch with Chilean President Eduardo Frei. The president received his visitor at the door of his summer palace, a lovely castle overlooking the sea. They walked around the splendidly kept grounds together, and then went to eat a leisurely meal. Kennedy was elated by the encounter: His own ideas closely parallel Frei's belief that the crucial issue in Latin America is not the struggle between the forces of Communism and anti-Communism, but rather whether Communism or the democratic left will lead the revolution against oligarchy.

We flew back to Santiago aboard a U.S. Air Force C-47. The next day, what the Kennedy entourage came to call their "all-expense-paid slum tour of South America" resumed. Santiago's slums, called *callampas* (mushrooms), proved every bit as dreary as the *barriadas* of Lima. Kennedy stepped over the sewage and walked into many of the hovels, asking questions about the slum-dwellers' lives, smiling sadly at the replies and giving away PT-boat tie clasps of the kind his brother used in the 1960 campaign. At each stop the senator deftly scampered up and down the trunk lid of his embassy-provided car as if it were his second home. (Several weeks later Stephen Smith, the senator's brother-in-law, received a $300 bill in New York for damages to the various vehicles Kennedy had used for speaking platforms in Chile.)

Ethel finally rejoined him—she had spent the morning at the hairdresser's—and the two Kennedys stood together on top of the car. "I give you the mother of nine children," the senator said, raising his wife's hand as if she had just won a prize fight. The slum dwellers cheered.

That evening Kennedy spoke to 3,000 university students from the Santiago area. About two dozen students screamed "Kennedy go home" when the senator reached the platform. Their demonstration was short-lived. A flying wedge of pro-Kennedy students moved menacingly toward the demonstrators. Realizing they were badly outnumbered, the leftists departed of their own accord, but not before scuffles had broken out in the stands. When the commotion subsided, Kennedy took the microphone and declared: "I'm sorry they left. I'd have liked to learn from them." The students cheered for a full three minutes.

All along, the senator's official press secretary, Wes Barthelmes, who had remained behind in Washington, was sending Kennedy reports on how the television film clips and news stories were being "played." In South America Kennedy never left the headlines, and radio stations suspended their regular programs to provide blow-by-blow reports of his movements. But Kennedy was upset, because—back home—the clippings were scanty and the "play" subdued.

Long before Kennedy's arrival at his next stop in Concepción—Chile's third-largest city and the hub of an industrial complex where the Communists and Marxist Socialists, their even more radical allies, command a virtual majority—Chilean security services had tipped the U.S. embassy that trouble awaited the senator at the university. Kennedy ignored the warning.

The senator arranged, however, hours before a scheduled confrontation at the university, to meet privately with about a dozen key young Communists in a suite at his hotel. Separated by a wooden table, Kennedy and the radicals sized each other up during an exchange similar to those Kennedy had used to advantage in dealing with Southern segregationists during civil-rights crises. The goal, then and now, was to fashion a "scenario" in which nobody would get hurt. For two hours Kennedy reasoned with his Communist adversaries, trying to get them to admit there was another side to the issues they had raised about U.S. policy. "Why do I give a damn?" he said. "Why do I sit here and listen to you? There are a lot more pleasant things to do in Concepción. But I'm here because I'm interested in the revolution in Chile. Certainly, Chile has differences with the United States. I know that. Yet Chile gets more assistance, per capita, than any other Latin nation. Do you ever think about that? No. Because it doesn't fit your position."

The Communist students crossed and recrossed their legs. One fiddled nervously with his tie.

"I'm not coming here to fool you," Kennedy went on, slapping the table hard. "I've had a candid

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A Communist student spat directly in Senator Kennedy's eye, and another kicked at his outstretched hand.

Poor Brazilians hang on Kennedy in Salvador. His party called trip their "all-expense slum tour of South America."

conversation with you. I doubt we could have had this meeting in Havana, Peking or Moscow. I'm delighted we could in Chile. That's why I'm against Communism."

Kennedy turned to the real purpose of the meeting. "Would you like me to come up to the university?" he asked the Communists.

"No, not me," their apparent leader answered in English. "We do not condemn you personally," he said, "but as a representative of a government whose hands are stained with blood. If it was up to me [and it was], I would not let you speak."

Some of the earlier, reasonable quality drained out of Kennedy's voice. Aggressively he jabbed a finger at the students, keeping time to his words. "Fifty or sixty persons can stop a speech," he said. "I know that. I don't mind getting hit by an egg. I've been hit by worse in my career."

He paused and looked down at the floor, rubbing his shoe against the threadbare carpet. "In my judgment, if I can say so, the great indictment of your position is that you won't let me speak. You describe me with blood on my hands: I haven't had a marine stick a bayonet in *you* yet." Then Kennedy took his final stab. "Let me make a deal with you," he said. "You speak for fifteen minutes, and I'll speak for fifteen minutes."

But the student leader refused and, on that note, the meeting broke up. Those seated near the door filed out quickly so that Kennedy wouldn't have time to reach them and shake hands.

As evening approached, vanden Heuvel, Seigenthaler and I sat down with Kennedy in his bedroom to go over the situation facing him at the university. The New York lawyer and the Tennessee editor both argued persuasively against taking the chance of making an appearance. Kennedy, they said, had done well on the previous night in Santiago. The Communists had been thrown out. This time they would be there in force. If anybody was going to be thrown out, it would be Bobby. With absolutely no police protection available (because Latin American tradition does not permit police to enter university territory), a serious incident could occur. People could be hurt. There would be bad publicity. Kennedy listened attentively but was himself noncommittal.

He stripped to his shorts and fingered a religious medal dangling from a gold chain on his neck. "I know I won't be able to speak," he said matter-of-factly. He was sitting up on the bed, his legs crossed. A decision still had to be made. Time was growing short. Kennedy took a bath. As he dressed, he said little.

Two Christian Democratic students from the university, members of the group that had asked him to speak, knocked on the outer door. Vanden Heuvel let them in. "If you don't come," one of the student leaders said, "it will be a great victory for the Communists. I don't know how long it would be before we could show our faces."

The rector of the university, a small and obviously timid man, knocked on the door soon after and was also admitted. He felt a visit by Kennedy would be most inadvisable. He said he could not be responsible for the senator's safety. Then came an American priest, the Rev. Fred Hegarty, a leader of Chile's Catholic Action movement. Kennedy asked his advice. "It would be great if you could go," the priest said.

"I've *got* to go," Kennedy said at last.

By now the bedroom was full of Kennedy staffers, reporters, people from the university and from the embassy. Ethel, who had been touring girls' schools all afternoon, walked in and said she was coming along. Kennedy didn't argue. He cleared the bedroom and changed shirts, taking off the one he had put on barely 20 minutes before. (Kennedy is compulsively clean. During the trip he changed his shirt as often as 10 times a day.)

Then it was time to go. We all jumped into the cars parked in front of the hotel. The crowd, pounding on the cars and yelling "*Viva* Kennedy!" made it difficult to pull away.

As we approached the university, about half a mile from the hotel, three police cars peeled off from the motorcade and stopped. Just before we entered the grounds, the plainclothesmen's car also dropped out of the motorcade.

Kennedy strode briskly toward the hall, flanked by Goodwin, Seigenthaler, vanden Heuvel and a few American reporters.

The gymnasium had been converted that evening for use as an auditorium by the addition of a speaker's platform at the far end. The stands were jammed with about 2,000 young men and women, all yelling at the top of their lungs.

Kennedy walked slowly around the deserted gym floor, moving clockwise. He had nearly completed a full circuit when he passed beneath the section where about 100 Communists were seated. They gave a great animal-like howl and let fly a barrage of eggs, bits of garbage, coins and small stones. Surprisingly the fusillade missed its intended target, while those of us who were walking close to the senator were all hit. Egg yolk ran down the right side of vanden Heuvel's suit. My own suit was a mess.

Kennedy reached the lectern, and the tumult continued unabated. "Go home, go home, you Yankee son of a whore," the Communists chanted. They sang the Chilean national anthem and then the Cuban anthem. Kennedy stood up for both.

The chanting resumed. "Santo-Dom-in-GO, Santo-Dom-in-GO," they were yelling now.

"Hungary, Hungary," the students seated opposite them yelled back. Kennedy sat down and the commotion subsided a bit. He folded his arms across his chest and waited silently, a slight smile crossing his lips.

Ten noisy minutes passed. The gymnasium floor was filling up. Girls pressed forward toward the platform, seeking Kennedy's autograph.

Suddenly Kennedy hopped on the table, yanking the microphone from its cradle. His translator jumped up with him. "I believe in freedom," he shouted, looking up at the Communists. "I believe in free institutions. And I *will* speak tonight."

No one standing more than a few yards away could hear a word he was saying.

"I do not come tonight and say that the United States is without fault," Kennedy went on, shouting every word. "All human beings make mistakes. But we support your revolution with our hearts because you are making the same effort we are making in the United States."

The Communists resumed singing the Chilean national anthem. This time Kennedy kept right on talking. "We support your effort to build a new society. But we believe, most of all, in the right of free expression. We don't believe in spitting on people. We don't believe in throwing eggs. . . ."

His free hand jabbed the air. "If they are right,"

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he yelled, pointing at the Communists, "let one of them come down here and debate me. Let one of them be a spokesman and let the people in this room decide."

"Assassin," the young Communists screamed.

"Will you come down and join me in debate? Come on down! Come on down! I challenge you to a debate! I am willing! Will you test your ideas before the students of this university?"

The curses the Communists were screaming were no longer printable.

"Do you want me to come up there?" Kennedy shouted. Without waiting for a reply, he leaped off the platform. We pushed our way toward the Communists, making a path for him. He stood on a chair just below the section where the Communists were seated, and raised his right arm as if to shake hands. A student seated in the front row, two feet beyond the farthest reach of Kennedy's fingertips, spat, hitting the senator directly in his right eye. The spittle dripped down his cheek.

One of the Communist students with whom Kennedy had argued that afternoon sat to the left of the spitter. He grabbed him by the back of his shirt and started to drag him away. Kennedy's arm was still outstretched. Another student swung himself under the railing and began kicking at Kennedy's hand with flailing feet.

Kennedy climbed off the chair and turned to vanden Heuvel. "Let's go," he said. "We've done what we came to do." Then, with the tip of a clean white handkerchief, he wiped the spittle from the corner of his eye.

Ethel was watching all this from the sidelines, along with a man from the embassy. As Kennedy moved toward the door, the Communists in the stands set a U.S. flag afire. The embassy man giggled nervously. "Don't you laugh when the American flag is being burned," Ethel said sharply.

Back at the hotel, Kennedy changed shirts and was off again within half an hour to a party he was giving for one of our traveling group—a photographer who had turned 31 that day. Soon Kennedy was relaxing at an inn at the edge of town, set aside just for the birthday celebration—acting for all the world as if he had done nothing more strenuous than sign a couple of letters.

We returned to the hotel after dancing until almost 2 A.M. At 4:30 vanden Heuvel was calling on the telephone getting everyone up. "Come on," he said, "the senator wants to go to the coal mines."

'You can't go down,' the mine manager insisted.

'Why can't I?' asked Kennedy, disappearing down the shaft.

The miners at Lota, Chile's only coal-mining complex, earn $1.25 a day. Their union is solidly Communist. The embassy had kept Lota off the senator's schedule. When, in the predawn hours, the Chilean authorities discovered to their dismay that Kennedy was going there anyway, elaborate security precautions were ordered. Kennedy found out about them when he saw *carabineros* snapping to attention every 100 yards as we drove along the fogbound road between Concepción and Lota, where the mines burrow five miles under the Pacific.

Although the police were ready, no one had told the mine officials at Lota that Kennedy was coming. He surprised them by striding into the pithead, surrounded by reporters and photographers and officials, just as the 7 A.M. shift was arriving.

"Can we go down into the shaft?" Kennedy asked Jack Martin, the Chilean mine manager.

"No, that is impossible," Martin sputtered.

Kennedy fell in with the miners headed for the elevator shaft. "You can't go down," Martin said, running up behind him.

"I mean, why can't I?" Kennedy said, stepping aboard the elevator just before it plunged downward for 1,500 feet. Most of the others, including Martin, were left behind. Apparently to thwart the senator, someone up above ordered the coal cars to depart at once. (The last group of miners aboard the elevator with Kennedy would thus have to walk to where the coal was being dug.)

Kennedy grasped immediately what had happened, and he sprinted for the little train, already 100 yards down the damp tunnel and fast gaining speed. He narrowed the gap until, with a flying leap, he dived head first into the trailing car, landing on his hands and knees.

As the cars clanked forward, the senator—crouching to avoid a low-hanging high-voltage wire—turned to the shift superintendent, a ruddy-cheeked Welshman named George Bright who happened also to be aboard the last car.

"If you worked here as a miner," Kennedy asked him, "would you be a Communist?"

"I'm afraid I would," Bright replied. "We breed them here."

Once Kennedy had succeeded in boarding the coal train, Martin halted it and came down to join him below. "Can't we go back now?" he asked.

"Um. Let's go to the end," Kennedy said. "How far is it?"

"Oh, about fifteen miles," Martin said.

"Now, don't give me that. *How far is it?*"

Martin hesitated. "Well . . ."

"*How far?*"

"It's three miles to the end of the line and then another two miles' walk to where the men are working," Martin said.

At the end of the line the miners jumped off, and Kennedy followed, pausing in the near-blackness to introduce himself as "Senator Kennedy from the United States" and to shake hands.

Martin was beside himself. It was far too dangerous to go any farther, he said. Did the senator happen to know that four men were killed in the mine last year, and four the year before?

Kennedy walked on, trailed by a dozen reporters and photographers who had come down in the second wave with Martin. "No, Senator Kennedy. No," the mine manager yelled from behind. "*Please,* Senator Kennedy."

The senator reached the end of the tunnel in about half an hour. Only two men could walk side by side in the narrow space. He shook hands with a number of miners, including one who said he was the father of 23 children (11 of them living). Then he turned back.

Early the next morning Kennedy left for Argentina, where he would spend only 48 hours before departing for his next stop, Brazil. As the plane banked and rolled through a high pass in the Andes, the senator scanned a large loose-leaf briefing book prepared by Walinsky and entitled *Easy Answers to Hard Questions.*

Soon after we landed at the military airport in Buenos Aires, blue-helmeted Argentine Air Force police began swinging away with their clubs at the crowd, trying to keep the people as far as possible from Kennedy. U.S. Ambassador Edward Martin had met Kennedy in his Cadillac, but Kennedy now climbed out of the car, chased 300 of the policemen away and shook hands all around.

"*El Presidente! El Presidente!*" the crowd cried.

"He's crazy," said an embassy security man who had been riding in the next car. "These are volatile people. Their mood could change at any moment. They could *kill* him."

Kennedy was being mobbed in a sea of happy faces and enjoying every minute of it. Finally the ambassador's Cadillac swung free and sped to Martin's residence—a mansion that a member of the Kennedy entourage described as "a Versailles occupied by Babbitts." Another crowd had gathered outside the residence's high iron gates, and the *cuerpo de guardia infantería* had deployed 100 men around the building, their Sten guns pointing at the crowd.

Instead of entering the mansion, Kennedy walked outside the gates and into the street, again waving all of his military protectors away. "I bring you warmest regards from President Johnson and the people of the United States, and I hope you all go home now," he said.

The next morning, Kennedy and his police escort, their sirens screaming, raced around Buenos Aires. "Come back as President," a man shouted as we drove down a street in the financial district.

The next day, November 20, his 40th birthday, he left for Brazil. As he landed at São Paulo's Congonhas airport, a military band struck up *Happy Birthday*—giving the tune a slight Latin twist. It was a Saturday afternoon. Although nearly eight million people live in the São Paulo area, the streets were virtually deserted as the Kennedy motorcade

Hustling downriver to keep an appointment with Venezuelan President Leoni, Bobby helps push stalled Indian canoe.

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In yet another shantytown—so smelly that his security guards retreated—Kennedy joshes with some tag-along children.

raced downtown to his hotel. "I counted at least one hundred people," Kennedy said ruefully.

Ethel had quietly been planning a private birthday celebration for him at the home of a wealthy American couple, Henry and Mildred Sage, friends of the Kennedys who had moved to São Paulo. Ethel had written a half dozen sharply satirical—even libelous—songs based on the Kennedy trip and its imagined impact on some well-known U.S. political figures. After the singing the group filed in for dinner where the birthday spoofing continued. Ethel, holding a large paper bag, pulled out a series of party favors and explained what each signified. There was, for example, a toy airplane that she described as a U-2 plane that Lyndon Johnson had ordered to spy on Bobby's progress.

The next day the senator met with 20 Brazilian student leaders at the Sage home. As they sat in the expensively furnished living room, sipping soft drinks, the young Brazilians argued that Johnson had sold out Kennedy's Alliance for Progress.

Kennedy emphatically rejected such reasoning. "President Kennedy and President Johnson are both attempting to accomplish the same objective," he said. "But you have to remember that they are very different human beings, and they go about things differently. The problems are the same. Go back to when President Kennedy was alive. He wasn't always so highly thought of as he is today."

Kennedy cut short his exchange with the students to board a chartered Viscount in time to attend a soccer game in Rio de Janeiro's huge Maracana stadium that afternoon. Jumping up every few minutes, applauding furiously, smoking away on a cigar, Kennedy absorbed himself in the all-star exhibition match between Brazil and the world-champion Russians. Every time Brazil kicked the ball toward the Soviet goal, Kennedy would spring to his feet and thousands of shirt-sleeved Brazilians in the crowd of 200,000 would turn and applaud the senator.

Kennedy did not want to spend too much time in Rio because the inter-American conference of the Organization of American States was then in session, and he feared that his presence might tend to eclipse that of Secretary of State Dean Rusk. So immediately after the game he left for the 90-minute flight up the coast to Salvador, a city in the impoverished northeast region of Brazil, where Kennedy was scheduled for more slum visiting.

It was November 22. When it had happened, two years ago, he had been near his swimming pool at Hickory Hill, eating lunch with Ethel and two Justice Department friends. Now he was in Brazil, remembering his dead brother at the eight-o'clock mass in Salvador's São Francisco Church. Candles glinted on its walls, carved in delicate patterns and covered with gold.

Seated amid poor Negro women, Kennedy and his wife went to their knees as a young and intense priest wearing sunglasses celebrated the mass. Kennedy's face was forlorn—for that moment all the unspeakable sadness had returned. When it came time for him and Ethel to take communion, they lingered at the altar long after the other communicants had returned to their seats.

The tour was on once more. Salvador, the first capital of Brazil, is a city of old churches, steep hills and grand views of the sea. Shabbily dressed women carry huge bundles balanced atop their heads. At an orphanage Kennedy quietly chucked the dark little children under their chins, playfully twisted their ears and patted them on the head. The children sang *God Bless America.*

Kennedy moved on, through the flies, past the staring, unresponsive people of the slums, through the mud and the open sewers and the searing, humid heat. The stench became so foul that Kennedy's five-man Brazilian security guard deserted him and returned to wait in their police car, swearing softly.

The women held out their naked children and watched the strange procession go by. Whenever he stopped to give a short speech, he would invariably ask the children to stay in school "as a favor to President Kennedy."

When, at last, Kennedy reboarded the plane, he sat by himself for a long time, leaning forward, his face buried in his arms.

In Natal, where he spent most of the day, more than 100,000 people came to see him and to cheer when he rode by in a jeep overburdened with friends, newsmen and photographers. It was Cuzco all over again. That November 22 the people of Natal, in honor of their visitor, set off round after round of firecrackers. The loud report—not unlike that of a rifle shot—made Kennedy wince.

As night fell, Kennedy jumped to the top of a truck so he could be better seen. The cheers, punctuating his every sentence, were deafening.

"Every child an education!" he said, pausing between each word.

"Every family adequate housing!

"Every man a job!"

And then, as the evening star shone down on Natal, he finished by saying: "As long as there is a Kennedy in public life in the United States, there will be a friend of northeast Brazil."

The Viscount swung south again and headed for Recife, the biggest city in northeast Brazil, where he was to spend the night. A light and carefree mood infected the group. Goodwin led a carload of Kennedy's friends in a chorus of risqué songs as they drove from Recife airport to the home of the American consul, a high-walled stucco villa surrounded by soldiers armed with submachine guns.

The next morning, in searing 90-degree heat, Kennedy toured the nearby sugarcane fields. Trampling through the newly cut stalks with a landowner in a white linen suit by his side, he halted often to ask the sweating peasants how much they earned and how they lived. He was surprised to discover that the cane cutters worked six days a week for less than a dollar a day—under an apparently semifeudal system that forced them to spend at least two days' earnings to buy their

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The native guides said solemnly that they had not expected Kennedy ever to come back alive.

necessities at the plantation's "company store."

When the party finally stopped in an open field for a box lunch, several union officials who were working to organize the cane cutters approached the senator. Even the miserable minimum wage fixed by the government, they asserted, wasn't being paid by the landowners. In fact, they said, most of the workers were receiving three days' pay for six days' labor.

Just then one of the union officials spotted a leading landowner snapping pictures of the senator with an expensive Japanese camera. Kennedy motioned for him to come over.

Oh, no, the landowner protested, all the cane cutters receive the government minimum wage. The union leaders were spreading "propaganda."

Kennedy fixed his gaze on the man. "I was around today and I heard otherwise," he said. "Let me just say this to you: I think you're breeding your own destruction. You are tearing down your own society if you don't pay people a decent wage." Conditions in the sugarcane fields became a frequent theme during the rest of Kennedy's private conversations in Brazil.

Dean Rusk had by now departed from the O.A.S. conference in Rio de Janeiro, so it became diplomatically safe for Kennedy to fly back to Rio from Recife. However, since the big conference was still underway, Kennedy thought it would be prudent for him to stay at a hotel along Rio's crescent-shaped Copacabana beach, rather than at the baronial residence of U.S. Ambassador Lincoln Gordon. Wearing his favorite candy-striped bathing trunks, Kennedy spent the hot morning on the beach. Unrecognized by the throngs, he trotted for several miles along the fine white sand, accompanied by John Seigenthaler, and then swam alone out beyond the breakers so far that he was for a time lost from view.

At the beginning of the trip, back in Peru, Richard Goodwin had urged Kennedy to spend a long weekend, between stopovers in Rio and Caracas, visiting Brazil's Amazon jungle. The senator quickly approved the idea: It appealed to his sense of adventure. With the help of a wealthy Brazilian friend, Goodwin arranged the loan of an Electra from Varig Airlines, and Kennedy flew to Manaus (population 180,000), capital of the underdeveloped Amazonas region, and the river port where the Amazon proper begins its 1,000-mile course to the Atlantic Ocean.

After 200 pieces of luggage were removed from the Electra's hold, we prepared to leave Manaus aboard a white Dutch-built paddlewheeler chartered for the occasion. Kennedy had encountered two young and engaging American priests, working as missionaries in the region, and invited them to come along. The priests brought aboard a dozen hammocks which they strung along the afterdeck. Most of us preferred these to the paddlewheeler's stuffy staterooms, and Bob and Ethel Kennedy dragged mattresses from their cabin and slept beneath our hammocks.

We were making our way up the Solimões—a main tributary of the Amazon—at a speed of 10 knots, but against a strong current. The final destination was Manacapuru, a town of 25,000 inhabitants only 55 miles up the Solimões from Manaus. As the paddlewheeler nudged alongside a landing ramp 250 feet below Manacapuru, firecrackers went off and hundreds of children pushed forward to greet us. The town had never been visited by a Brazilian senator, much less by an American one.

Soon we were headed inland toward what we were told was "a lake quite suitable for swimming." Since it was too far to walk, a wide, low wagon was hitched to a tractor, and we hopped aboard. Kennedy invited dozens of children running beside and behind the already overloaded flatbed to climb on, and he led us in entertaining them with songs ranging from *We Shall Overcome* to *The Marine Corps Hymn*.

The tractor at one point swerved suddenly to avoid a deep hole in the jungle track. Kennedy was hurled off the flatbed and landed in the bushes on his back. He sprang to his feet, borrowed a bicycle from a boy riding behind the tractor and pedaled the two remaining miles to the lake while carrying two children on the bike's rear fender.

At the lake, still surrounded by curious children, Kennedy took off his sweaty clothes and plunged into the water. He swam out to a large log bobbing 30 yards off shore and tossed a football back and forth with Goodwin. Not until we left did the local officials tell us that the "lake" was really a branch of the Solimões and, consequently, infested with flesh-eating piranha fish.

After a dinner of chicken and spicy rice back on the paddlewheeler, we started out again behind the tractor, this time on a fishing expedition. It was dark and raining hard by the time we reached the edge of the "lake."

Just when we were ready to shove off with our guides, the tropical skies burst into torrents of water. Within seconds it became impossible to see six inches. In the confusion Ethel, Mrs. Cushing and a few of the reporters were helped from their still-moored canoes by one of the priests. Only by putting our hands on one another's waists were we able to negotiate the 100 yards through the jungle to the nearest light—a native hut.

The local guides also turned back, but Kennedy could not be persuaded to quit. While Tom Johnston bailed furiously amidships, Goodwin took the forward seat and Kennedy pulled away—without a light and without a guide in the middle of the jungle. The rain was streaming down too heavily for Kennedy to see either of his two companions; occasionally he would yell to Goodwin to paddle on the other side.

Forty-five minutes later, without having seen another boat or a landmark, the trio returned, triumphantly bearing four fish that had somehow been pulled into their canoe. The native guides solemnly said that they had never expected to see Kennedy or his companions again.

It was well after midnight when we got back, still shivering, to the paddlewheeler, and Kennedy and his companions spent the next two hours drinking black coffee and warm bourbon, and talking about their experience.

The next day Kennedy snapped up a chance to visit the primitive heartland of the Amazon jungle. A reporter in the party had written a story about the Wycliffe Bible Translators, a group of Protestant missionary-pilots who proselytize isolated Indian tribes. In Manaus the newsman called Paul Marsteller, one of the Wycliffe pilots, and arranged for him to take Kennedy on an overnight visit into the interior.

The day after the fishing expedition, Marsteller, a 33-year-old Ohioan, taxied his bright yellow 1930 Norseman floatplane alongside the paddlewheeler, which was still moored off Manacapuru. After taking one look at the vintage single-engined Norseman bobbing in the placid water, Kennedy said, "I must be crazy to get on this thing." Then he kissed Ethel good-bye and climbed aboard, along with Goodwin and two reporters.

Marsteller's Norseman headed at 110 mph over the dense jungle until late afternoon, when he brought it down on a bend in the Nhamunda River near the thatched-roofed huts of a Hixkaryana Indian village 200 miles from Manacapuru. The pilot realized at once that the river was too low to permit him to get off again with his passengers aboard. The only way out—assuming Marsteller had enough taxiing room to get up carrying just his own weight—was to borrow a dugout canoe from the natives and to go downriver through 12 sets of rapids to a point where the Nhamunda was deep enough to get us all off again.

Hopping off the plane's inshore pontoon, Kennedy sprinted up the river bank through wild cotton bushes and banana trees. Soon the party was surrounded by a tight circle of naked, laughing children. The senator greeted the Wycliffe missionaries, Desmond and Grace Derbyshire, an English couple in their mid-40's. They, in turn, introduced him to Kayweie, the 24-year-old

With the author at his elbow and Ethel sleeping in the seat behind, Kennedy discusses arrangements for the next stop.

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Gesturing expansively, Senator Kennedy addresses a crowd at a rural labor cooperative. Everywhere he went, Kennedy told how U.S. policy supports reform in Latin America.

tribal chief, who was impressively attired in a loincloth, several beaded armbands and a large necklace. "What is your impression of the United States?" Kennedy asked Kayweie.

"I guess," the chief replied, scratching the tufts of wild cotton protruding from his hair, "that it's bigger than this place."

Kennedy toured the village huts, chucking the children under the chin, and went for a swim while Grace Derbyshire prepared dinner. Kennedy was eager to know about life among the Hixkaryana tribe. Over dinner, he pursued the questioning in much the same softly urgent tone that he had used with the presidents of four South American nations. "Do they steal each other's wives?" he asked. There was no formality about marriage, the missionary explained.

To remain on schedule (Kennedy was due to confer with Venezuelan President Raul Leoni in the late afternoon), the party arose at 3:30 A.M. With the help of four village guides, they were to make their way downriver in an 18-foot dugout canoe equipped with an outboard motor—15 miles below the village was a place where the water was deep enough for the plane to take off.

The canoe's motor failed at the start, and the trip downriver took eight hours. Whenever the canoe foundered in the rapids, Kennedy would be the first to jump overboard and push the boat forward. He was having a ball. Splashing along in the river, he mimicked a well-known television commentator in declaring: "It was impossible to pinpoint the exact time and place when he decided to run for President. But the idea seemed to take hold as he was swimming in the Amazonian river of Nhamunda, keeping a sharp eye peeled for man-eating piranhas."

Then, as an afterthought, he added: "Piranhas have never been known to bite a U.S. senator."

Further downriver, Kennedy put his paddle aside for a moment and confided that he would someday like to cross the North Atlantic in a 25-foot sailboat—alone.

"You mean like that editor in Cleveland?" one of his companions asked.

"That's it," Kennedy replied.

"That would take six weeks," the companion observed. "You are a United States senator. You could never get away with it."

"I guess you're right," Kennedy said wistfully.

Ethel and the rest of the party, joined by two television crews fresh from Rio, were already at the airport in Manaus when Kennedy pulled up, still dressed in the soggy tennis shoes, khakis and polo shirt he had worn on the Nhamunda. The Electra took off for Caracas at once.

Fifteen minutes out of Manaus the governor on the Electra's left inboard engine failed, and the propeller suddenly spun out of control. The pilot feathered the engine and turned back. Ethel, who dreads flying, clutched at her rosary beads.

When the plane had landed safely, it became clear that the President of Venezuela would just have to wait: The plane could not be repaired, and another one would have to be dispatched from distant São Paulo.

Kennedy's new friendship with the American priests assigned to Manaus rescued the evening. They maintained a secluded retreat outside the river port—just the place for a party. Ethel efficiently stripped the Electra's pantry of its ample liquor and wine stock, the priests bought the food, and the party was a great success.

At six the next morning the newly arrived Electra took off for Caracas. As we cruised along at 29,000 feet, the pilot said over the intercom: "Senator and Mrs. Kennedy, it has been a great pleasure to have you aboard. We are now crossing the Brazilian-Venezuelan border, and it is time to say good-bye."

Kennedy looked up from his magazine. "What's he going to do," he asked, "get off here?"

The end, while not so precipitous, was nonetheless drawing near. That same day Kennedy was back jabbing away with his forefinger at the immense crowds, encouraging the wretched slum dwellers from the dented roof of an embassy car:

"I want you all to know how nice it is for me and my wife to be in Caracas." (*Applause.*) "We in the United States have a great admiration and a great affection for the people of Venezuela." (*Applause.*)

"I want to say to my young friends—Venezuela will continue to make progress if you're ready to stay in school. And you'll be spanked by your mothers if you don't." (*Laughter.*)

There was one final argument with Communist students, this time on network television. By now, Kennedy's debating style had become smooth and polished:

"I don't accept your description of the 'facts.' Why isn't the President of the United States a Rockefeller if big business really runs our country? What you're saying is simply ridiculous.

"Now follow up," Kennedy urged the surprised student. "Come back at me."

Once more there was danger in the air: The Communists had threatened to kidnap Ethel. They allegedly had elaborate plans to machine-gun Kennedy while he rode along the main boulevard. The CIA, it was rumored, had foiled the plot. The site of a labor rally that Kennedy was to address was changed three times in one day to throw the Communists off. Still, someone managed to set off a stink bomb in the hall when he arrived and to escape in the confusion.

Then, all at once, it was over—the crowds, the slums, the students and the danger. We were in a commercial jetliner, peering down 35,000 feet through the clouds at the city of Santo Domingo.

At Washington's National Airport, the mud of the Caracas slums still clung to Kennedy's shoes. He was greeted by a huge WELCOME HOME SENATOR sign that was unfurled by a dozen loyal members of his staff.

Eight of the nine Kennedy children climbed up the ramp of the plane to greet their parents in a torrent of hugs and kisses. Only the baby, 10-month-old Matthew Taylor Kennedy, was left at home in McLean.

The Washington press corps was also there. "People are not going to accept much longer the kind of lives they're leading . . ." Kennedy told them. "I found affection and admiration and a great wish to understand and a good deal of misunderstanding. Does that make sense?"

Christopher George Kennedy, aged two and a half, pulled at the sleeve of his father's pinstripe suit. "Can we go home now, Daddy?" he asked.

"Yes, Chris darling," his father said. "Yes, my love, yes." □

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Sonny and Chér sing one of Sonny's songs before eager fans at a one-night stand in the Music Hall of Cleveland's Public Auditorium. The Bonos have performed for such prominen

THEY'RE WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY

BY PETER BOGDANOVICH

Jeered at by baffled adults, this bizarre song team— the latest in pop music and op fashion— are the soul mates of America's teen-agers.

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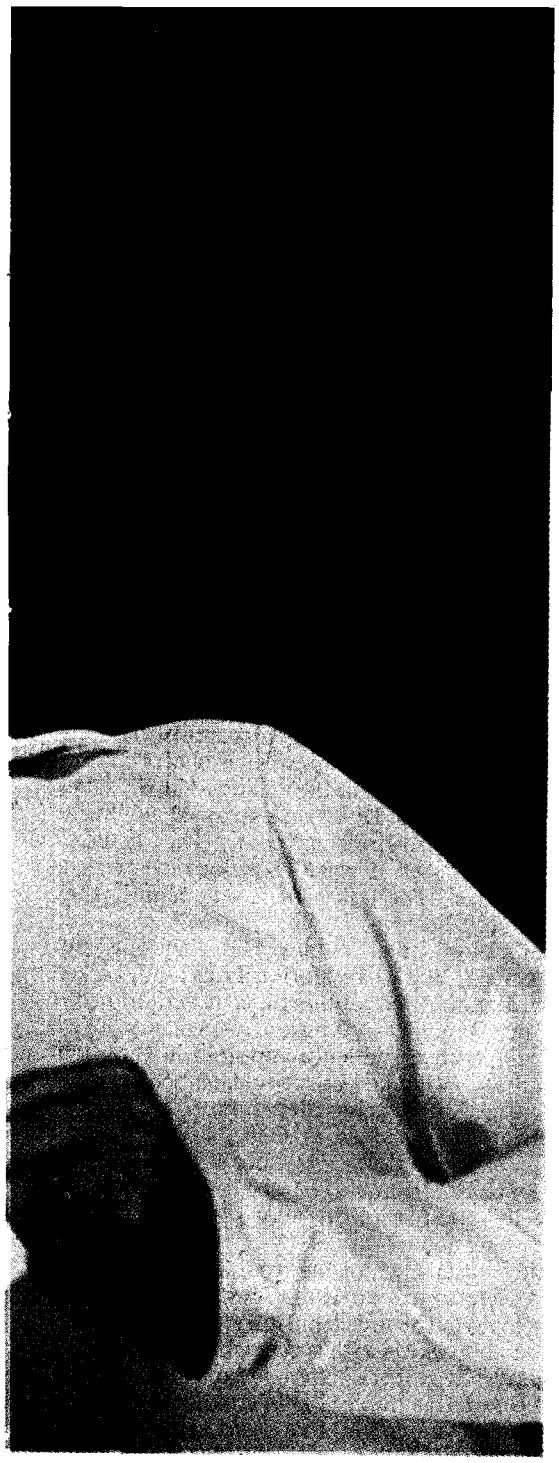

ures as Jacqueline Kennedy and Princess Margaret.

We have a great big ole society
That won't make room for folks like you an' me.
But I got some real bad news for them, my fr'en,
They're on the outside lookin' in.
*We got a great thing goin'. . . .**

Maybe Princess Margaret had asked for Sonny and Chér to perform at the WAIF (World Adoption International Fund) Charity Ball because she had heard that Jackie Kennedy had requested them for a dinner party a few weeks before. Maybe she was curious. Maybe she was a fan—although it's doubtful, considering what happened. But then the whole thing turned into such a mess. Frank Sinatra copped out at the last moment with a cold, there were too many speeches, giving everyone a lot of drinking time, and, on top of everything, Margaret had laryngitis and a runny nose.

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Photographs by Bill Bridges

Nevertheless, backstage, in the bare Hollywood Palladium dressing room—filled with musicians, assorted publicists, photographers, coordinators—Sonny Bono was studying a scrawled list of songs on his clipboard. It was noisy. "OK, *hold* it! Now don't ever let this first song uncook," he told the musicians. "It has nothing to do with volume or pace—just sometimes it gets uncooked."

Although the musicians were wearing tuxedos, Sonny had on a yellow turtleneck sweater, a white, double-breasted pirates' jacket with wide lapels, epaulets and yellow puffs for buttons. His trousers were white, tight, and ornamented with a wide, silver-buckled, brown-leather belt, and black boots completed the outfit. Sonny's dark hair was, as usual, in a neck-length pageboy.

Chér, who is a trifle taller than the medium-sized Sonny, stood beside him, hands on hips. Her colors, too, were yellow and white. Her suède-cloth top was striped, and her white bell-bottom pants had yellow cavalry stripes down the sides; her low-heeled white shoes featured big yellow bows. Her shiny black hair, with bangs covering the eyebrows, hung down her back, a few strands caught on her shoulders. Her eyes, with heavy false eyelashes, were outlined in black.

Their real names are Salvatore Bono and Cheryl LaPiere, and when they met in 1964 he was 23, she was 17. They were singing background (the "oo-oo's" and "yeah-yeah's") for record-producer Phil Spector. Salvatore had worked under Spector for several months, had even written one or two hits, like *Needles and Pins;* he didn't wear his hair long then or go around in conspicuous clothes. But once teamed with Cheryl, his real personality started to emerge.

Cheryl had been studying acting and dancing, but she had always wanted to be a singer. They were married a few months after they met and then cut a record as a team whimsically called Ceasar and Cleo. Nothing happened. A short time later, as Sonny and Chér, they put out a song called *Just You,* written, arranged and produced by Sonny himself, and the kids became interested, especially on the West Coast (Chér was born in Fresno, and Sonny was brought to Los Angeles from Detroit when he was five). When their next record, *I Got You, Babe,* became a hit nationally (four million copies), suddenly all the old ones were being bought. At one point, five of their singles and two of their albums were on the best-seller charts at the same time (even the Beatles, one was told, never quite managed that). Their first album, *Look At Us,* sold a million copies. From a $250-a-night act they turned into a $15,000-a-night act. When they went to Denver for a show, 100,000 people lined the streets between the airport and their hotel. "A larger crowd," one press agent remarked, "than came out to see President Johnson or Herman's Hermits."

But at the WAIF Ball, few of those present seemed aware of Sonny and Chér's celebrity. Two flashbulbs popped. A photographer commented that Sonny's hair was longer than the Beatles'. "Sonny had long hair before the Beatles," Chér said archly.

"I don't like to get haircuts," Sonny explained.

"Mrs. Kennedy said he looked Shakespearean. . . ."

"Hey, yeah," another photographer broke in, "did you wear a tuxedo *that* night?"

"Nah," Sonny shook his head, "I wore my bobcat vest. It would have been like what we usually wear is fraudulent if we'd dressed different that night." Sonny lit a cigarette. "It was a private party—only about eighteen people ——"

"Mrs. Vreeland, the editor of *Vogue,*" Chér picked it up. "And Mrs. Astor. We were supposed to have *din*ner with them."

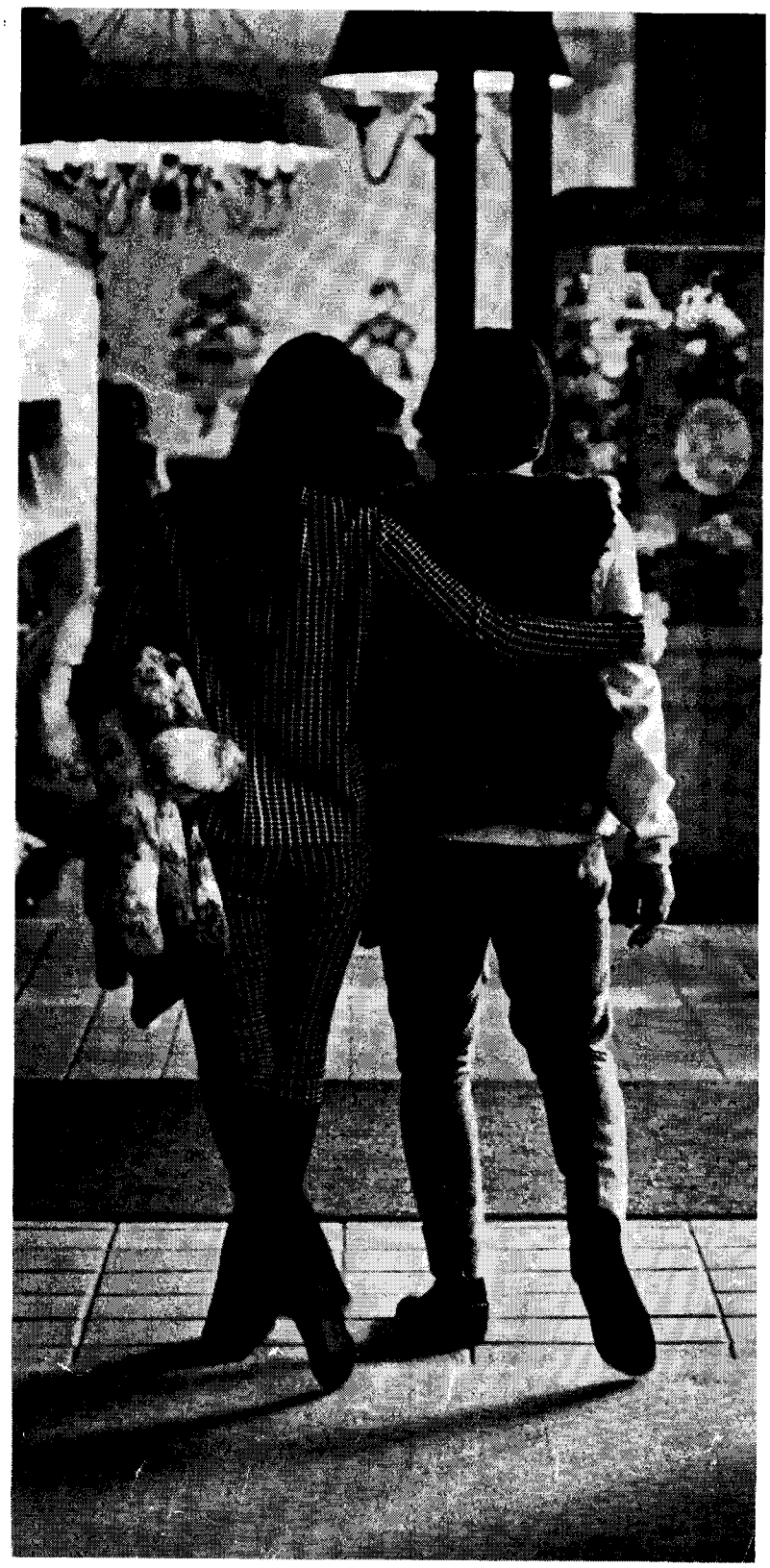
"Yeah, but, you know, we didn't know how to act——"

"So we came after dinner and did one set. They asked for some more, so we did."

"What'd'ya get for that night?" asked a photographer.

"They *offered* to pay us," Sonny told him. "But we didn't take it."

"It was too much *fun,*" said Chér.



Before their evening performance, Sonny and Chér do some sight-seeing on a downtown Cleveland street.

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Both recovering from the flu—and dead beat—Sonny and Chér sack out on the plane from L. A. to Cleveland.

"Yeah, an' they thoroughly enjoyed it. They looked at us, and like they figured, 'Well, that's their *bag*—OK.'"

"Mrs. Kennedy said Sonny's lyrics had a lotta meaning for the kids today."

Bob Hope, in white tie and tails, was pacing slowly back and forth near the stage, as Jane Russell, one of WAIF's founders, made the last speech of the evening. Hope stopped in front of Chér and looked at her distractedly. "How *are* you?"

"Fine." Chér twisted her silver wedding band—with SONNY in raised, block letters on it. Sonny's read: CHÉR.

"It's terrible." Hope frowned. "Princess Margaret doesn't feel well at all, and this thing is taking forever."

Miss Russell came off and Hope went on. Among those around the glittering tables were Mayor Samuel Yorty, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Mary Pickford, Barry Goldwater, Danny Kaye and many less recognizable (though probably wealthier) members of Los Angeles society.

The band was making sure the song didn't uncook, blasting the notes, as Chér walked easily into the lights, picked up a hand microphone, and started singing *Baby, Don't Go*. Sonny strolled out a moment later. "Baby don't go-oh-oh-oh. . . ." It sounded almost like a howl, and, with their heads thrown back, necks arched, facing each other, they called to mind a pair of lovesick coyotes on a solitary mountain.

A fat, middle-aged man in the balcony sat back from the table, his eyelids drooping. A steady undertone of conversation pervaded the hall. Princess Margaret sat encased in a pale-blue gown, with a fringe of ostrich feathers that touched the floor; she wore a fixed smile. Sonny sang alone, with a rough, grating, emotional voice; Chér wiggled, watching him. The song ended. The fat man's eyes opened, then closed again.

Backstage a man in tails rushed over to a stagehand. "You have to turn the band down."

One of the press agents said, "Whad'ya mean?"

"The band is too loud for the Princess's ears!"

A disgusted look, up and down. "Who're you?"

"I'm from the Princess's table."

"Yeah, but who *are* you?"

"I'm just with her party." The song ended and a third began. "What're they *doing*—a concert?"

Chér was singing alone now, Sonny looking at her admiringly. With her head tilted back, she held the microphone as though it were a goatskin wine bag and she were going to drink it dry. The amplification of her voice faltered momentarily, rebounded, then died altogether; neither she nor Sonny seemed to be aware of it. The song ended.

Sonny stepped to the edge of the platform and addressed the audience; his mike was functioning. "We do, in a way, represent the *young* people," he said with sincerity. "But it's nice to perform for you. . . ." (A few derisive chuckles, several jeers.) "Let me start all over again." Sonny smiled timidly. "It's nice to perform for *mature* people, OK?" (A general sound of disapproval, one or two "no's.") "No? Well. . . ." His voice dribbled out. The band struck up a loud arrangement of the ballad, *Ebb Tide*, which Sonny sang with feeling, if little finesse. "First the tiiide *rush*es eeeeeean. . . ."

The fat man in the balcony was awake now. He glared at the stage, then at his wife. "That's *terrible!*" he said. He got up and put his foot on the chair. "The *worst* thing I ever heard!"

Backstage, as *I Got You, Babe* was ending, the team's road manager, Joe Di Carlo, two of the publicists and Harvey Kresky, a youthful booking agent, clustered together. Sonny came off first, his head lowered, looking up with a sheepish grin; Chér's face was flushed, the smile strained. "They couldn't *hear* ya," Di Carlo explained, following the two into their dressing room. "They couldn't *hear* ya—*that's* all it was!" Kresky repeated the same phrase. "The mikes went out, Sonny, they *just* couldn't hear ya."

"Let's blow, huh?" Sonny said. "Ya got your coat, Chér?" She looked forlornly around, picked up a heavy, mottled rabbitskin coat and draped it over her shoulders; Kresky helped her. Two matronly women suddenly appeared in the room and hurriedly thanked the couple, on behalf of the committee, for donating their time.

Outside, they walked in silence across the wet asphalt of the parking lot; Chér was in the lead with Di Carlo. "I'm *bugged*, Joe," she said.

"Well," Sonny said, "at least I got somethin' to write a song about."

Sonny often sings of his troubles. There was a time at Martoni's, an Italian restaurant popular with people in the music business, when Sonny almost came to blows with a man who'd called him a "faggot." The *maître d'* offered to move the Bonos' party to another table. "Don't move my table," Sonny said, "move his. I've spent something like three thousand dollars in this place, and all we're tryin' to do is have our dinner in peace."

Another time, a man at a bar stopped Charlie Greene, one of the team's young managers, who usually wears turtlenecks and tight corduroys, and tweaked his beard. "Hey, you're cute," he said.

In a moment, Sonny's bodyguard, Jim, was there. "Whad'ya want, Mister?"

"What do *you* want?"

"We don't want no trouble, Mister. Just don't pull our manager's beard."

The *maître d'* threw the man and his companions out of the restaurant. But, shortly, the manager came over to Sonny's table and said there always seemed to be some trouble when he and Chér came into the place. Sonny said he couldn't help it if these tourists were always sticking their noses in and being rude.

"But you dress funny," said the manager.

"I know that," Sonny said. "Do you want my business?"

"Look." The manager shifted his weight to the

In the beauty salon of their Detroit hotel, Sonny and Chér put their laundered heads under the hair dryers.

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other leg. "Couldn't you wear something else—a suit or a tie maybe?"

"Uh-uh." Sonny shook his head. "This is what we wear." His voice dropped. "Would you prefer we didn't come in here?"

"Well," the manager paused. "Well, if you put it that way, I'd rather you didn't."

It was almost midnight by the time the Bonos got home; Sonny went straight to the garage, where he keeps an old upright. By two in the morning he had written a song inspired by what had happened at the bar; he called it *Laugh at Me*. His two managers rounded up the necessary musicians for a recording session, and before noon, the same day, they had cut the record. By four o'clock their friends at KHJ Radio had a tape and were playing the song on the air. By six o'clock the telephone response from the kids made it clear that the record would be a smash hit. It was. *Laugh at Me* sold more than 700,000 copies. (Sonny made eight cents on each one.)

If that's the fare I have to pay to be free,
Then, baby, laugh at me—
And I'll cry for you,
And I'll pray for you,
And I'll do all the things that the Man Upstairs
*says to do. . . .**

Rejection. Very appealing to teen-agers who want nothing so much as to be misunderstood; they thrive on it. Half the United States now is under 21—that adds up to a lot of rejection—of which two million dollars' worth went to Sonny and Chér last year. Humiliating, then, as such experiences are—it only added to the empathy their audience feels with them: Aren't their parents always smacking them in the head for wearing those tight pants? Or screaming that it's been six months since they got a haircut? Or pushing away their bangs to show off "your nice forehead"? When the London Hilton and New York's Americana wouldn't let Sonny and Chér register, the fans went wild with rejection satisfaction; it must have earned the Bonos at least another five grand.

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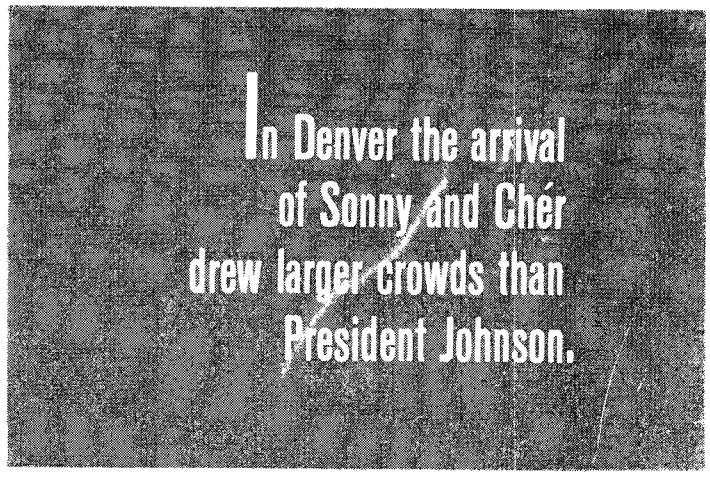
There are teen-age fads more bizarre and difficult to explain than Sonny and Chér, who are popular because (1) they are happily married (which every teen-ager wants to be); (2) their appearance is odd enough to appeal to the teen's desire to be nonconformist in a group; (3) Sonny's songs either exult in (1), or bemoan the hardships of (2) in an adult world that has little patience with (1), (2) or (3).

And then, of course, they don't *look* married—the way their parents or Gordon and Sheila MacRae do—they look like they're shacked up. They are sharing, then, a sanctified affair with the kids, who can see that the two are sincere in their affection for one another ("You're so much in love," one typical fan wrote, "and we can't help loving something like that") and for their audience ("You understand us as humans," the same girl went on, "not as dollar signs"); there is also no question that Sonny's songs hit a responsive chord ("When I'm different," the fan grieved, "people *laugh at me*, and I can't take it").

Earnest, sometimes painfully so, Sonny says he thinks some of today's singing groups are "saying what Christ said." He's grateful to the kids, loves them, he says, adding, "because they love me." And there's the Puritan here too: "I see these tourists—they go out and twist—they don't believe what they're doing. I see them. They don't care about their wives—they're lookin' at all the girls goin' by."

Under this easygoing guilelessness is a seed of corruptibility. You might hear it in the way Sonny talks of wanting to "represent the young people today," make films and television that "doesn't insult their intelligence," become their



spokesman. You could see it, perhaps, in his exhilaration at the Atlanta Airport (at the end of an exhausting 17-day tour), as he stood surrounded by youngsters: After years of being laughed at, here at last his frail gift was being recognized.

"Are you Sonny?" a teen-age girl in a blue dress asked gingerly.

"Yeah."

"You *are!?*" He nodded, smiling. "O-o-oh, could-Ah-have-your-autograph?" She extended paper and pen. "Where's Chér?"

"She's over there. What's your name?" The girl told him, he dedicated the autograph, she thanked him and scurried over to Chér, who was draped over a ticket counter, in a silver lamé outfit.

Three more young girls drifted up for autographs, then a boy in a bright red jacket, who told Sonny he was waiting for his girl to arrive that night. "How old are you?" Sonny asked him.

"Twenty-one."

"You gonna get married?"

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'I think even if I didn't love Sonny, I'd stay with him. He's the only person I really feel good with.'

"Well, we *hope* to. We hope to. Tha's why she's comin'—so's maybe we can arrange it."

"How long you been goin' together?"

"Couple of months."

"An' you're sure already?"

"Uh-huh, yeah, we sure are."

"Well, if you're *that* much in love, it'll work out." He shook hands with the boy.

A delicate girl of 12, with glasses and a John Lennon cap, came up, gasped "Sonny," put her hands to her cheeks and began to cry, mouth open, eyes wide. She reached out and picked a puff of fur from Sonny's bobcat vest, held it in her open palm and stared incredulously at it.

A boy came up and shook hands. A girl asked if Sonny was going to write any more protest songs like *The Revolution Kind.*

"I don't *protest*," he answered. "The song says, 'just because a man talks about what's on his mind—that doesn't *necessarily* mean he's the revolution kind.' It's *our* country—we're just speakin' our mind. Senators say all kinds of things an' nobody calls *them* protestors." The girl said she hoped to become a singer. "Are you good?"

"I don't know. Other people say I'm ——"

"Doesn't matter what *other* people say. Do *you* think you're good?"

"I guess so, I can't really ——"

"If *you* think you're good, you'll make it—if you don't think you're good, you won't." He told her to send him a recording of her singing.

Chér was leaning against the counter, signing autographs. A pimply boy leaned his head in close to her. "Ah thank ya're *great*, Chér! Ah guess a lotta people to' ya thayat. But Ah do! An' ya're *bee*utiful too! Tha's all Ah wonted ta say!"

"What're you gonna do next, Sonny?" The little girl in the John Lennon cap was back.

"Well, we're gonna get some *rest* and then we're gonna do a movie."

"A *mooovie!* What's the name of it?"

"Don't know yet. Maybe just *The Sonny and Chér Movie.*"

"Great!"

Sonny then apologized to the kids and explained that they had to leave. One of the boys said, "You got anything you could give us, Sonny? *Any*thing." Sonny handed him his half-smoked cigarette. The boy snuffed it out and stared at it.

A couple of girls took up the cry. "Oh, Sonny, is there *any*thing else you could give us, Sonny? Sonny, please, isn't there ANYthing!?"

He searched quickly through his pockets, fished out a little yellow packet of lighter flints and gave it to one of the girls. She clasped it tightly to her bosom and thanked him profusely. The little girl in the John Lennon cap was imploring him. "I don't think I've got anything else *on* me, kids," he said, then found a stray dime and handed it to the girl.

Chér tugged hard at Di Carlo's sleeve. "Let's get the hell *out* of here!"

I never had a mother,
I hardly knew my Dad.
I've been in town for 18 years ——
You're the only boy I've had. . . .
*Baby don't go. . . .**

Sonny's autograph is sprawling, emotional, forward-slanted; Chér's is constricted, reserved, vertical. Sonny always asks the fan's name before he signs; Chér seldom does. Sonny loves to be among them; Chér seems frightened—they've both been mauled by adoring mobs.

This is not to imply that Chér is shy or retiring. On the contrary, she has a very conscious vulgarity—one result, no doubt, of a desire to shock all the squares—not uncommon at 19. And not really unattractive. There's relish in the way she swears, and, just hearing her talk, you'd think there's nothing she's afraid of, no one she's intimidated by. Her surprisingly husky, womanly voice, which cracks helplessly sometimes, confirms the impression: She's a sexy broad.

Chér isn't happy with the new success—not the way Sonny is. She is not ambitious. She yearns, on the one hand, for the way it was before, and, on the other, for a way to make the new position real. In this pursuit she goes shopping almost daily. But it keeps backfiring—like the time in the Century City Shopping Center in Los Angeles. She was just leaving The Broadway with Sonny's young secretary, Teresa Rinaldi, when an elderly lady pushing a wheelchair with a crippled teen-age girl in it came by in the company of a white-haired man.

The lady stopped. "Are you Chér?"

"Uh-huh."

The girl in the wheelchair broke into an agonized smile. "You *are!?*" the lady said. "Well, isn't that *nice.* We thought it was you."

"We watched you on *Shindig* when you were on," said the white-haired man. "Had to rush home to catch it."

"You want an autograph?" Chér said. Her voice was suddenly high and childlike.

The girl nodded deliriously. "She'd have killed me if I didn't stop and ask you," the lady said excitedly.

Chér asked the girl's name and dedicated the page in her autograph book: "To Melody." She handed it to the girl, who grasped it in her tiny, curled fingers, gasping happily, her eyes wet. Chér leaned over slightly, "It was nice *meeting* you, Melody. Bye-bye."

The girl nodded happily. "Thanks *so* much," said the lady.

Sonny gives a radio interview by telephone, while Chér, in her rabbit-skin coat, signs an autograph for a bellman at the Sheraton Hotel in Dallas.

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Hot dog!
Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup!

Everybody loves hot dogs. Everybody loves soup —especially Campbell's Vegetable Beef. Put them together and there's a meal—tempting and nourishing. Hungry? Reach for the Campbell's. It's right on your shelf.

They always eat better when you remember the soup

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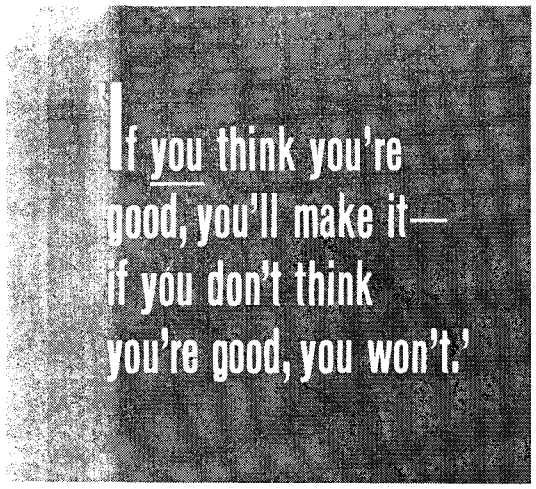

Chér moved out onto the marble promenade; the hundred little red flags on the roof of Joseph Magnin's flapped in the breeze. "Let's go to Joseph's," she said and walked purposefully into the store and toward the shoe department. "If there was a national lottery, they could get enough money to help and do research for people like that. I think the Government's all screwed up." She examined a patent-leather shoe, then looked around. "Now the trick is to get someone to wait on you."

An eager young salesman wearing a tweed jacket and a Bobby Kennedy hair cut came over to do the job. Chér sent him off for the black patent-leather pumps and slumped low in the armchair. "That really upsets me a *lot*—really it does. People don't give a *damn*, you know that? And I don't either—*I'm* people." The salesman returned with several shoe boxes. She slipped a shoe on, stood up and took a few steps. "They make my foot look like a gunboat." The boy held up a different model. "I won't even tell you what I think of *that* shoe." She snuffled loudly. "Tres, have you got a handkerchief—I'm tired of wiping my nose on my sleeve."

"Those shoes look horrible," Teresa commented, handing her a tissue.

"Disgusting!" Chér threw herself back into the chair, pulling the corduroy coat around her. "When I saw her I almost went up to her—but you feel like an *ass*. I thought it might make her feel better or something—but whad'ya say, 'Hello, I'm Chér, you want my autograph?' Besides, an autograph is so little—so easy—you just give out an autograph. . . ."

The salesman brought out three more boxes. Chér walked around in one of the models. "That boot over there—with the diamonds on it and the spiked heel—always reminds me of the hookers on Hollywood Boulevard." She sat down and worked the shoes off. "I don't even *want* to buy anything anymore. I want to go home."

Outside, Chér looked about impassively. "I can buy everything I want and I don't want to buy anything. There was a time, not long ago, I wanted to buy *every*thing and couldn't *afford* to buy anything."

They got into a car, Teresa took the wheel and the radio came on when the motor started. Chér sat sideways and gazed out the driver's windshield. "How can people who have a lotta money have fun? Everything becomes a *necessity* instead of a luxury. I'm *distraught*. . . ." She said it as though trying out the sound of the word. "I'm tired of this already. It takes Sonny away too much. The movie! That's all Sonny talks about is the movie. Right now I wouldn't even care about the money—we've been accepted. We were happy before—with*out* the money—just as happy before. I'm depressed. . . . The only thing I really care about is if Sonny and I are happy together."

"You wanta go to Sassy Pants?"

"Let's go home. I've lost my incentive." She fiddled with the ashtray cover.

"Another thing about this business—it makes you selfish. *I'm* selfish. I don't like it—you think of yourself all the time—how you *look*, if you've done fine, how people are gonna like you, what you're going to say, I don't know. I've grown away from my family—my mother and sister. I don't see them very much anymore. And when I'm around them, I don't know, they're a pain. When my mother comes over, I get hostile. For no reason. She's just trying to be nice, and you wanna *punch* her in the mouth."

A Roto-Rooter commercial came over the radio, and Chér sang along with it. "I *sure* wish we could get this *movie* over with—it's a *hassle*. Recording's fun, but the movie's a real hassle."

The car glided swiftly along the curves of Mulholland Drive and down into the Encino Hills. "I think even if I *didn't* love Sonny, I'd stay with him. He's the only person I really feel *good* with." Teresa turned left on Academia and pulled up at 16501. Chér jumped out of the car, ran up to the green front doors and pushed one open.

Where do you go when you're too young,
You've found a world that's just begun?
Who's gonna say your day's too long,
Or right from wrong, who leads you on?
*Where do you go? I don't know. . . .**

There's no one as fickle as a teenager—probably because he keeps growing up. What is the life-span, then, of a phenomenon? There are, after all, something like 7,000 new records released every year, of which perhaps 400 get played by the disk jockeys. An even smaller number achieve any kind of popularity. But Sonny and Chér's managers think their clients are in a charmed circle; according to them, Elvis Presley holds the stud singer position, the Beatles own the group spot, and the Bonos have invented and captured "the married-couple bag."

To help hold that place, they're going to make a movie—about themselves and about being themselves, which, Sonny maintains, has made them what they are. You couldn't help wondering, though, what they must be wondering often—whether some new "bag," or simply a restiveness with "the married-couple bag," wouldn't soon topple them back to anonymity.

Sonny and a young writer named Nick Hyams were deep within a script conference around a coffee table in the darkened den of the Bonos' new $80,000 model home when Chér joined them. The power company had turned off the current on the block for an hour, and the only illumination in the room came from five candles standing on the paper-strewn table.

"Now for this one dream sequence," Hyams was saying, "we have Chér dressed up like Marie Antoinette. . . ."

"Why don't you do some work on your own?" Chér said, turning on Hyams. "*You're* the writer—why don't you leave Sonny alone?"

"C'mon, Chér." Sonny poked her.

"I'm gonna have my *own* dream sequence," Chér said, "and I'm not gonna let *you* in it."

Sonny abstractedly lifted her leg over his knee and tied the laces of her moccasin; he picked up the script outline and read from it. "I say: 'There's something sinister in the air.' Chér says: 'It's known as fog.' Sonny: 'What is?' Chér: 'The something sinister to which you refer ——'"

"I *never* say 'refer,'" Chér broke in, looking at Hyams. "I'm just gonna look at your words and say what I feel like."

Sonny read on. "I say, 'Isn't this what we always wanted?' Chér: 'Sure, we worked our fingers to the bone ——'"

"I never worked my fingers to the bone. I *hate* this movie. *Roll 'em!*"

"Oh, *Chér*." Sonny read a description of a fog-shrouded road along which they are driving.

"That's the setup," Hyams said, "for the old man getting killed."

"Oh, we gonna have an old man get killed in our movie?"

"You *bet*," said Hyams. "In the first ten minutes."

"Is this a *comedy?*"

"Boom! We're in a car." Sonny gesticulated.

". . . Spanish moss and stuff hanging down," Hyams elaborated. "And right after this the old man gets killed! It should really be shocking."

"He gets sprayed—shot six times—"

"Stabbed—"

"Strangled—"

"Turns blue," added Hyams.

"It should be like another whole movie—completely out of context. . . ."

Sonny turned back to the script and read a page of dialogue. Chér interrupted him. "We have a lot to say in this movie," she said, picking up one of a pair of dueling pistols on the side table; she cocked it. "Why can't we have a Beatles movie?"

"'Cause I don't *want* a Beatles movie." Sonny was emphatic.

Chér aimed the pistol at one of the flickering candles and pulled the trigger; the hammer clicked. "I shot the candle out."

Sonny grasped the pistol. "Leave that alone."

"I'll just *hold* it." She pulled the pistol to her. "It'll lay on my stomach."

Sonny crushed his cigarette in the ashtray and read a description of himself as a detective.

"Can I ask you a question, Sonny?"

"You're starting to drive me crazy, Chér."

"Has this pistol ever killed anybody?"

"*I* don't know."

"What good's an authentic dueling pistol if you don't know its history?"

"If you don't cool it, Chér, I'm gonna make you go sit in the kitchen." Sonny read further.

"You gonna solve the murder?" Chér put her legs under her, Indian style.

"No." Sonny shook his head. "We're not gonna solve it."

"Couldn't I stop a bullet with my bare hand?" Chér held up an open palm.

"I wish there was some place you could go and play now."

Hyams pointed the other dueling pistol at Chér.

"If you shoot me, Sonny's gonna get mad."

"Let's work later." Sonny leaned back into shadow.

"No, I'll be good, Sonny."

"No, we'll do it later. I'm tryin' to work and you're gagging it up."

"No, I'll be quiet, Sonny."

Sonny leaned forward, lit a cigarette with one of the candles and read a little further.

"What're you gonna call this movie?" Chér asked after several minutes.

"Just *The Sonny and Chér Movie*," Sonny said.

"Why don't you call it *A Stitch in Time Is Worth Two in the Bush?* I think that's a great title."

"No," said Hyams.

"Or, *Mary Poppins Is a Junkie*."

"We'll do it later, Nick. I can't work like this."

Sonny slumped back unhappily on the couch, inhaled deeply on his cigarette, then exhaled slowly. Chér cocked the pistol and pointed it across the room at Teresa, who smiled at her sympathetically; she pulled the trigger and the hammer clicked. □

"The only thing I really care about," Chér says, "is if Sonny and I are happy together."

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Luxury length. A new longer length for a taste that challenges comparison... the finest quality money can buy. Pall Mall Filter Tipped.

Outstanding-and they are mild!

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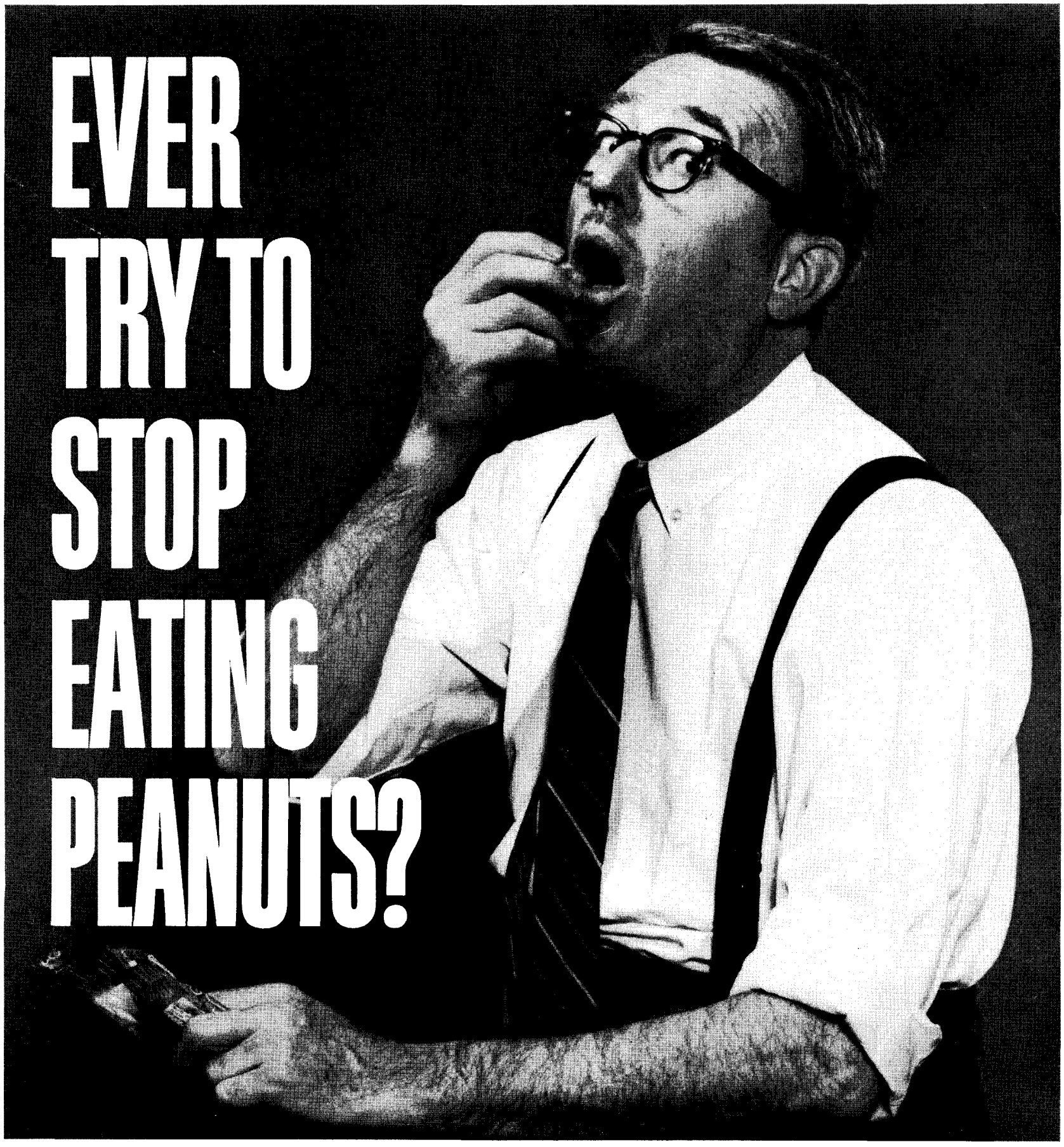

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Weird New Sonic Lure Caught Fish Like Crazy!

By Lyman Walton, Co-Inventor
As Told to Paul Stag, The Weekend Fisherman

Think of it! My new VIBRATING LURE gives loud, GURGLING, SPLASHING, BUBBLING sounds as you skitter it along the surface of the water! Sends out up to 200 vibrations every minute underneath that water! Looks COMPLETELY UNLIKE ANYTHING THAT ANY FRESH WATER FISH HAS SEEN BEFORE . . .

And has already used this weird sight and weird sound and weird sonic vibrations — in one of its very first Summer trials — to lure fish into attacking it so savagely that they actually knocked it out of the water. Hauled in trout, bass, muskie, walleye, and pike, even when other lures had caught little or no fish right next to it! Here's why —

CAUGHT! 120 FISH IN ONE HOUR!

Yes! Imagine that YOU were there — at Cattail Lake, Illinois, on August 20, 1961. A hot summer day! A beautiful stream-fed pond — 90 by 60 feet wide! Fishermen trying lures, flies, natural bait! But despite the fact that this is a stocked trout farm with no limit, there is only an occasional strike. It looks like a wasted day!

And then, three die-hard friends decide to try their luck with me! We start to cast from the edge of the water. At the end of our lines is an *ENTIRELY DIFFERENT LURE* — a weird little metal monster that casts like a bullet, and flutters back through the water like a drowning bat!

EVEN EXPERIENCED FISHERMEN WATCHED IN AMAZEMENT!

Almost at once *THAT QUIET WATER EXPLODES INTO ACTION!* The first strike causes a shout of excitement! And then a second strike! A third, fourth, sixth, seventh, eighth! Beautiful rainbows and browns still shimmering from the water — being pulled in at the rate of more than one every minute!

Now the water is almost exploding with fish striking! Sometimes four and five trout savagely attack one lure at the same time! Fifty — seventy — ninety fish are caught and released! People along the shore stop to watch the spectacle!

Meet Lyman Walton
co-inventor of the amazing VIBRA-BAT LURE.

In one short hour, we have caught and released 120 fish! All *WITH* the very same weird little lure that can go to work for you next week, without your risking a penny!

WHAT'S THE SECRET? UNDERWATER SONIC VIBRATIONS!

Why did this bat-shaped lure catch fish by the stringer-full — even after ordinary lures, and natural bait have caught little or nothing? For this simple reason —

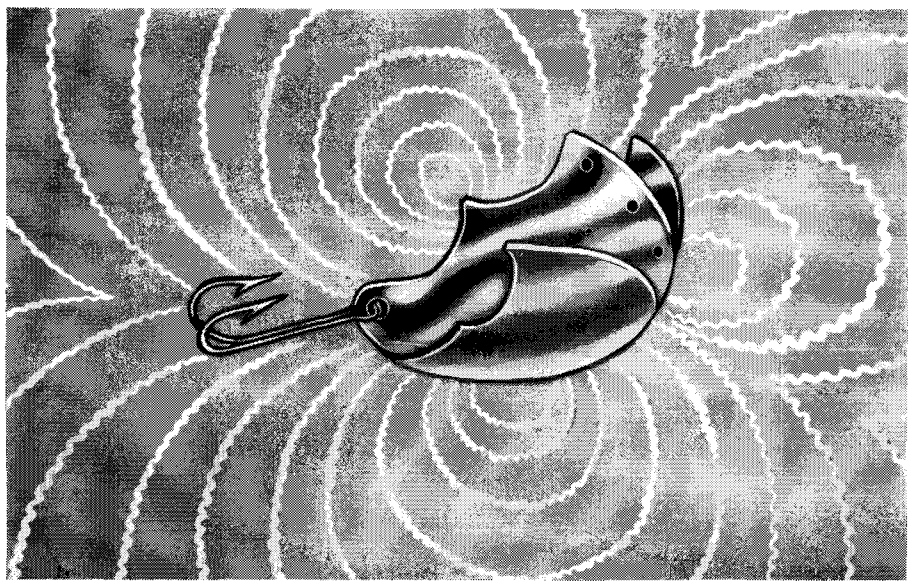
Because this lure gives off unique *GURGLING, BUBBLING, SPLASHING SURFACE NOISES* — plus up to 200 sonic vibrations every minute underneath that water — that I believe *FISH FIND IRRESISTIBLE!*

Yes! I am certain that sonic pulsations are the answer to every fisherman's prayer. I have studied the Navy Fish Biologist reports about the sounds fish make between themselves in the water! I have seen fish follow the propellers of a boat as though they were hypnotized by the sound!

And I have always believed that if I could take those gurgling, bubbling, splashing surface sounds and underwater vibrations — that actually seemed to *CALL FISH TO THEM* — and build that sound into a "Vibrating Lure" then it could haul in eye-popping catches, even where ordinary lures had caught little or nothing at all! Even in hard-fished waters where the wise old fish run away from ordinary lures!

JUST READ THESE FISH-CATCHING ACHIEVEMENTS! TRY IT AT OUR RISK!

Yes! Research showed me that lures, like fish, create Sonic Vibrations in the water by their movements! So I have designed a lure that I estimate *FLUTTERS THROUGH THAT WATER UP TO 200 TIMES A MINUTE!* Wing-shaped — bat-like — *JERKING AND FLUTTERING MADLY THROUGH THAT WATER — SENDING OUT IRRESISTIBLE SONIC WAVES — GURGLING, SPLASHING, BUBBLING SURFACE SOUNDS THAT TRAVEL THROUGH WATER IN EVERY DIRECTION, AT THE RATE OF 4,760 FEET EVERY SECOND, THE ACTUAL SPEED OF SOUND UNDER WATER!*



THIS IS AN ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THE VIBRA-BAT LURE AND IT'S SONIC EFFECT UNDER WATER! I believe it to be irresistible to fish! Try it entirely at our risk!

No wonder this *"VIBRA-BAT"* lure caught a 10 pound 7½ ounce Northern on one of its first tests — only moments after it hit the water — hauled in six bass in sixty minutes in another test, all 2½ pounds or larger — pulled in perch by the dozens in a third test at Belmont Harbor, Illinois, even after live bait and lures had scarcely a strike, and *CONTINUED* to land so many fish, so quickly, *THAT FISHERMEN WATCHED IN AMAZEMENT!*

No wonder our tests show this revolutionary new lures hauls in trout, bass, muskie, walleye, pike, salmon and other fresh water fish even in hard fished waters — produces strikes even when other fishermen alongside it are going almost unrewarded!

AMAZING 6-MONTH TRIAL OFFER

You simply cannot believe the fish-catching powers of this amazing lure until you try it yourself, *FOR 6 FULL MONTHS ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK!* We cannot guarantee, of course, that these amazing VIBRA-BAT SONIC LURES will produce for you in every pond, river or lake everytime you go fishing *BUT WE DO GUARANTEE* that these VIBRA-BAT LURES will definitely catch MORE fish for you . . . make you agree that this is the greatest little lure you've ever used — OR SIMPLY RETURN THEM ANYTIME WITHIN SIX FULL MONTHS FOR EVERY CENT OF YOUR PURCHASE PRICE BACK!

You and you alone are the only judge! You have nothing to lose! Send in the Six Month Trial Coupon TODAY!

SPECIAL NOTICE

Sportsman's Lures has told on this page the amazing story of the VIBRA-BAT as related to us by Lyman Walton

We have received signed statements from Lyman Walton and other fishermen that these facts are correct

Incidentally — the words "Gurgling — Splashing — Bubbling" are Walton's particular translation of the weird sound. Actually no two fishermen would agree on a description of this sound. But you will agree on its amazing results, or your money back!

• • •

MAIL AMAZING 6 MONTH TRIAL COUPON TODAY

SPORTSMAN'S LURES, Dept. PO 4-23
Box 4453, Grand Central Station, New York 17

Yes, I want to try **VIBRA-BAT** Lures on Amazing **6 MONTH TRIAL OFFER.** Send me set of three different **VIBRA-BAT** Lures in gleaming Nickel, Yellow and Jet Black color combinations . . . all for only $2.98 (4.00 value!) If **VIBRA-BAT** does not catch more fish . . . and make fishing more fun . . . if **VIBRA-BAT** is not the greatest lure I've ever used, I can return it within 6 months for full refund.

☐ **PAYMENT ENCLOSED.** Enclosed is $2.98 (cash, check or M.O.). Ship me set of **VIBRA-BATS** postpaid. I **SAVE** all C.O.D. charges. Money Back Guarantee.

☐ **SEND C.O.D.** I will pay postman $2.98 plus C.O.D. postage charges. Same Money Back Guarantee.

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Afternoon Waltz

By John O'Hara

'I'll be waiting for you

In many American towns it often happened that on the main residential street there would be one or two blocks that for one reason or another gave an impression of retiring. Sometimes it was because the leafage of the trees in those blocks darkened the sidewalks. Sometimes the character of the dwellings was uniformly conservative, as if an early house or two had set a style that succeeding builders felt compelled to follow. Whatever the reasons, it was certainly true that when such a block had remained intact for a full generation, it attracted (or held) the kind of people who belonged in that particular neighborhood. The block, the houses, seemed to be occupied by grandparents and the unmarried sisters and brothers of grandparents.

Between Tenth and Eleventh on Lantenengo Street all the houses on the north side were porchless, and none was set back from the building line. Most of them had vestibules. A few were constructed to have the front parlor half a story above the street level, so that not even a very tall passerby could see in the parlor windows. Where the front parlor was on street level, the curiosity of passersby was frustrated by curtains of heavy lace and lowered window shades. But the residents of the Ten-Hundred block were their own best protection against casual peering-in on the part of men on their way to work and women on their way to market. What was there to see in the front parlor or anywhere else in the John Wesley Evans house at 1008?

In point of fact, if an accurate count had been kept of the persons who had set foot in the Evans house since its construction in the 1890's, the total number would not have exceeded a thousand, and that would have included invited visitors, physicians, clergymen, tradesmen, and craftsmen. Wesley John Evans, the father of John Wesley Evans, had built to stay, and as there never had been any small children or careless servants in the house, the wear and tear had been kept at a minimum. Wesley Evans and his wife got sick and died, but only in their terminal illnesses had they required doctors and nurses. Their social life was so severely restricted that they had never served a meal to a non-relative on a purely social occasion. When John Wesley Evans entered the house for the first time, he was a college senior on Christmas vacation, and it would never have occurred to him to invite a friend to be his house guest.

As the only child of his parents to reach maturity, John Wesley Evans was brought up in an atmosphere that was compounded of desperate affection and conscientious discipline. He rebelled against neither. He was, in fact, a good boy: obedient, honest, and clean. When in senior year he told his father and mother that he was not yet ready to study for the ministry, they deferred to his wish. It was just as well, since his father died the next summer and his mother would have passed the remaining two years of her life alone in the house at 1008. In the thirty years of her marriage to Wesley John Evans she had never been separated from him for more than three days at a time, and the continual presence of her son was her only comfort against pain and terror. She could not have stood her last ordeal without him. Then too, if he had gone to a seminary and become more imbued with religious doctrine, he might have refused to place within her reach the medicine that enabled her to put an end to her agony. "An accidental

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Illustrated by George Porter

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promise, and if you decide not to come, don't ever come again.'

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overdose," said Dr. Phillips. "But she didn't have long anyway, so if you don't say anything about it, I won't say anything about it."

"I won't say anything about it, Dr Phillips," said John Wesley Evans.

"No, I was sure you wouldn't," said Dr. Phillips. "If you're ever asked what your mother died of, tell them it was a complication of diseases."

"Is that what my father died of, too? A complication of diseases?"

"Oh, no. He died of quinsy. I was *here* when *he* died," said the doctor. "Nobody was here when your mother died."

"I was in the next room," said John Wesley Evans.

"Yes, I know," said the doctor. "Best we don't carry on any more conversation now, John. We'll just let her rest in peace, as they say." The doctor smiled. "I hope my son'll be as considerate when my time comes. Maybe I might have to send for you."

"If you send for me, I'll come," said John Wesley Evans.

"Well, it'd be only fair. I brought you into the world," said the doctor. "But now let's stop talking. I'll most likely see you at the service."

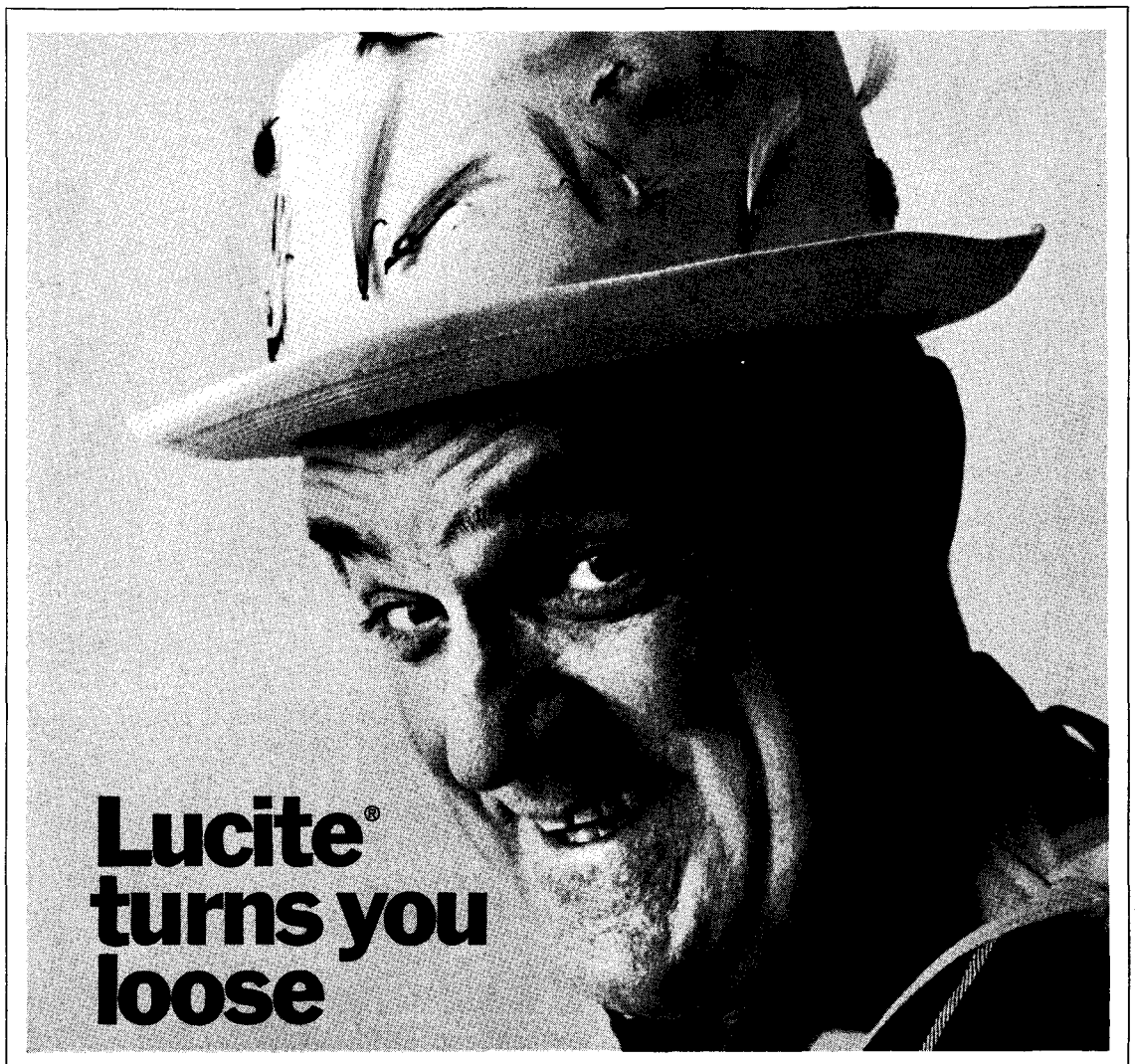
Thus at age twenty-five John Wesley Evans found himself virtually alone in the world, with capital amounting to one-hundred-and-sixty-thousand dollars and a rather large, comfortable house to live in. It surprised him to discover that the freedom he now enjoyed could so quickly become so much of his life that it was all of it. He had not been conscious of being contained by his mother and father, but now that they were no longer there to say or do anything, anything at all, he began to understand that what he had wanted most was the release that had come to him through their deaths.

Every morning almost his first thought, which carried through breakfast and beyond, was of a new day in which he could do as he pleased. The small things of major importance gave him opportunities to indulge himself. He never, for instance, had been permitted to lie abed past the hour of eight; now he sometimes appeared in the dining room at nine. Like all children of his day, he ate what was put before him, a habit which he continued during his four years in college. Now, at twenty-five, he broke the habit, broke it and abandoned it. Sarah Lundy, who did the cooking and general housework, never knew what he was going to want for breakfast. She would bring him his first cup of tea and stand in the doorway while he considered the meal that was to follow. "Today I'll have liver and bacon. Corn bread. Apple butter," he would say. Whatever he ordered, it was never quite like the breakfast that other people ate, and there had to be a lot of it. Breakfast was his big meal. Everybody else ate a big dinner at noon and a light supper, but John Wesley Evans would often eat nothing but fruit, cheese, and bread for the noon meal; then in the evening, at six o'clock, he liked a thick soup and hot apple pie with heavy cream. Throughout the day he might eat a bunch of grapes, some Seckel pears, or whatever else Sarah Lundy had put on the sideboard. Where all the food went she did not know; he remained, as he had always been, all skin and bones, the kind of child and young man that parents feared would die of consumption. Also, he was unusually tall—six foot one—and tall, thin people were often said to have a tapeworm. But if John Wesley Evans had a tapeworm it did not affect his disposition, and people with a tapeworm were generally cranky. John Wesley Evans was generally cheerful, so Sarah Lundy did not mind much if he put her to a lot of extra work with his unpredictable menus.

Until her final illness, his mother had done the cooking in the Evans household, and Sarah Lundy was agreeably shocked when John Wesley Evans told her that she was a much better cook than his mother had been. It was the kind of thing he often said to her, the unexpected kind of thing that he had never said while his parents were alive. Sarah Lundy was the first person to realize that John Wesley Evans was an altogether different person from the shy, young scarecrow who had always come straight home from school every afternoon and done his sums on the dining-room table. In those days you would hardly know he was in the house. Many times she had entered a room to do her dusting and would be startled to discover him, lying on the floor and reading a book. Thick books they were, from the glassed-in bookcase, which had a key in the lock. The boy's father and mother did not read the books, and Sarah Lundy was not at all sure that the boy had permission to remove the books from the case. The books, which did not fill all the shelves, were for show, and had been there throughout Sarah Lundy's employment in the Evans household—at the old house on Second Street and the house at 1008 Lantenengo. Sixteen years she had put in with the Evans family; watched two Evans children pass on before either of them reached the age of seven; helped carry W. J. Evans to his bedroom when he had his second stroke; been kept awake at night by Mrs. Evans's moaning and groaning; and now she was being witness to changes in the household that she would have liked better if she understood them better.

There was no doubt about it: her own lot had improved. She did not have to be washed and dressed and downstairs by six-thirty in the morning. As long as the house looked neat and clean she could do her chores on her own schedule. She was practically her own boss, and once John had had his breakfast and his bedroom tended to, she could leave the house to do the marketing three or four days a week, which gave her an opportunity to chat with outsiders and gossip with friends along the way. The walk back up the Tenth Street hill was a little tiring, but the exercise of authority at the grocer's and butcher's, and the pleasant conversations made it worth it. Before Mrs. took sick, Sarah Lundy had never done the marketing; now *she* made decisions. "How is your lamb chops today? . . . Do you have any turnips fresh? . . . Let me have a basket of them peaches. . . . What are your sweet potatoes selling at?" She had not yet been designated housekeeper by John, but she so considered herself. She could not quite get up the nerve to enter the house by the front door, but that would come. John had voluntarily raised her pay to thirty-five dollars a month, which was a good sign, especially as he had not raised the pay of the woman who came in on Monday and Tuesday to do the washing and ironing. The week's wash was not as big as it had been, and there were plenty of women only too glad to work for a dollar a day and dinner. (You had to keep an eye on them, or they'd walk home with a pound of sugar under their cloaks.) No doubt about it: for both occupants of 1008 Lantenengo Street an era of ease and comfort had begun with the passing of John Wesley Evans's mother.

On the other hand, Sarah Lundy, who was Irish and a Roman Catholic, had never been *un*comfortable in a household that was Welsh and Methodist. There were no blacker Protestants than the Welsh Methodists, and they were actively and deeply hated by Sarah Lundy's Irish Catholic friends, particularly those whose men folk worked in the coal mines. Of very re-



Less frequent house painting means more time to do the things you really want to do.

Du Pont LUCITE® House Paint will turn you loose to enjoy life by keeping its fresh, clean look.

You'll paint less often because LUCITE does something about the things that make other paints fail.

Such as the invisible moisture vapor that's always trying to escape through the outside walls.

LUCITE lets it out. (Lots of paints form a clogging seal that makes the paint blister. And peel.)

LUCITE House Paint has also been proven to resist cracking, flaking, chalking and mildewing far longer than leading oil-base paints.

LUCITE goes on easily—there's no tiresome "brush drag." And it'll dry in 30 minutes.

Protect your house and your leisure time for the long haul.

Let LUCITE turn you loose.

DUPONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Better Things for Better Living
. . . through Chemistry

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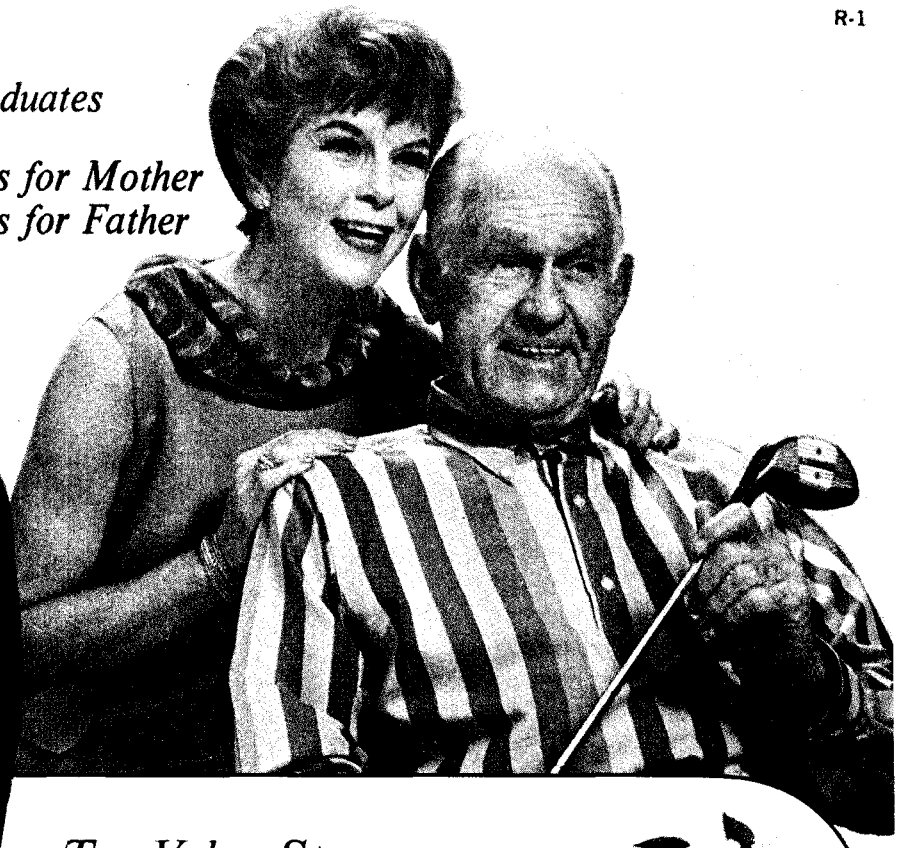
Gifts for Graduates

Gifts for Mother
Gifts for Father



Top Value Stamps

Spring Gift Parade

TOP VALUE STAMPS

A guide to Top Value Stamps Gifts for very special people (and it even ends with a gift for you)

Gifts for the Home

Gifts for Newlyweds

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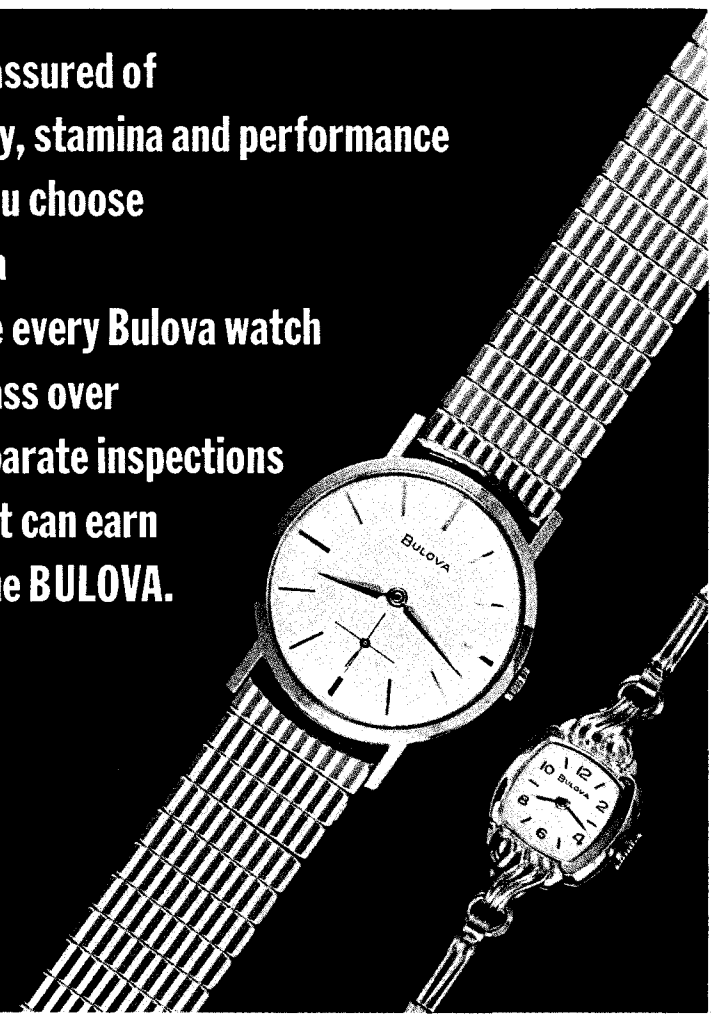
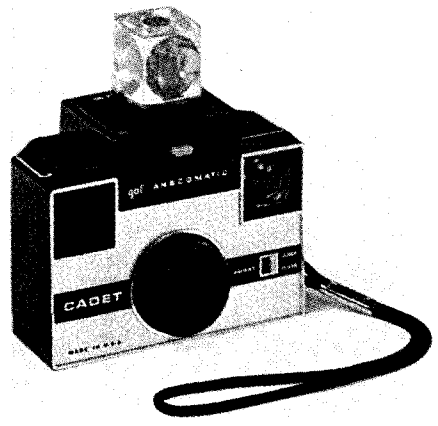
You're assured of
accuracy, stamina and performance
when you choose
a Bulova
because every Bulova watch
must pass over
800 separate inspections
before it can earn
the name BULOVA.



NEW ANSCOMATIC® CADET®

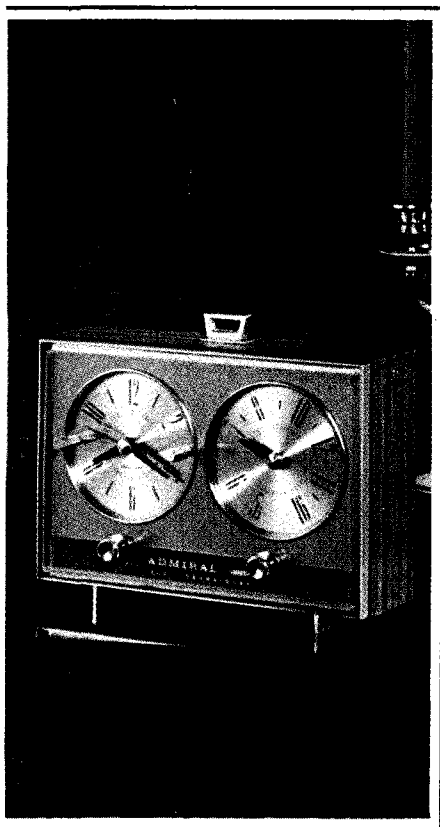
Instant loading—just drop in cartridge, close cover—you're ready to shoot.

Flash cube convenience—get four shots from one bulb with a twist of your wrist.



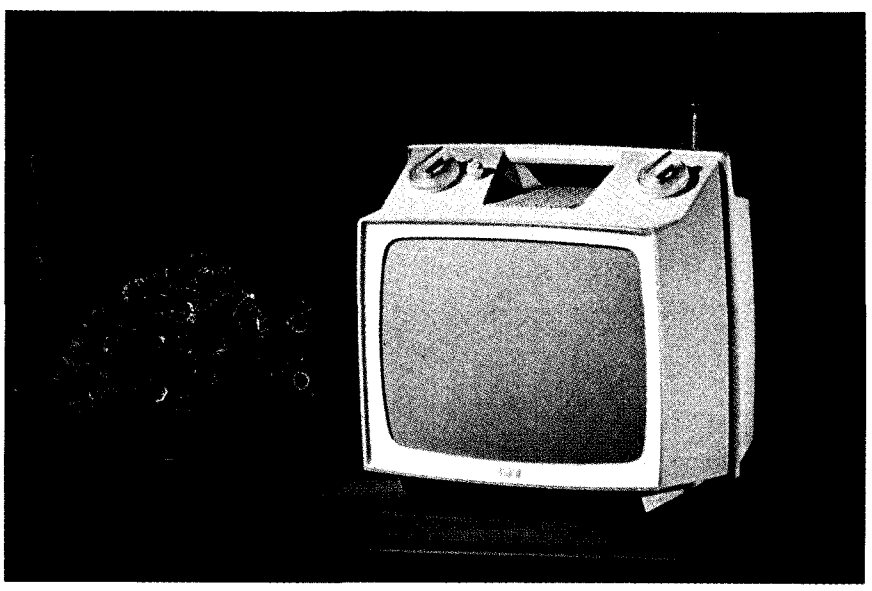
gaf GENERAL ANILINE & FILM CORPORATION

Airway "Slenderlite" luggage with a host of matchless quality features. Here's the fashionable casual look in luggage that's sweeping the nation. Rugged yet feather-light veneer frame with side panels of Bontex® fabric and Du Pont Neoprene reinforcing for hidden strength. Luxurious color-coordinated interiors. Magic touch locks. Plus an unconditional Five-Year-Guarantee. Ladies' 15″ Cosmetic case is perfect beauty case for overnight or long trips. 22″ Weekend case is the ideal weekender. 25″ Pullman holds as many as 12 dresses.



GREAT GIFT FROM ADMIRAL . . . new solid-state clock-radio, the "Golden Classic." Has "Glo-Dial" lighted clock face, full-feature clock, alarm. Cabinet 9 1/16″ by 6⅜″ by 4″. Admiral quality throughout.

"SLIMLINE" ATTACHE CASE by OSHKOSH . . . the finest, ruggedest case on the campus. Completely injection molded shell is practically indestructible. Lots of room inside, yet trim and neat looking.



RCA Victor "Minikin-12"* Personal TV features super-powerful chassis, Solid State design. All tubes but one are replaced by long-life transistors. Includes "Personal Sound" earphone.

RCA Victor Solid State 4-speed "Victrola"® phonograph is kid-perfect. Instant "warm-up," big 4″ speaker, two-tone case. Has earphone for private listening.

*12-inch tube—74 sq. in. picture

TOP VALUE STAMPS

Spring Gift Parade

What to give...and how to pay for it? Here's page after page of happy answers. A sparkling sampler of the over 3,000 gifts available to savers of Top Value Stamps. Gifts already "paid for." And that's the best kind of shopping!

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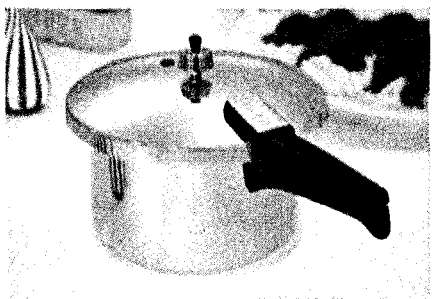
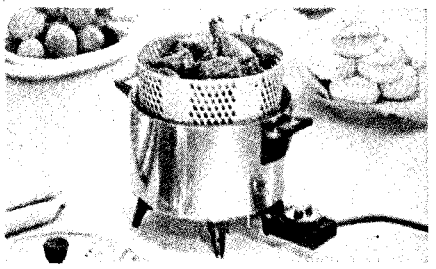
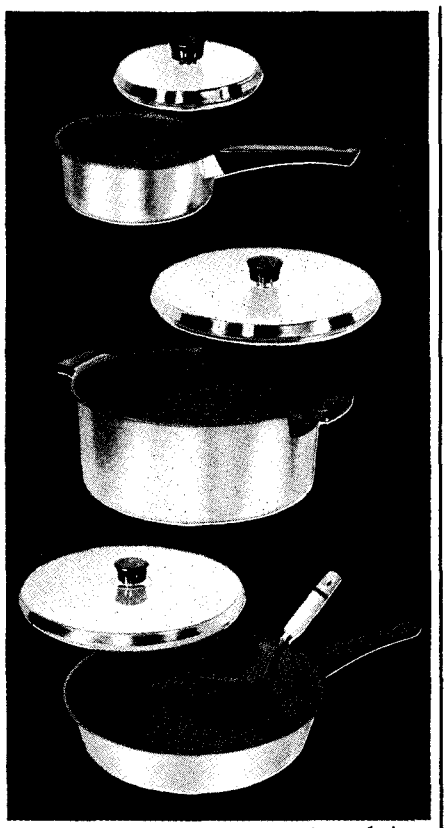
Gifts for Newlyweds



PRESTO PRESSURE COOKER. Cooks faster, retains full flavor with all foods. Saves time, nutrients. Pressure regulator, automatic air vent, menu-guide handle. Stain resistant cast aluminum retains polish, will not warp. Lightweight, easy to handle. Available in 4 qt. and 6 qt. sizes.

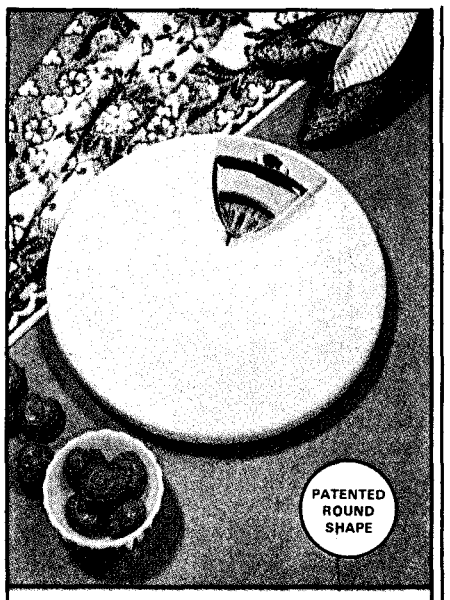


PRESTO DEEP FRYER. Versatile appliance doubles as a Dutch Oven. Generous 5-qt. capacity cooks large amounts of food—perfect for doughnuts, french fries, stews, pot roasts, etc. Presto Control Master automatically maintains uniform heat, detaches so Deep Fryer can be washed completely under water. Includes vented cover and fry basket.



Ekco 2-Coat Teflon Aluminum Cookware brings you No-Stick cooking and No-Scour cleaning. Ekco combines even heat aluminum cookware with easy-care Du Pont Teflon. Food simply slides off and never sticks. Swishes clean in a jiffy.

1-qt. Covered Saucepan, 5-qt. Covered Dutch Oven, Covered 10-inch Skillet with Coated "Skidder" Spatula.



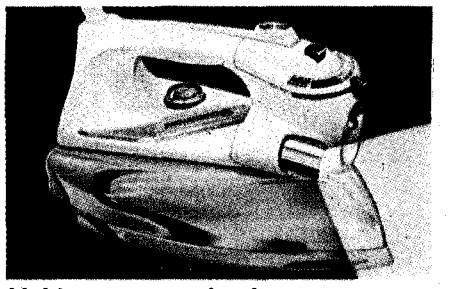
Counselor

No. 2000 ROUND SCALE

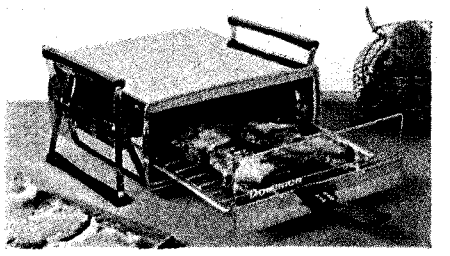
Low, wide, handsome with no corners or sharp edges. Hugs the floor . . . no tipping, rocking, slipping. Weighs accurately on any floor surface. Large, easy-to-read 300-lb dial. Choice of White, Pink, or Black vinyl covering—all washable. One of the many fine bathroom products made by The Brearley Company, Rockford, Illinois.

Dominion

leads the gift parade



Lighten up your ironing. Shine away eyestrain with Dominion See 'n Spray, world's first iron with a *built-in light.* Touch a button and spray away wrinkles. "Water Watcher" guide tells you when to refill. Beautiful white handle is form fit for comfort.

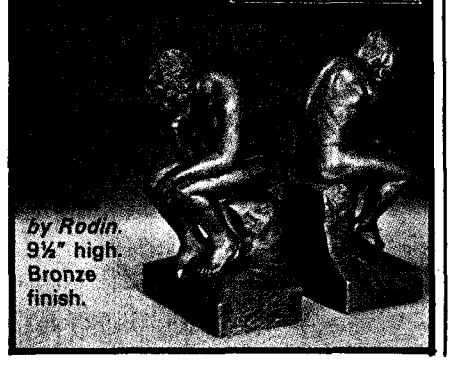


Four appliances in one! Dominion "Flip-Flop" Oven and Broiler bakes and roasts in one position. Turn it over and it broils and toasts! Controlled heat from 200° to 500° lets you cook anything from snacks to complete meals.

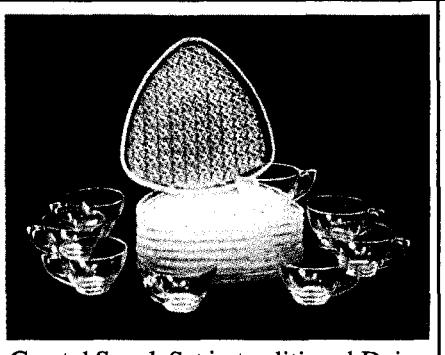
ANTIQUE AND MUSEUM *Reproductions*

Beautiful 22" high cupid with urn, crafted in "Hydrocal", a quality stonelike composition. Hand finished to an elegant marble tone.

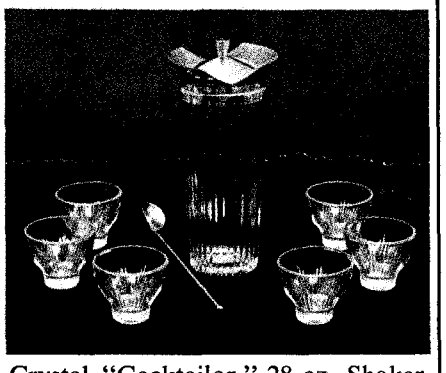
PRODUCTS OF Esco



by Rodin. 9¼" high. Bronze finish.



Crystal Snack Set in traditional Daisy and Button pattern with contemporary styling. Includes 8 cups and 8 plates with cup ring.



Crystal "Cocktailor." 28-oz. Shaker converts to martini mixer by removing cap. Strainer top, spoon, 6 glasses.

Graceful Glassware for Gracious Living
INDIANA GLASS COMPANY, DUNKIRK, INDIANA

12-CUP TOASTMASTER COFFEEMAKER

Everything coffee touches—pump, basket, spreader plate, tube and well—is easy-to-clean, flavor-protecting stainless steel. Bitter oils don't build up. Coffee tastes better. See level gauge shows water or coffee level from 4 to 12 cups. Perks fast, has automatic keep-warm element, flavor selector, no-drip spout. Made by the makers of famous Toastmaster toasters.

Decisions, decisions! But it's fun to make them, when you save Top Value Stamps. Maybe one of the gifts on this page is exactly what you want. Or you may decide to browse through the Top Value Gift Catalog, and choose from over 3,000 gifts. Also a delightful "shopping" experience: visiting one of the over 450 Top Value Redemption Centers located all across America. They're filled with sparkling gift merchandise, attractively displayed . . . and everyone is anxious to make your visit a pleasant one. *Remember, your dollar's worth more when you shop at the store that gives Top Value Stamps.*

TOP VALUE STAMPS

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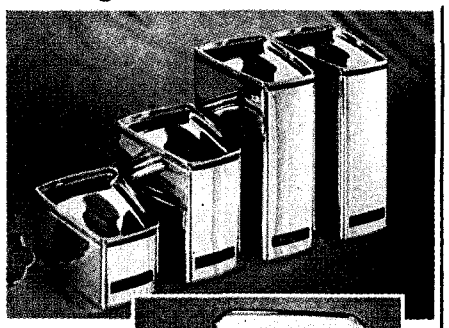
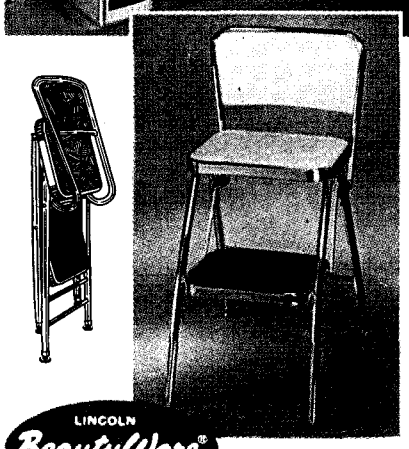




LINCOLN BeautyWare®

KITCHEN ESSENTIALS IN THE HEIGHT OF FASHION

BeautyWare's elegant 4 Pc. Canister Set is tapered for easy-grip handling. Finished in gleaming chrome to blend with any decor, it provides abundant storage for Sugar, Flour, Coffee and Tea in "stackable" canisters with genuine walnut wood handles.

BeautyWare's super-sturdy chrome frame Step Stool *folds flat* to save space! Handsome back and seat white-on-white upholstery is washable and mar-resistant. Extra wide bottom step of skid-proof rubber for added safety.

EUREKA

Princess VACUUM CLEANER

POWER PAK SYSTEM

- 1⅛ H.P. FAN JET MOTOR
- DUAL EXHAUST for Greater Cleaning Power

UNBREAKABLE NYLON HOSE
SOFT VINYL BUMPER
DIRECT HOSE CONNECTION
POWER ADJUSTER
TOE SWITCH

COMPLETE WITH DELUXE 8-PC. TOOL SET

Party-time, anytime ...gifted electrics from RIVAL

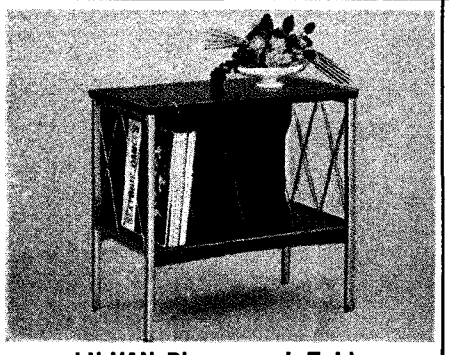
RIVAL® Electric Can Opener with Knife Sharpener combines 2 gifts in 1! Touch a lever—lid's off. Puts a keen edge on knives. Removable chrome magnet, cord storage. RIVAL ICE-O-MATIC® Electric Ice Crusher. Mounds of crushed ice automatically . . . for frosty drinks, crisp salads, chilled desserts! Lift-O-Matic™ starting. Separate ice cup.

Rival Manufacturing Co., Kansas City, Mo.

WARING PUSHBUTTON BLENDOR

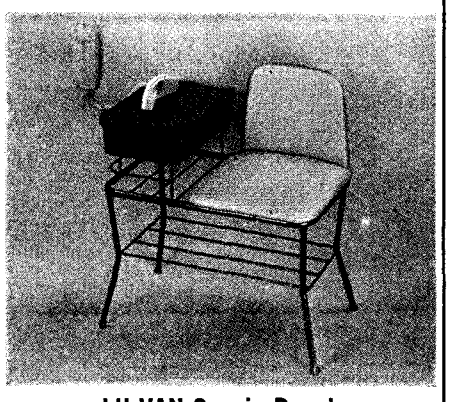
Makes coleslaw in 2 seconds, grates potatoes for pancakes in 8 and chops chicken liver in 5 seconds.

It has snap-out blades and 2 piece flexigrip lid with 2 ounce measurer. UL listed.



LU VAN Phonograph Table

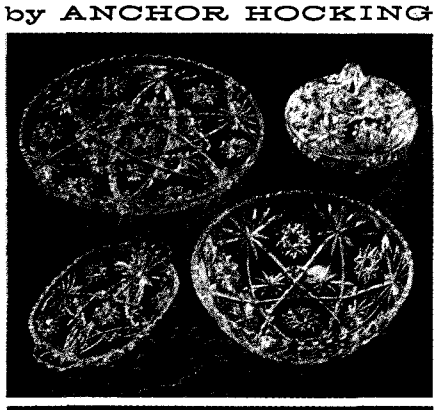
Cascade walnut print finish; brass enamel steel legs; holds up to 300 LP albums. 27″ x 16″ x 25″ high.



LU VAN Gossip Bench

Bronze-tone baked enamel finish; beige vinyl upholstery; fold out storage section. 27″ x 17″ x 28″ high.

Early American
PRESCUT CRYSTAL
by ANCHOR HOCKING



Top—4 piece Serving Set includes 10¾″ serving bowl, 7¼″ covered candy dish, 13½″ round tray and 10″ divided relish.
Bottom—9 piece Refreshment Set consists of eight 10 oz. tumblers and one matching 60 oz. pitcher with contour spout.

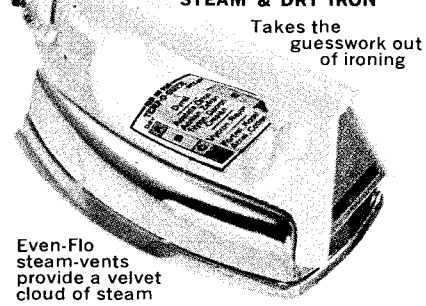
Bates®

makes the bedspread that makes the room

in the color, style, texture—even the price range you want! Beauty plus practicality! That's why Bates is a perfect treasure on your bed.

BATES FABRICS, INC. ©1965
112 W. 34th St., New York, 10001

MARY PROCTOR
"TEMP-O-GUIDE" STEAM & DRY IRON



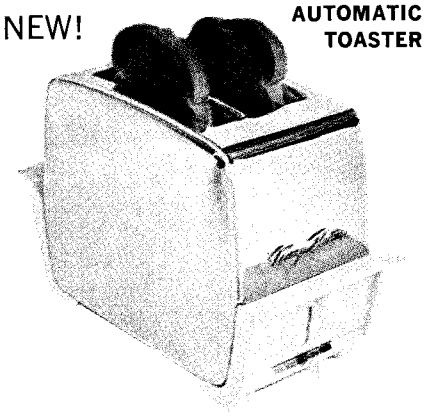
Takes the guesswork out of ironing

Even-Flo steam-vents provide a velvet cloud of steam

Clear-view-heel for ironing in all directions

MARY PROCTOR 2-SLICE AUTOMATIC TOASTER

NEW!



Famous Select-Ronic-Color control guarantees exact shade of toast everytime

PS PROCTOR SILEX

TOP VALUE STAMPS

Spring Gift Parade

A good thrift habit for newlyweds . . . saving Top Value Stamps. They provide so many things a young household needs. And without battering the budget. (Top Value Stamps are savings you can *see*, and enjoy . . . and keep on enjoying!)

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If you want the right people to know you've arrived... show up with Samsonite.

Sail in, fly in, drive in, walk in . . . but zoom in with Samsonite Silhouette. Then, stand-by. Watch those vervy lines, hidden locks, sleek, strong magnesium frame get your message across. Fun-people have arrived! Silhouette is made of resilient Samsonite Absolite® to reject dents, scuffs and stains. Packs more than enough to show you off smartly. Colors? Savvy. Dover White, Marina Blue, Venetian Red, Oxford Grey, Biscayne Blue, Willow Green for women. For men: Oxford Grey, Deep Olive. Next time you go give Silhouette a whirl . . . if you want the right people to know who you are.

Shown below for women in Dover White: Beauty Case $27.95, Week End Tote $27.95, 26" Pullman $45.00. For men in Oxford Grey: Jetpak $25.00, 21" Companion $29.50, Two-Suiter $45.00.

Samsonite®
SILHOUETTE
FROM $25.00
The luggage that knows its way around the world

Available at all fine department and specialty stores.
Samsonite Corporation, Denver, Colorado 80217.
Available in Canada. Also makers of Samsonite Furniture.

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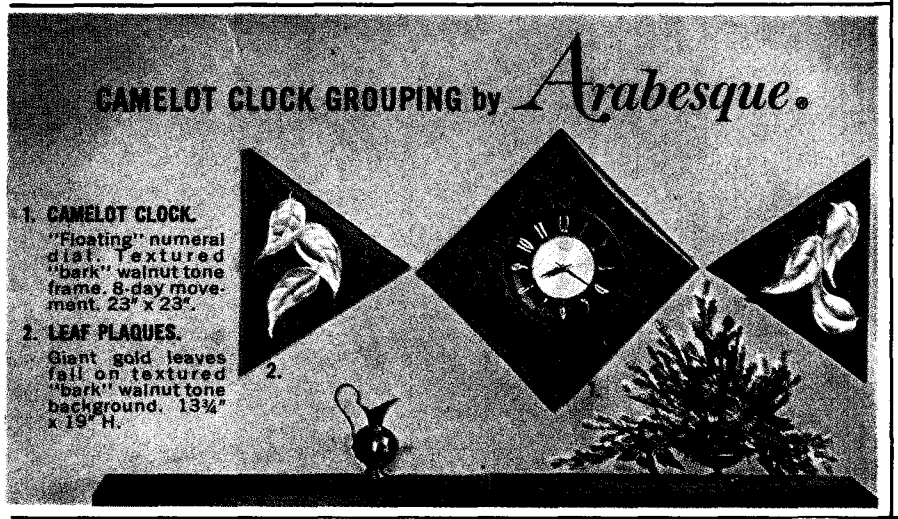
FOUR SEASONS
by Currier & Ives

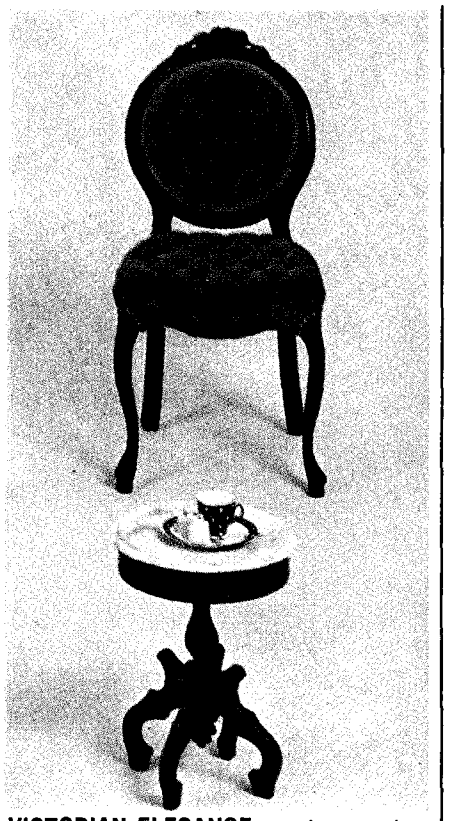
From America's most outstanding framed picture company

HOPE PICTURE FRAME COMPANY
10371 Northlawn,
Detroit, Michigan 48204

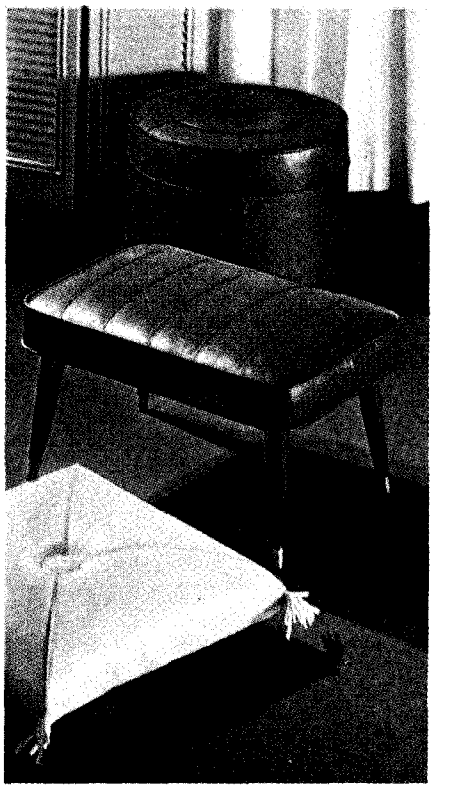
CAMELOT CLOCK GROUPING by Arabesque.

1. **CAMELOT CLOCK.** "Floating" numeral dial. Textured "bark" walnut tone frame. 8-day movement. 23" x 23".
2. **LEAF PLAQUES.** Giant gold leaves fall on textured "bark" walnut tone background. 13¾" x 19" H.



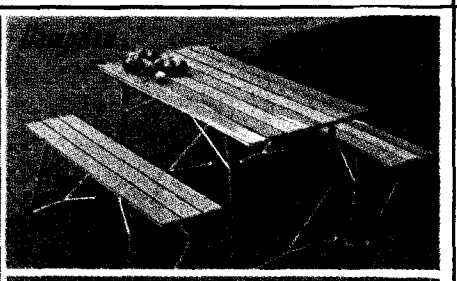


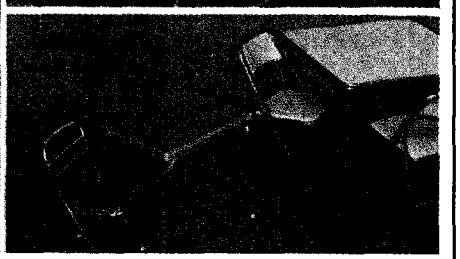
VICTORIAN ELEGANCE . . . in genuine hand carved Honduras mahogany. Rebecca Davis chair has rich gold cover. Cigarette table has authentic Arabescato marble top, from Italy.
Products of Victorian Furniture Corporation
P. O. Box 60, Montgomery, Alabama.



You and your home deserve the finest in color and comfort . . .
choose brightly colored foam topped hassocks by Babcock-Phillips . . .
the industry's quality and value leader.

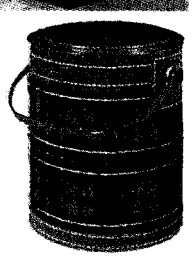
BABCOCK-PHILLIPS
7500 COMMERCE ROAD, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

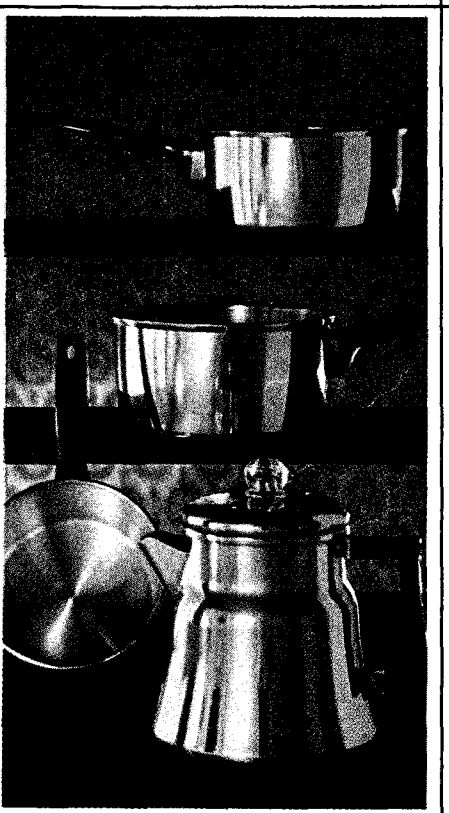




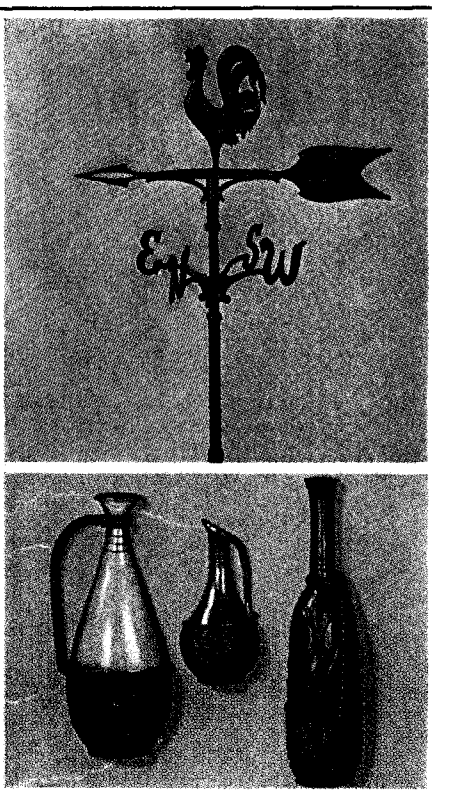
The Hamilton-Skotch Corp., makers of everything in picnic supplies, Porta-Files®, tackle, tool and utility boxes, is growing. It now includes the Hampden Specialty Products Corp., manufacturer of juvenile, bridge, institutional and outdoor summer furniture; and Shott Chairs Corp., producer of fine outdoor summer casual furniture.

The Hamilton-Skotch Corp.
New York, N. Y.





Wear-Ever 3-pc. aluminum saucepan set, 1, 1½ and 2 qt. sizes. Convenient right and left pouring lips, stay cool hang-up handles.
Wear-Ever 8-cup aluminum percolator. Scientific design assures you of full-bodied flavor.



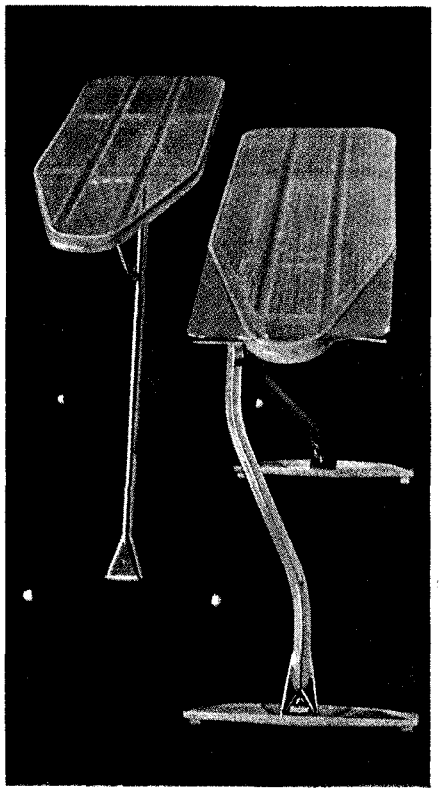
METALCRAFT BY SEXTON. Set of 3 Spanish Bottle wall plaques, in finely detailed hand cast aluminum. Warm decorator tones; tallest bottle is 16 in. high. Weathervane stands full 30 in. tall. Functional as well as decorative. Easy to install.

TOP VALUE STAMPS

Spring Gift Parade

The happy "extras" that add so much to a home, and to home life...are yours for Top Value Stamps. Your shopping dollar gives you this extra dividend when you patronize the fine merchants who say "thanks" with Top Value Stamps.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

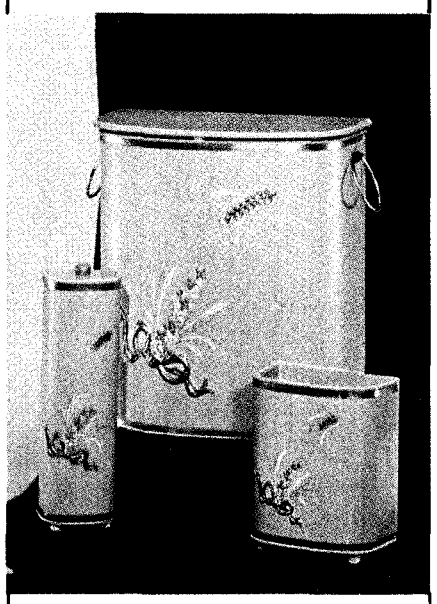


Rid-Jid Ironing Tables for *Easier Ironing*

Left Model 14T Adjusts to 12 heights for your comfort.

Right Model 420 Tapered SpredWing end squares off for ironing flat work. Knee room leg design for sitting or standing. Both tops fully ventilated mesh for faster easier cooler ironing.

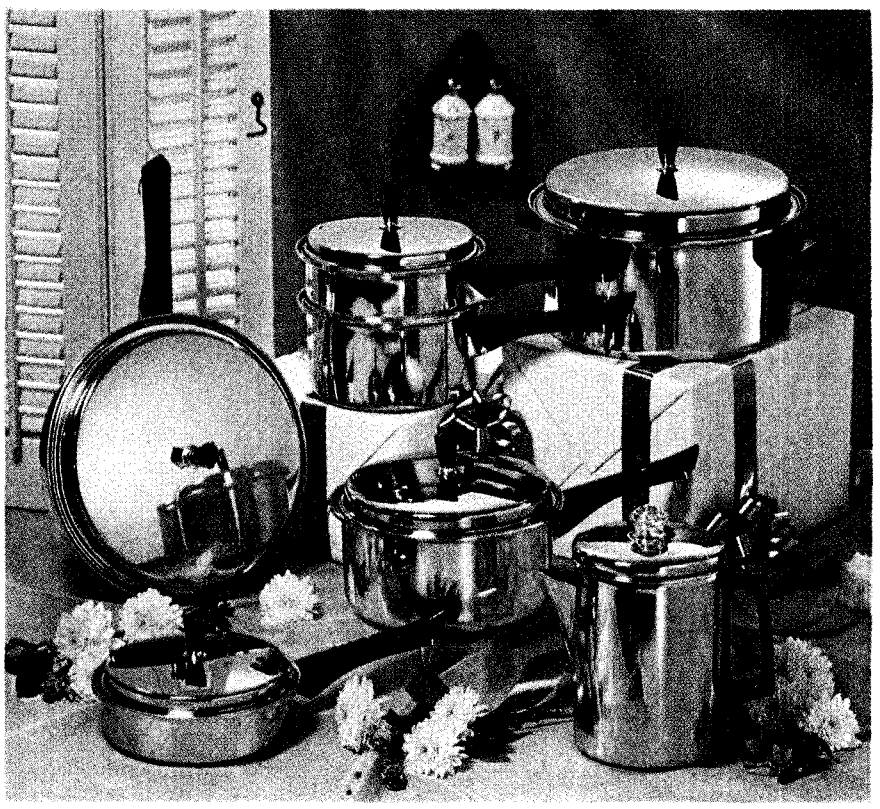
DETECTO



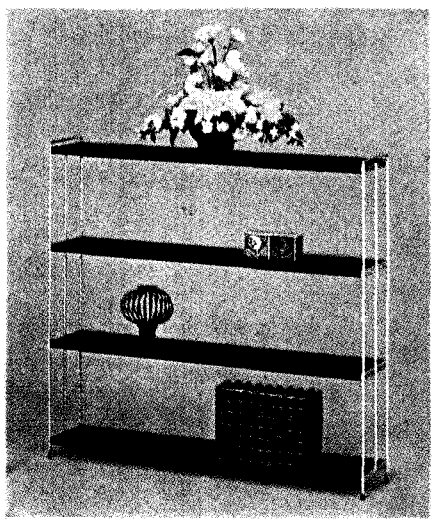
3-D DECORATED ENSEMBLE

Detecto Metal Hamper Ensemble is beautiful. And practical! Hamper is full *family size*, 25″ h. Deep enameled finish wipes clean. Snagproof, too. Thoroughly ventilated. With matching basket and brush holder in white, black and pink.

DETECTO SCALES, INC.,
230 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.



IMPERIAL BY REGAL—Gleaming stainless steel cookware is the perfect "bright idea" gift for Mother...and the Spring Bride. It's as practical as it is pretty. Snug-fitting covers seal in moisture and flavor...foods cook with minimum water over low heat. Each matching piece is superbly styled...cleans with a whisk of a damp cloth, keeps its brilliant beauty for a lifetime. Durable Bakelite handles have handy hang-up rings, won't turn or loosen.



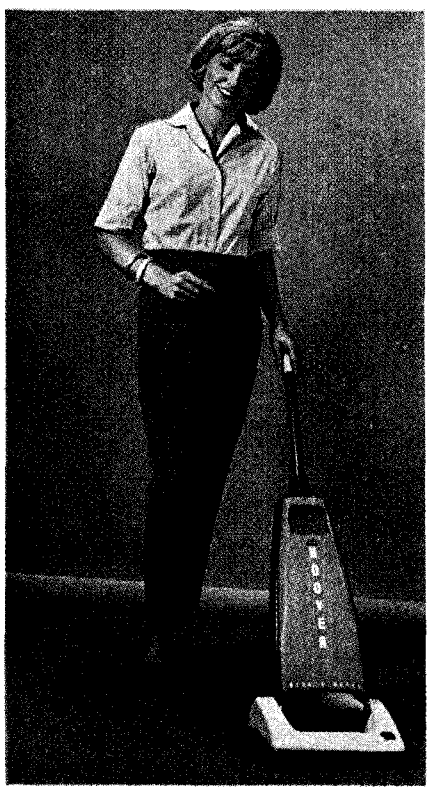
LOROMAN WROUGHT IRON

. . . for every room in the house. You will delight in the beauty of Loroman room-dividers, bookcases, and other furniture accessories. Designed for today's way of life, with clean, simple lines, graceful proportions, and distinctive finishes. Add an elegant accent to any room decor.

Loroman COMPANY, INC.

230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

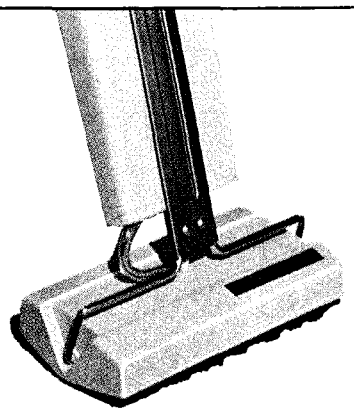
MIRRO-MATIC Electric Percolator . . . is completely automatic. Perks to flavor peak, then keeps coffee hot. Traditional styling for table elegance. Brilliantly polished aluminum, with graceful black heatproof handle. Brews up to 9 delicious cups.



HOOVER DIAL-A-MATIC...is actually 2 vacuum cleaners in one. It's an upright that becomes a powerful canister at the twist of a dial. Beautiful colors, modern styling and a host of exclusive, work-saving features.

Own the best . . . the Hoover Dial-A-Matic.

Want to make home care easy?
Make it BISSELL



Custom Rug Shampoo Master

Upholstery Kit

Rug Shampoo

Who gives free gifts for Top Value Stamps?
Top Value? Nope. It's really the people you trade with . . . their way of saying "thanks" for your business. You see, every time you patronize a merchant giving Top Value Stamps, he actually makes a deposit in your gift savings account: Top Value Stamps for your Top Value Savers Book.

Why not check the balance in your Top Value savings account? You may have enough right now to get a gift from one of the places you trade . . . through your Top Value Redemption Center. (If not, better visit these fine merchants more often!) *Remember, your dollar's worth more when you shop at the store that gives Top Value Stamps.*

TOP VALUE STAMPS

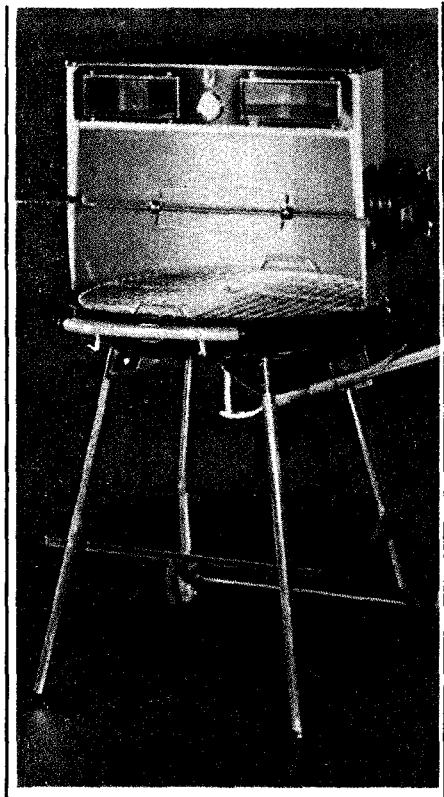
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COFFEE CONE by David Douglas

Enjoy rich new coffee flavor free of all sediment, filter brewed in this 2-8 cup flameproof glass Coffee Cone by David Douglas. Complete with 50 filters and candle warmer.

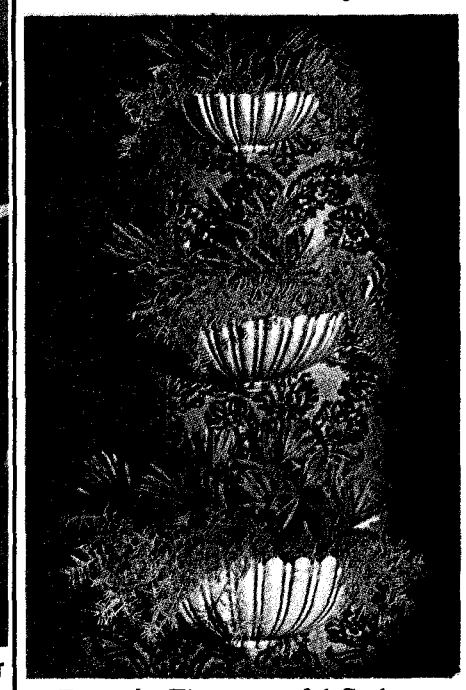
Quartite has re-created for you . . . the ancient art of Captured Glass . . . with its exotic amber tones and antique wrought iron grillwork. Truly a decorator touch to your Mediterranean decor or as an accent in lighting for your present room.

Quartite Creation



Structo 24″ Deluxe Motorized brazier with warming oven. Heavy duty "Swing-out" motor and chrome-plated spit. Sturdy, long-lasting construction. One of 43 models by Structo, world's largest maker of barbeque grilles.

Spark your decor . . . with accessories by SYROCO®



Example: These graceful Carlton wall planters. Use them individually, in pairs, or in graduated groupings to add a splash of living texture to your decorating scheme. Available in richly finished Metalgold or Walnut.

Scranton's LACE TABLECLOTHS

Homemaker's pride and joy. Finest in elegance, wearability and traditional styling.
Need no ironing; no shrinkage due to Scranton's special Permel Plus Finish. Highly resistant to stains. Machine washable. Color fast. Inspiration of 18th Century needlepoint characterizes Point De Venise motif.
One of famous Scranton table cloths, illustrated. Made by

Scranton CORPORATION Scranton 9, Pa.
Room 1327, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, III.
Sales and Showrooms: 295 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

DUNDEE MILLS, TOWEL MAKERS SINCE 1888. Bring new beauty to your bath with fine towels. You will learn that day in and day out these and other Dundee Towels are thirsty, thick, soft and luxurious. These fashion colors are lemon yellow, candy pink, mint green and blue mist.

Trend-Line FURNITURE

UT-56-1
TV TABLE

Outstanding furniture achievements in TV, TAPE RECORDER and STEREO Tables and Cabinets

Trend-Line Coordinates—a perfect blend of finest furniture hardwood solids and metal—fit a wide variety of table model TV's, portable phonographs, stereos and tape recorders. Many models feature magazine or record rack. All are designed to harmonize with the decor of your home.

O'SULLIVAN INDUSTRIES, INC.
Lamar, Missouri

"OLDE KENTUCKY" American Eagle Quilted Coverlette by Louisville Bedding Co. Traditional Early American symbol screen printed on cotton percale; completely washable and colorfast, acetate filled. Gold, Red, Blue or Green pattern on White. Twin or Full size in extra long length.

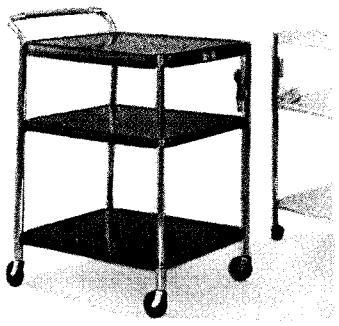
TOP VALUE STAMPS

Spring Gift Parade

Read . . . and dream. From its heart-warming cover by Norman Rockwell, all through its 172 colorful pages, the Top Value Stamps Family Gift Catalog is packed with dreams that *can* come true. For you, and for those you love!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's a Griswold High Chair. To "baby" your baby. Thick, padded vinyl seat and back. Adjustable chrome tray and foot rest. Safety strap. Strong tubular steel construction. Chrome frame. Baby-proof, washable white vinyl upholstery. Use as a Youth Chair, too.



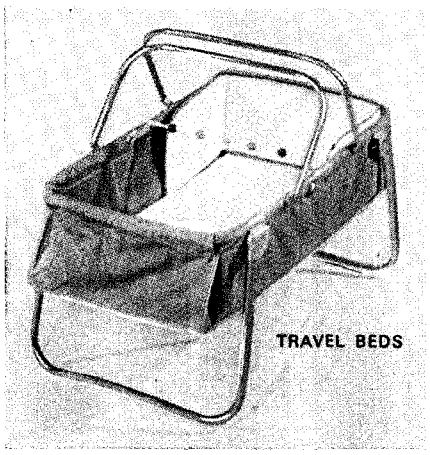
Griswold Service Cart. Warm 'n serve food cart rolls out to cook-outs. Serves as extra table at parties. Built-in electrical outlet for coffee maker, etc. 17 x 24 sandalwood shelves, chrome frame; eight foot cord

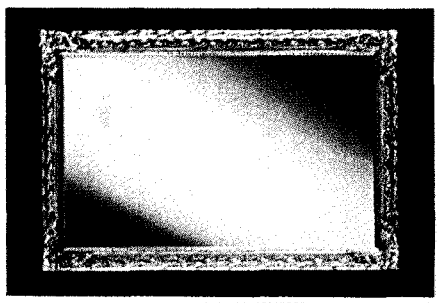
GRISWOLD

textron

FROM THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF

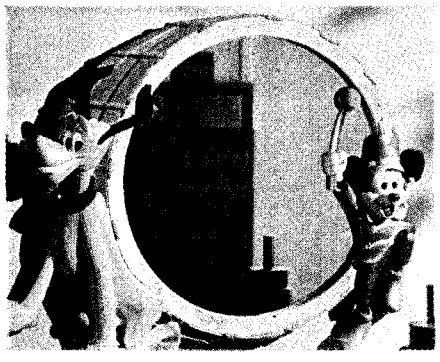
DENNIS MITCHELL





MIRRORS BY BASSETT

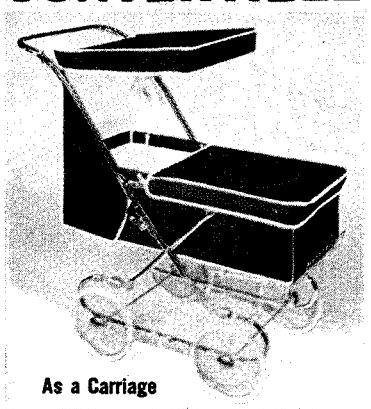
Conventional styles, and exclusive Walt Disney designs. Kids love Donald Duck, Pluto, and Mickey Mouse!



THAYER

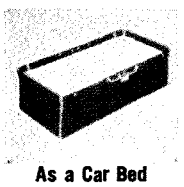
Jiffy Jitney

A 3 WAY CONVERTIBLE



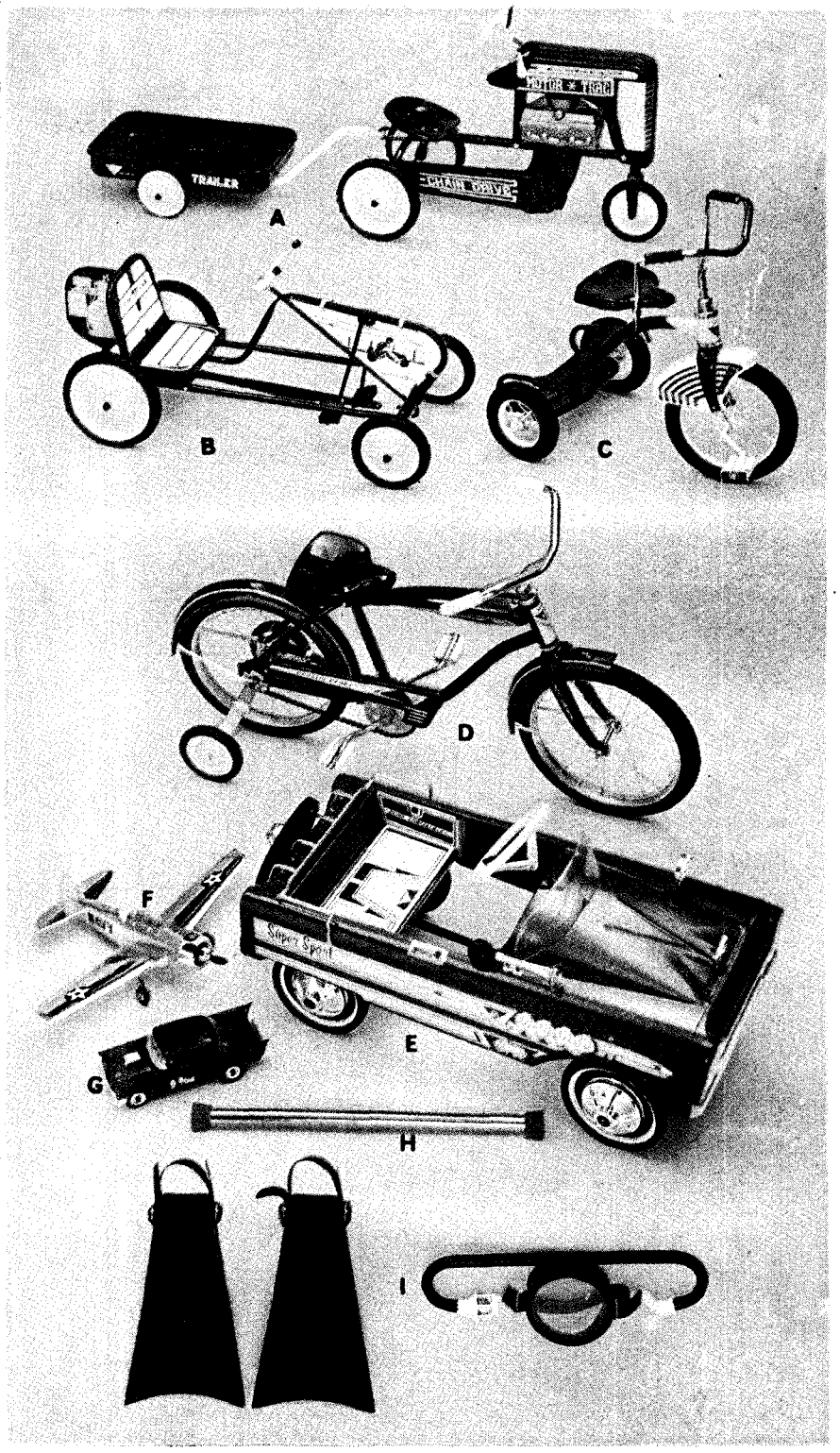
As a Carriage

As a Stroller



As a Car Bed

Designed to grow with the child, the three-way Jiffy Jitney converts quickly and safely, using the same frame for both carriage and stroller.



AMF Products for Happy Youngsters. Happy, fun-filled days of exciting play await your youngsters when you wisely choose products made by AMF. Select from the galaxy illustrated above:

A) AMF chain drive Motor Trac tractor with Moto-roar-r sound unit; coupled with heavy gauge steel Trailer.

B) AMF-Junior Scat Car features 5-position pedal drive. Designed with low center of gravity for extra stability and safety.

C) AMF-Junior Duo-Deck Velocipede with sturdy top step deck and "play-safe" polyethylene fender.

D) AMF-Junior Roadmaster 16"-wheel sidewalk bike with training outrigger. Easily converts from boy's to girl's model.

E) AMF-Super Sport Auto for the young motorist. Features ball bearing pedal drive adjustable to three positions.

F) AMF-Wen-Mac Navy SNJ-3 ready-to-fly; powered by Hot Shot .049 engine with Rotomatic Starter. Wingspan: 21½"; fuselage: 15"

G) AMF-Wen-Mac '57 Chevy Dragster has foot-long steel chassis; hinged, sculptured body. Ready to race, super-powered by Hot Shot .049 engine with 3-year guarantee. Exceeds 50 mph.

H) AMF-Voit gym bar easily adjusts to any height; locks in place; safely supports over 200 lbs.; chrome plated.

I) AMF-Voit swim set includes sail fins, double curve snorkel and oval-shaped mask with plastic lens.

Always Means Finest in Recreation

AMERICAN MACHINE & FOUNDRY COMPANY

Top Value Stamps

2-WAY GOLDEN GUARANTEE

Confidence? You can really have it, when you select your Top Value Stamp gifts. Because Top Value backs every gift (over 3,000!) with this exclusive 2-way Golden Guarantee of satisfaction:

1. *You can't get better gifts for fewer stamps, anywhere*
2. *You must be satisfied . . . 100%.*

You'll see this 2-way Golden Guarantee Seal prominently displayed in every Top Value Redemption Center. And you'll find that Top Value stands squarely behind it. They want you to be completely satisfied with your gift! *Another reason why your dollar's worth more when you shop at the store that gives Top Value Stamps.*

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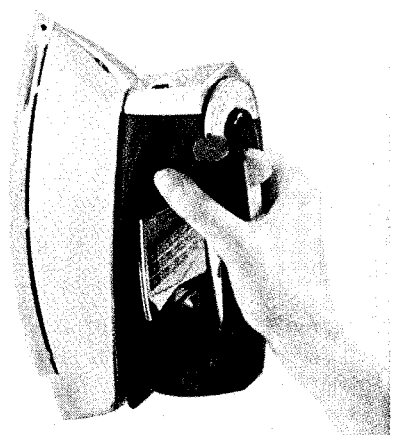
New Westinghouse upright converts to a canister (in ten seconds)

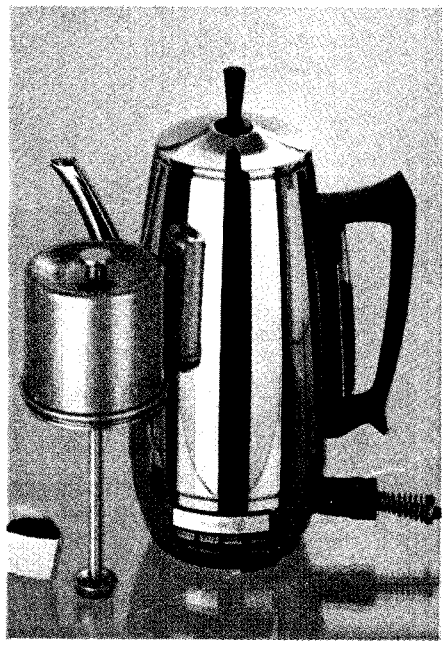
First true convertible that does every cleaning job. Two powerful motors. One creates suction for above floor cleaning, one drives the carpet agitator bar. Handle detaches with a flick of your wrist. Complete with set of canister attachments and Nylaflex hose. Westinghouse Converto-Vac®



Westinghouse Steam 'n Sprinkle Iron uses plain tap water*

Can sprinkle on any setting... dry or steam. Fabric guide tells where to set dial for most popular synthetics. Water window shows when to refill.

*In extreme hard water areas continuous use of tap water is not recommended, but periodic use of tap water is satisfactory.



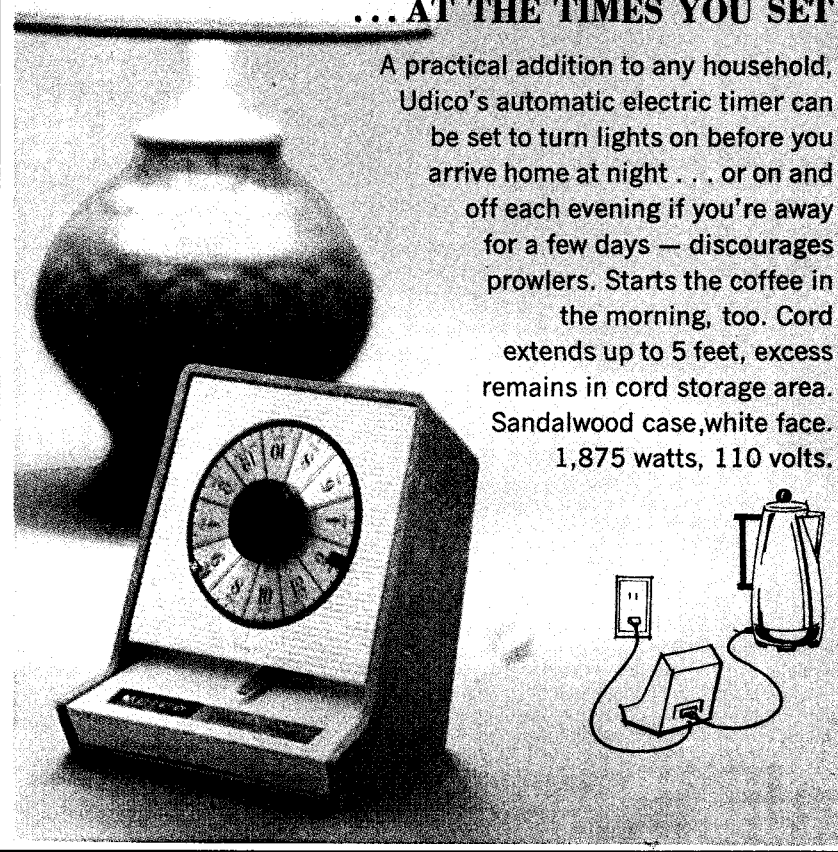
The Westinghouse "Pressure-Flo"® Coffeemaker It forces more flavor out of coffee.

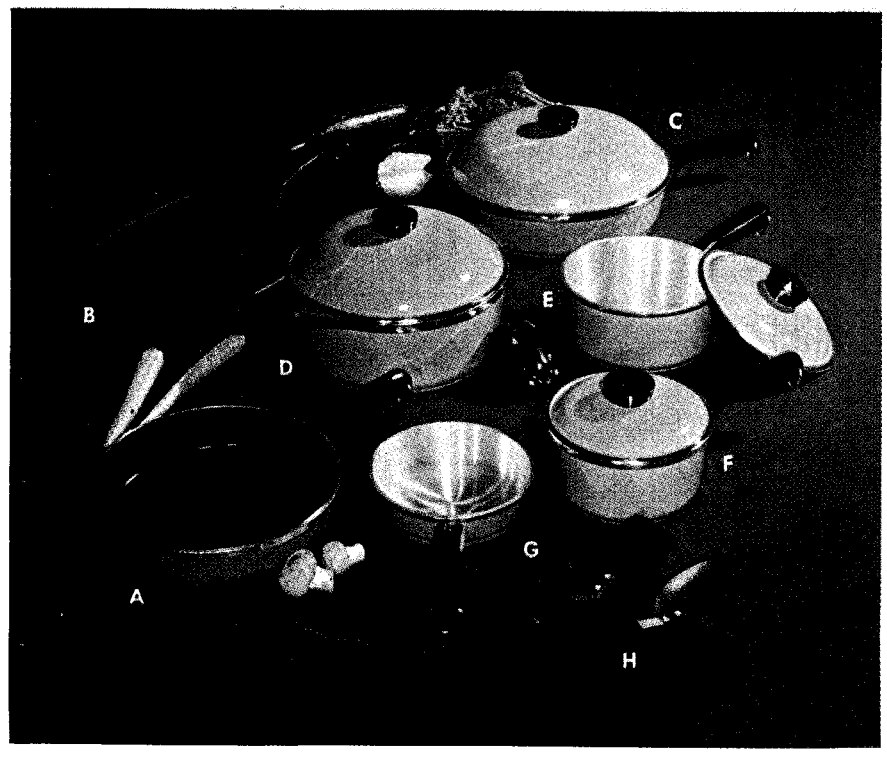
More flavor from every measure of coffee you use. The golden, inverted "Pressure-Flo" basket seals in grounds, forces flavor out. Flavor control and signal light. Makes 3 to 10 cups.

You can be sure if it's Westinghouse

UDICO® TIMER TURNS LIGHTS (and appliances) ON AND OFF AUTOMATICALLY ...AT THE TIMES YOU SET

A practical addition to any household, Udico's automatic electric timer can be set to turn lights on before you arrive home at night . . . or on and off each evening if you're away for a few days — discourages prowlers. Starts the coffee in the morning, too. Cord extends up to 5 feet, excess remains in cord storage area. Sandalwood case, white face. 1,875 watts, 110 volts.





COOKING MAGIC FROM CLUB ALUMINUM. The wonderful cookware scientifically cast from aluminum so heat spreads evenly to sides, top and bottom to make your food tender and flavorsome. With Club's "Black Magic" Du Pont TEFLON inside finish for no-stick cooking, no scour clean-up, **A.** 10 in. Open Fry Pan with lustrous turquoise exterior and **B.** 10 in. square griddle.

Club Holiday utensils with gleaming Sun-ray polished aluminum finish inside, gay turquoise porcelain outside, **C.** 12 in. Covered Chicken Fryer, **D.** 4½ Qt. Covered Dutch Oven, **E.** 2 Qt. Covered Sauce pan, **F.** 1½ Qt. Covered Sauce Pan, and **G.** 6¾ in. Open Fry Pan.

Club "Black Magic" kitchen tools—**H.** Teflon blades and bowls, the ultimate in protection for Teflon finished ware. Easy to clean as nothing sticks to blade.

TOP VALUE STAMPS

Spring Gift Parade

Moms and Dads of all ages enjoy getting, and giving, gifts like these! Famous brands, quality merchandise... all yours through Top Value, the stamp of a thrifty shopper. Yes, Top Value Stamps make your dollar worth *more*.

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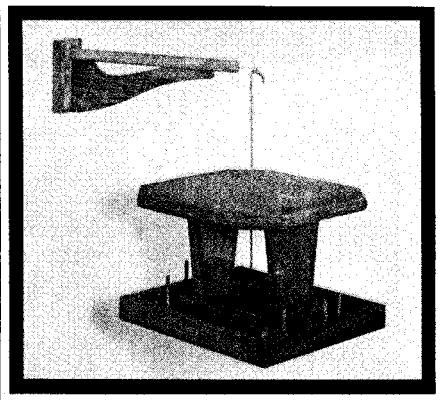
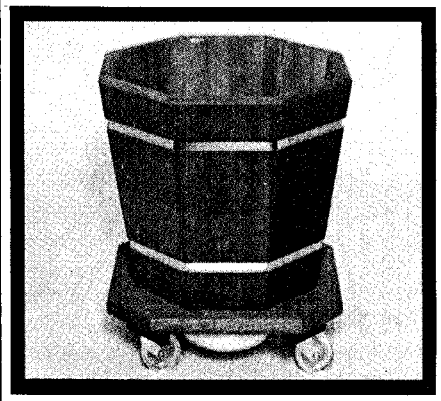
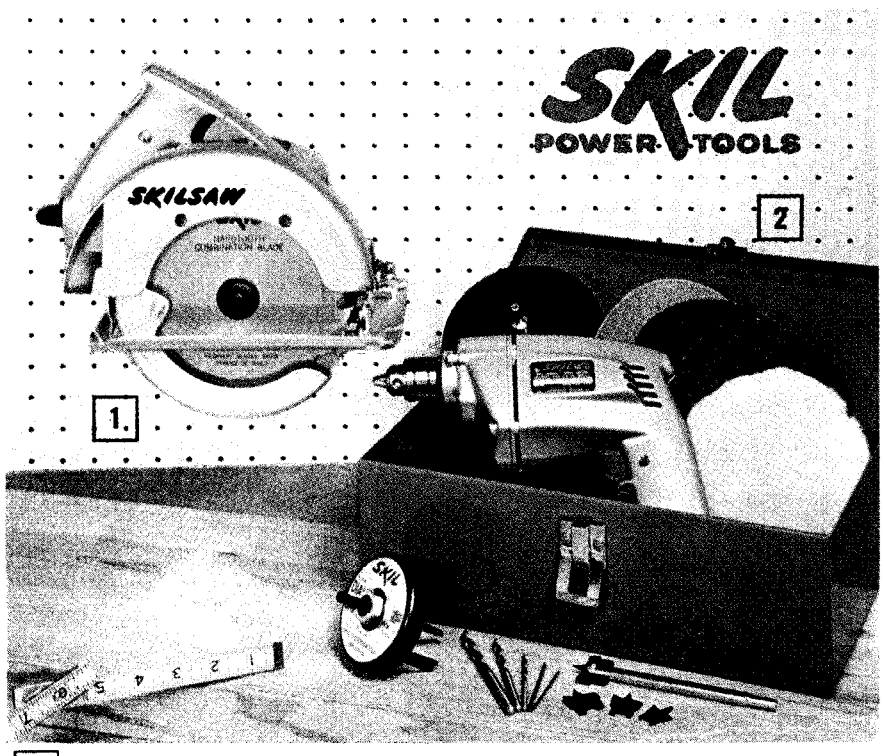




IMPERIAL DIXIE BELLE Ice Cream Freezers . . . give you the fun of making real old-time ice cream. And so quickly and easily! Choose either the electric or hand crank 5 quart models. Sturdily and attractively styled by Richmond Cedar Works.

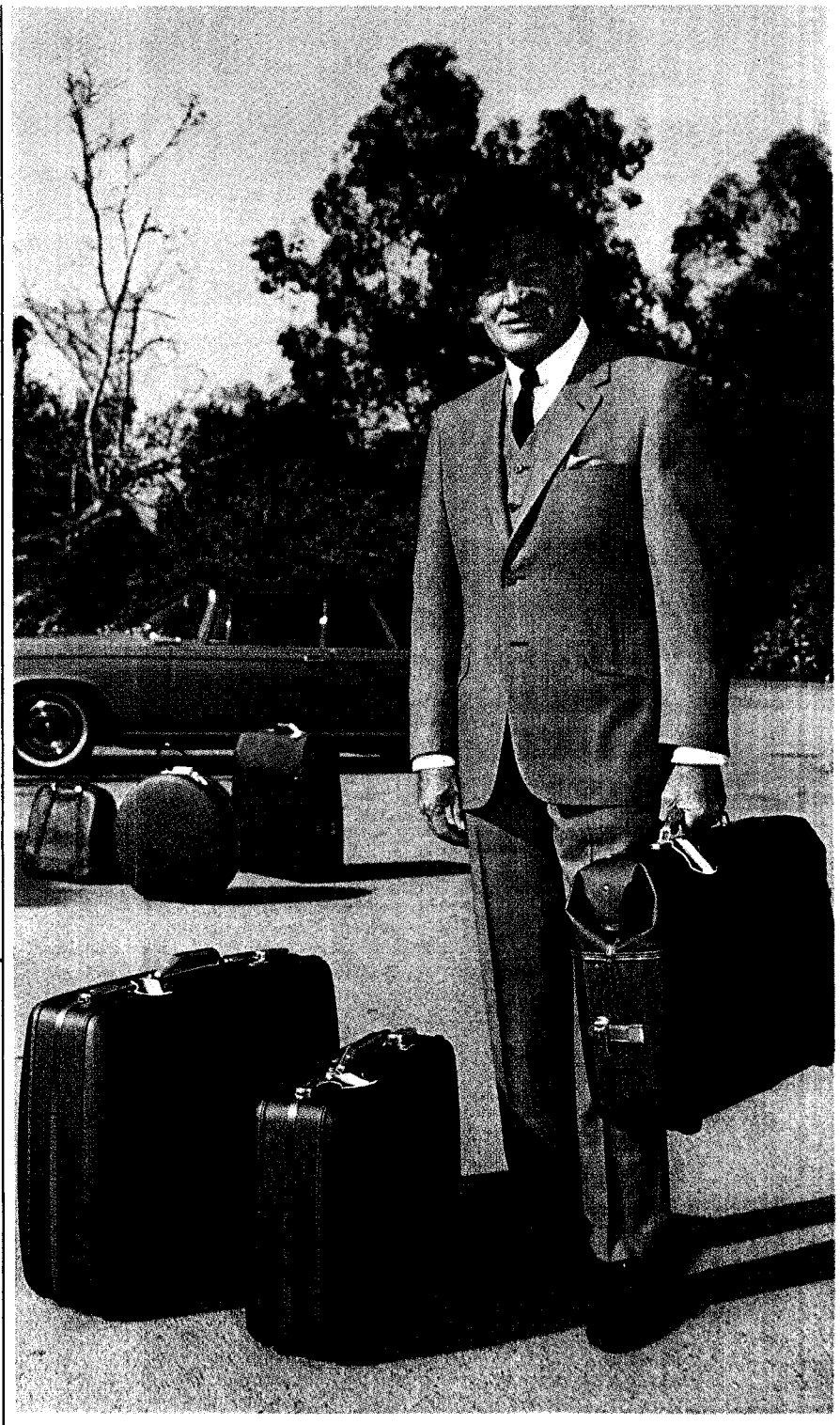
HEATH Pleasant to give. Joy to own. Genuine California Redwood for lasting beauty.

HEATH MANUFACTURING CO.
Coopersville Michigan 49404



1 **SKILSAW 6½" MODEL 536**—Has the cutting capacity to handle any home remodeling job. Bevel cuts 2" lumber at 45°. Full 1¼ h.p. burn-out protected motor. Features vari-torque clutch, sawdust ejection system, accurate depth and bevel adjustments. Includes combination blade.

2 **SKIL TRIGGER SPEED CONTROL ¼" DRILL KIT**—Drill in any material. Just squeeze the trigger for the speed you need from 0 to 2000 r.p.m. Kit includes 5 bits, 4 wood augers, sanding disc, bonnet, dial saw (cuts holes from 1⅛" to 2½"), steel case.



Bob Hope says, "Go first class with American Tourister luggage."

Never before has there been such fashionably styled luggage and no where else can you find such a wide choice of inspired colors. Twenty-five styles for him and her.

For those who want the best, here it is.

STANDARD OF THE WORLD
AMERICAN TOURISTER LUGGAGE
AMERICAN TOURISTER

And here's your gift:
100 Top Value Stamps! A special bonus with your next gift at any Top Value Stamps Redemption Center

WORTH 100
Top Value Stamps
★ ★
This coupon worth 100 Top Value Stamps with 1 or more gift redemptions at any Top Value Stamps Redemption center. Coupon good through April 30, 1966.
TOP VALUE STAMPS

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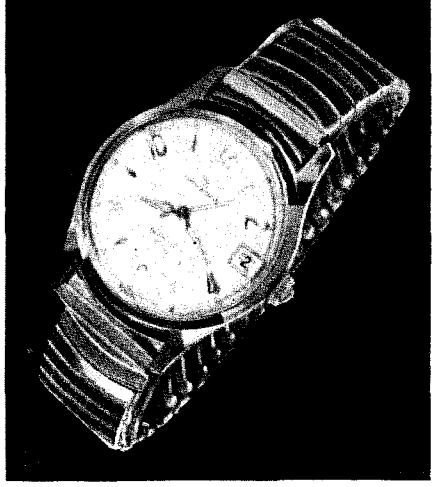
HAVE a PICNIC

POLORON offers rustproof Aluminum "Featherflite" Picnic Jug and rugged Hi-Impact "Mustang" portable Ice Chest. The sparkling lightweight two-gallon Jug keeps liquids hot or cold nine hours; the Mustang keeps food fresh and frosty cold three to four days on one filling of ice and is *weatherproof*. Perfect for trips, outings, camping, fishing; gifts the whole family will enjoy for many years.

BURGESS ELECTRIC SPRAYER . . . sprays paint, varnish, enamel, lacquer. Accessory nozzle for garden sprays, mothproofers, insecticides. Easy to use, cleans self in seconds! Has extra Swivel Nozzle . . . heavy or light spray adjustment.

it's a **HELBROS** the name for TOP VALUE IN WATCHES



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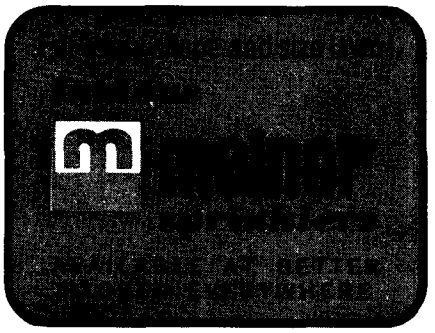

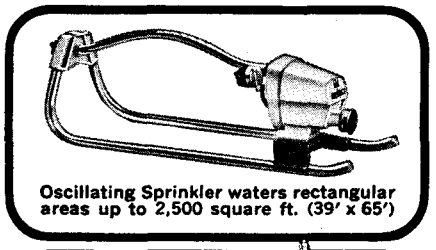

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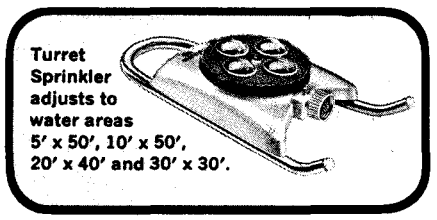
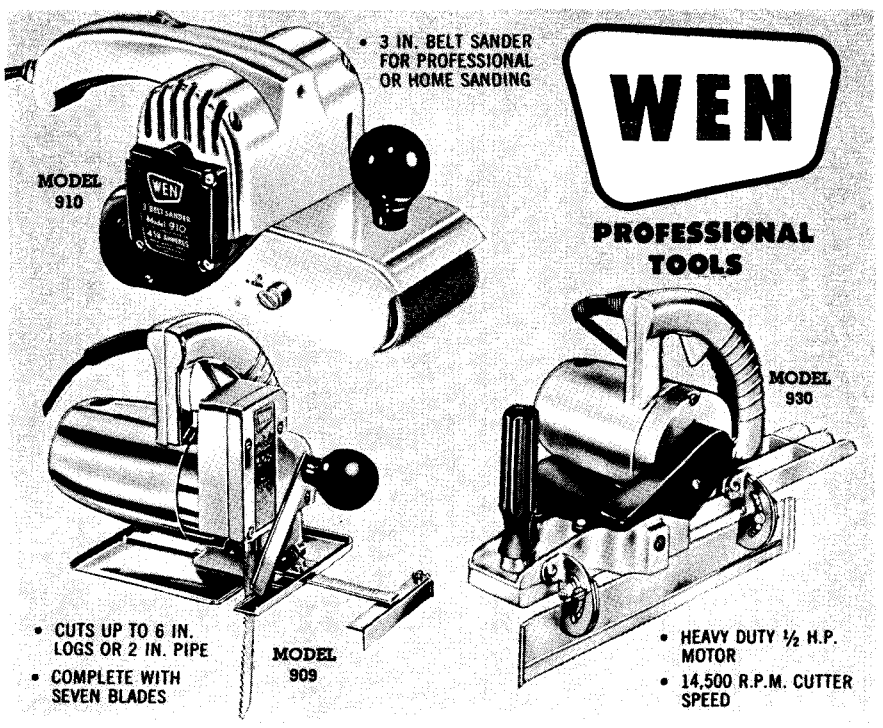


Turret Sprinkler adjusts to water areas 5′ x 50′, 10′ x 50′, 20′ x 40′ and 30′ x 30′.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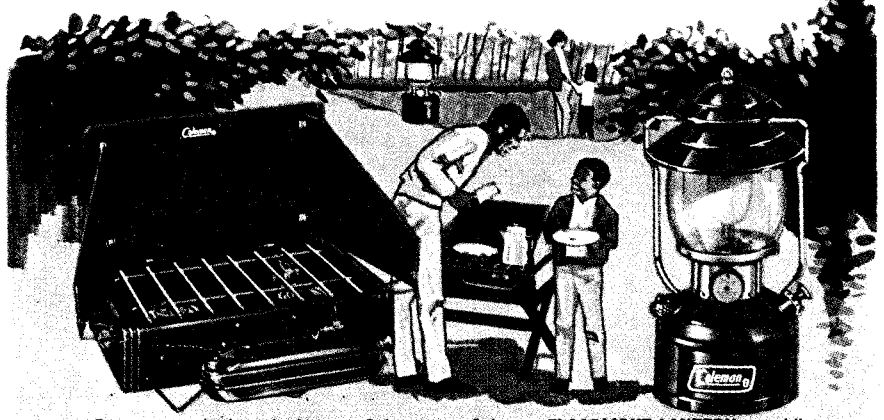

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cent memory was the execution of the Molly Maguires, and the feeling persisted that the Mollies had been hanged because they were less powerful than the Welsh bosses. In theory, the Molly Maguire organization had been broken up by the hangings, by the threats of excommunication by the higher clergy, and by the public indignation over the Mollies' crimes. In fact, the organization continued to meet in greater secrecy, necessarily in smaller numbers, keeping their hatred alive and making absurd plans for the future. For the time being, murder was ruled out, and violence took the form of beatings administered to non-Mollies by Mollies. No one had to distinguish between one and the other; all the Irish knew which was which. In spite of the division, the non-Mollies were loosely united with the Mollies by the common enemy, the Welsh Protestants, and when Sarah Lundy first went to work for the Evans family neither party could guess how the arrangement would turn out. Sarah, with her distrust of Welsh Protestants, correspondingly was distrusted by Wesley and Gladys Evans. Sarah had come highly recommended by her previous employers, but, as it happened, she was the first servant ever employed by the Evanses, who had just begun to make money. Gladys Evans was not a lady, and her treatment of Sarah Lundy was unsure, varying from unreasonable demands to spurts of kindness, until Sarah Lundy subtly and patiently established a reasonable relationship. Thereafter, she fitted into the household.

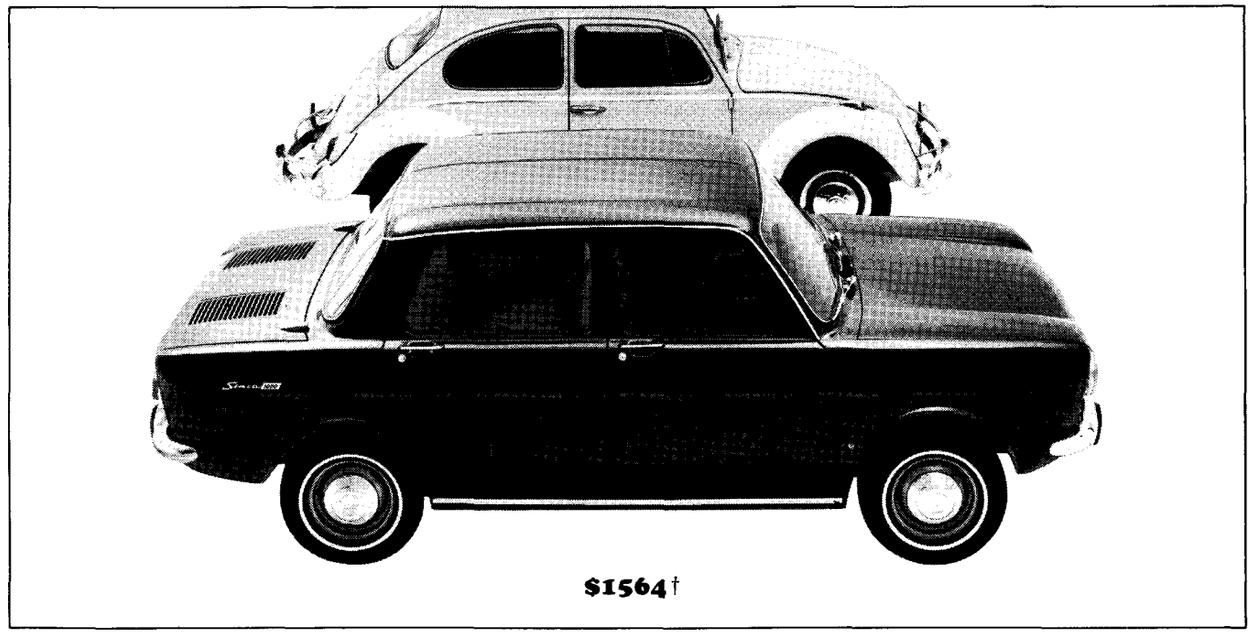
The Evanses were not a family to inspire affection, but their Methodist morality matched in many ways the aversion to sin that had been drummed into Sarah Lundy by her own people. Liquor, beer, tobacco, snuff, cardplaying, dancing, breaking the Sabbath, and free intermingling of the sexes were forbidden in the Evans household. So had they been at the Lundys'. When Patrick Lundy came home drunk, he had the choice of sleeping in the woodshed or the privy, but not in the house, and Rose Lundy was a strong enough woman to enforce her rule. Life as the Evans's hired girl was thus not much different from Sarah's life at home, except that she got paid and the food was better and there was more of it. Gladys Evans did not like Sarah's having a crucifix over her bed and holy pictures on her bureau, but as it was unlikely that Wesley Evans would ever enter Sarah's bedroom, the tokens of Sarah's papist affiliation were allowed to remain. It was well known, of course, that churchgoing Catholics never stole, and Gladys Evans never refused Sarah permission to go to church.

Sarah Lundy was not critical of John Wesley Evans and his ways. Compared

given man a free will, and he could make his choice between earthly satisfactions and heavenly salvation. Sarah Lundy believed that Wesley and Gladys Evans, who presumably had been baptized Christians, were quite possibly in purgatory, expiating their venial sins. That was what could happen to Protestants if they lived good lives. The worst that could happen to them would be to spend eternity in limbo because they had not been baptized. The important thing about Wesley and Gladys Evans was that they had served God as well as they knew how, avoiding sin and the occasions of sin, and God would take into consideration the circumstances that kept them from becoming Catholics. Sarah Lundy did not for one minute forget that bad Catholics could be condemned to eternal damnation. God would be more severe in His judgment of Catholics because they were supposed to know better. It was a very complicated subject if you got into it too deeply, and it was

not a subject to discuss with non-Catholics, who asked ignorant questions. But it was a subject that Sarah Lundy occupied her mind with much of the time, and most of the time she was thinking not of just anyone but of John Wesley Evans.

There was no harm in him, no evil. True, he did not have a job, he did not work. Indeed, he seldom went out of the house. But she could not judge him guilty of sloth, one of the seven deadly sins. Some men were meant to work with



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their hands, some were meant to work with their brains. John Wesley Evans escaped the charge of sloth because he was doing something with his brains. Bit by bit he was converting the sitting room back of the parlor into a workroom. "It sounds a little fancy, Sarah, but from now on we'll call this the library," he announced one day.

"The liberry," she said. "All right. I'll get used to it."

"I'm going to build some bookshelves, and someday both these walls will be lined with books from top to bottom."

"Covering the wallpaper?"

"Covering the wallpaper. You'll be able to say you remember this room when it didn't have a single book in it."

"What would I want to say that for?"

"Well, if you don't want to say it there's no reason why you should. But the time will come when you'll be *able* to say it. And the time may not be too far off. This was always the room I liked best. Not the way Papa and Mama had it, but my way. The nicest thing about it is the bay window."

"Where the Mrs. would sit and do her sewing."

"It has the north light. I may take up painting as my hobby."

"Picture painting?" asked Sarah Lundy.

"Oh, I have no such intention, but if I had, this would be a very suitable room for a studio," he said. He paused. "I wonder if I have any talent in that direction. You never know till you try."

"You was always drawing pictures when you was little," said Sarah Lundy.

"When I was little," he said. "The trouble is, I wouldn't know how to start. I never knew anyone that painted pictures. No, it won't be painting I'll do here."

"What will it be?"

"Reading. Thinking."

"Just reading and thinking? What's that for a young man to be doing? You ought to be out on these nice days, making friends with people. Enjoying the sunshine. Here you're only twenty-five years of age, and a body'd think you were up in your fifties. Reading and thinking. You'll be an old man soon enough, John Evans. The years go by before you know it, I can say that knows."

"Then you should be told that I intend to spend the rest of my life in this house and the greater part of it in this room," he said. "Reading and thinking."

"Then you'll never live to your father's age, cooped up like that. Your father never would of seen sixty-two if he didn't move around and get the fresh air in his lungs."

"They went to a great deal of trouble to protect me from the fresh air."

"Only because they were terrified you'd get the consumption."

"Well, I didn't, so they must have been right. And since they seem to've been right, I'll continue their methods. Take a miner out of the mines and he dies in a year."

"Little do you know. And that's not saying how many die of the miner's asthma before they're forty."

"Sarah, I'm properly grateful for your concern, but I've made up my mind. I've already sent away for over a hundred books. At least a hundred."

"A—hundred—books?"

"Before I'm through there'll be at least a thousand in this room, and I'll be able to tell you what's in them."

"I wouldn't listen," said Sarah Lundy. "Nor neither would anyone else in their right senses."

"That I'm sure is true," said John Wesley Evans.

"There! Then what do you want to read a thousand books for? You say yourself nobody's going to listen to you tell what's in them. So what's the good of stuffing your brain with what's in them? I ask you that. Your brain won't hold all that. A thousand books. My Lord and Saviour, that's a terrible, terrible thing, John. A terrible thing. I could read and write when I was seven years of age, not saying how long ago that was, and I read me prayer book and the newspaper and the leaflets we get after Mass. I could read more if I had to. But a thousand books!"

"I may go to two thousand."

"Your eyesight'll give out before

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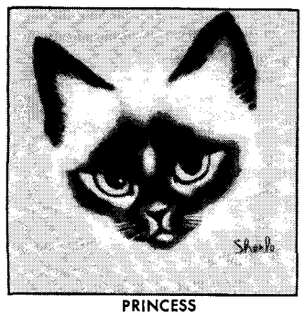

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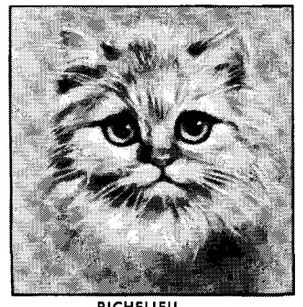

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prising effect. For not only was it news that he worried about his eyes, it was news that he ever worried about anything. Until now she had thought of him as a skinny, bloodless individual; a vegetable of a boy, who lay on the floor and read books when he ought to be out climbing trees. She could not remember his ever crying at night, or coming home with a bloody nose, or threatening to run away, or being punished for sins with his own or the opposite sex. If he had been a pretty or a handsome child, or a remarkably ugly one, a troublesome or happy one, she would have been better prepared for the unmistakable admission contained in the single word "yes" and the way he uttered it. After saying it he left the room, and her female instinct, flabby from disuse, returned to life in a surge of compassion. This aging virgin now knew that he could use her pity. He was afraid of something.

Two doors to the west of 1008 lived Mr. and Mrs. Percy B. Shields, and theirs was the first house in the block to have striped awnings over the front windows, upstairs and down. There was not much practical use for awnings in that block. The trees that stood on the edge of the brick sidewalk kept the sun from being too bothersome, and the other residents of the block found curtains and roller shades and inside shutters very satisfactory. But Mrs. Percy Shields wanted striped awnings, upstairs and down, and it did not bother her that some of her neighbors said the awnings made her house look like a circus. In the first place, they did not make the house look like a circus or like anything else but a house with striped awnings. In the second place, they made the house cooler. She could open her windows, which her neighbors could not do if they insisted on keeping their shades lowered. In the third place, it was her house, and as long as she was not breaking any law she could have striped awnings or blue awnings or yellow awnings or any other kind she wished. What her neighbors objected to, if they would only come out and say it, was any bright touch, anything unusual. They might object to her striped awnings, but it might interest them to learn that the most disgraceful houses on Railroad Avenue had exactly the same kind of lace curtains that her neighbors had in their windows. And no awnings. How did Mrs. Percy Shields know about houses on Railroad Avenue? Never mind, she knew. She had it on good authority.

Never for a moment was it suspected that the authority might be Percy Shields. For one thing, he was much too old. Age had kept him from going to the defense of the national capital in 1861, and he was now forty years older. It took him a good twenty minutes to go from his house to the Gibbsville Club, a seven-block downhill walk all the way, and in recent years he had had to depend on his carriage to bring him home. It was true, as they said, that on the way home he had to carry in his belly a quantity of Old Overholt, but he never could have got home if he had relied on his legs. Even the downhill walk to the club took some courage; at his time of life a tumble could result in a broken hip, and he had never known any of his contemporaries to recover from that. He therefore walked with care, slowly, and never raising his feet higher than was necessary to keep them from scraping the ground. During the winter months, when there was ice and snow, he was compelled to suspend his walks. Arthur Hawkins, who was hostler, gardener, and man-of-all-work for the Shieldses, would help Percy into the swan-type cutter, cover him up with a buffalo robe, and take him to the club. Percy would spend the same amount of time at the club as he did in kinder weather, but he would miss the exercise. Percy's need of Arthur and the horse interfered with his wife's morning schedule, as it postponed her marketing. Consequently, the wintry weather inconvenienced both Harriet and Percy Shields, and on the afternoons of extremely inclement days they could hardly bear to be in the same room with each other.

Harriet Shields observed the custom of afternoon tea, which was made possible by the fact that they had no children and could have their evening meal at a later hour than most households. Harriet served tea six days a week to a different woman friend every day. The amount of information she thus acquired was considerable and of a large variety. Her guests had been chosen for that purpose, and they represented the well-to-do, the genteel poor, the witty, the vicious, and ages from forty to sixty-five. Women past sixty-five, Harriet had found, did not hear much gossip, possibly for the reason that they had difficulty hearing anything at all,

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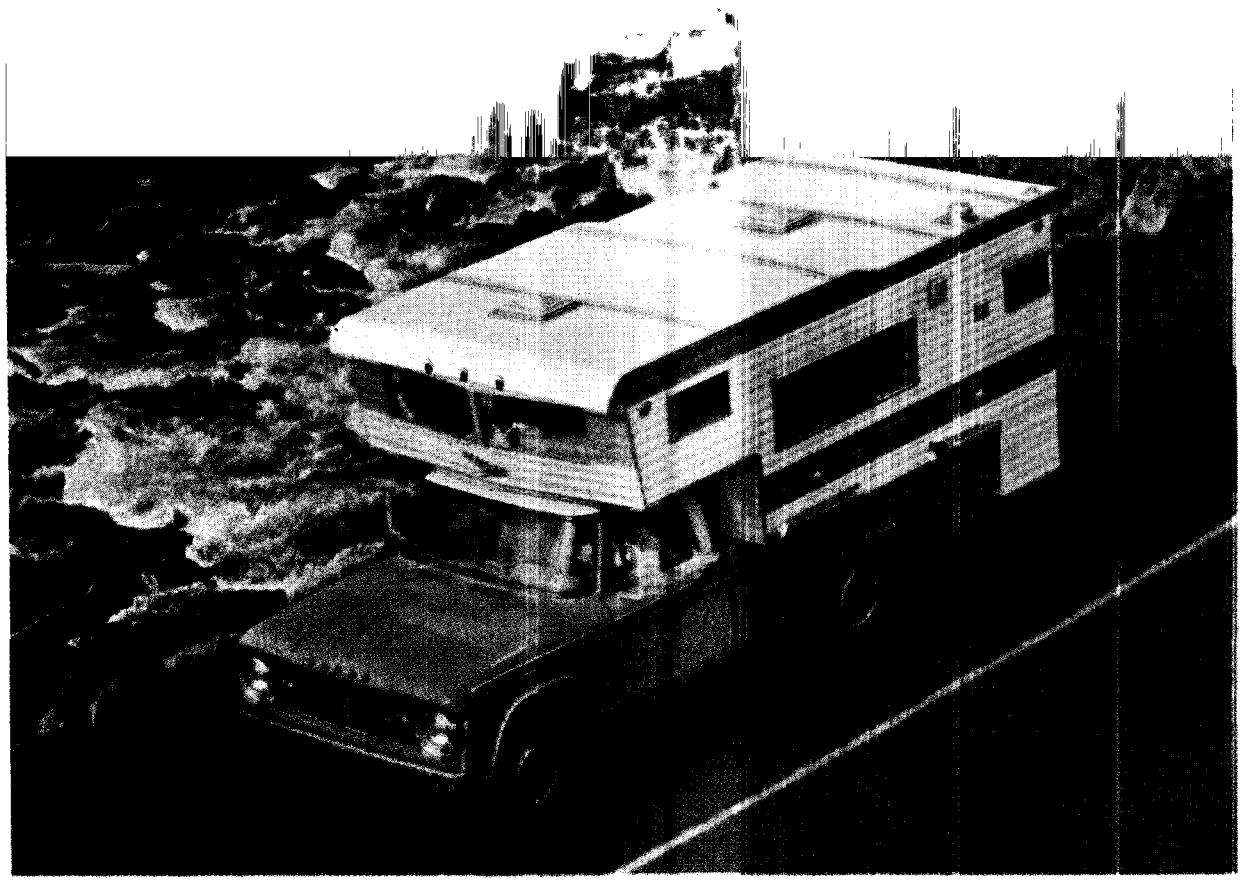

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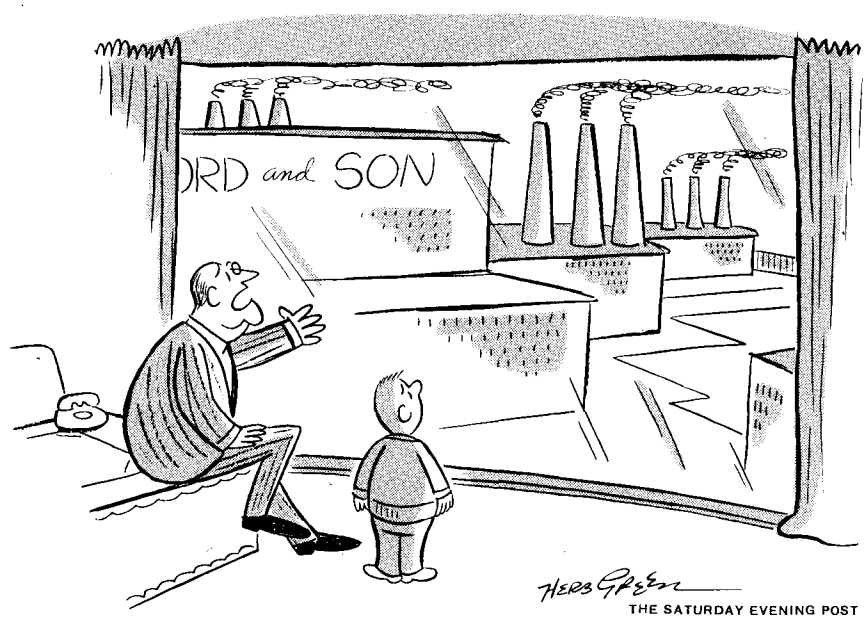
and worthwhile gossip could not be shouted to a deaf person. For one maiden lady and one widow, Harriet's teas were an ample substitute for the evening meal; the four other regulars came because Harriet Shields had invited them to come, and no one wished to incur her displeasure. They all were, in a word, afraid of her. They had all heard her comments on other women and some men, and the faithful six preferred to remain on her good side. In the course of their weekly conversations with Harriet Shields they had entrusted her with personal confidences, which were safe only so long as her visitors were in good standing with her.

But if they were afraid of her, they also were addicted to the opportunity she provided for a free expression of their own observations and opinions. From week to week they saved up items of confidential and unprintable news for Harriet. Since there were never more than two women present, Harriet and her guest, it was possible to repeat intimate and slanderous details without reckoning with a third person. And while Harriet was duly appreciative of interesting items, she was never shocked and seldom surprised by anything. Another good thing about Harriet was that she did not interrupt; a friend who was emboldened to tell a lurid story did not lose her courage halfway through. If Harriet had heard the story before—as often she had—she would hear the new version all the way out, and then, but not until then, supply corrections and additions. It could be said of Harriet that she practiced scandalmongering as an art.

She, of course, was invulnerable. Such displays of eccentricity as her striped awnings and her taste in millinery were irritating, but not such stuff as gossip is made on. Harriet Shields was still pretty, healthy, and vigorous, but she was not in the least flirtatious or concupiscent. A glass of wine was all she ever drank. She had never taken laudanum. She paid her bills promptly. She did not lose her temper in public or have hysterics. She had a personal fortune, inherited from her father, which gave her a social and financial background that was very nearly the equal of any in the town, and made her immune to the charge that she married Percy Shields for his money. Indeed, it was the other way around; if anyone was vulnerable in that respect it was Percy, who had married a woman with much more money than he, and who was a great deal younger. But Percy Shields had always been an affable mediocrity; everyone wished him well, and when Harriet consented to marry him there was universal sanction of the union. No one would have to worry about Percy any longer, and Harriet Stokes's share of the Stokes wealth would remain in Gibbsville. It was also said at the time that it was a real love match. Later this was amended to "ideal marriage." At sixty, Percy Shields retired from the practice of the law, a formality which consisted only of his giving up his office in the second-floor rear of the Keystone Trust Company building and moving his law books to a hallway bookcase at 1012 Lantenengo Street. He never looked at them again. Not even once. Not even to notice that a couple of them had been put in upside down.

Harriet Shields's house had somewhat more grandeur inside than the other houses in the Ten-Hundred block. At the foot of the front stairway was a bronze statuette, mounted on the newel post, of a knight in dull armor holding a spear which supported a gas lamp. The gas line went through the hollow spear. One day Harriet detected a strong odor of gas leaking from the burner. Someone somehow had turned the valve half on. She immediately sent for the plumbers and had the pipeline sealed permanently. The statuette remained on the newel post for decorative purposes, but as a lighting fixture it was useless. "Why don't we get that lamp fixed?" Percy would say once or twice a year.

"Yes, I must remember to do that," Harriet would say. But she had developed a theory that Percy, after one of his long days at the club, had reached out for support on his way upstairs and inadvertently turned the key of the



"Someday, son, this will all probably belong to your ex-wives."

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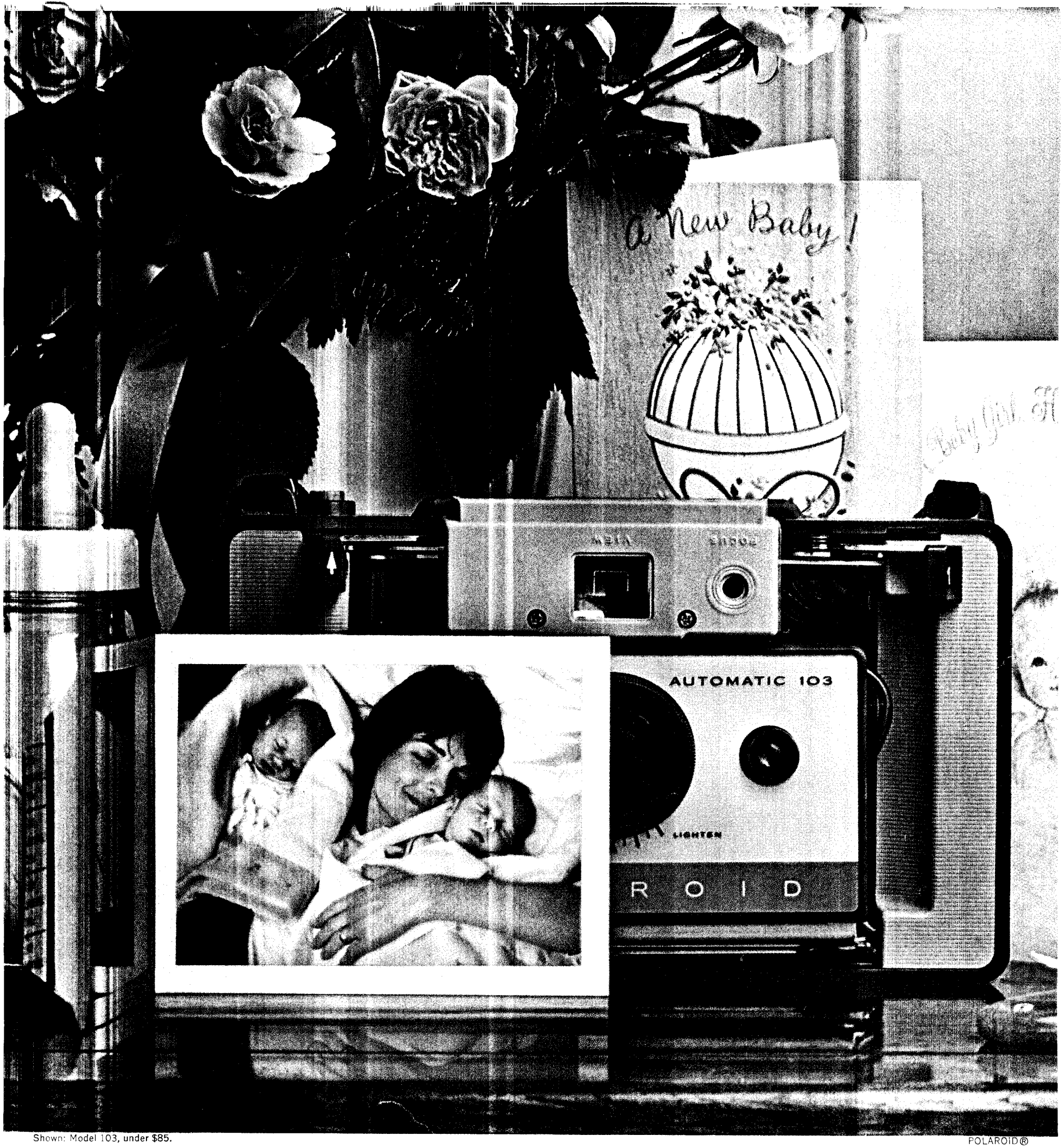

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gas valve. Right or wrong, the theory covered a possibility, and the bronze knight provided no more light until it was electrified.

In her front parlor Harriet Shields had a crystal chandelier that was the largest in a private house in all Lantenengo County. Twice a year her maids unhooked each of the thousand and more bits of glass, washed and dried each one, and replaced them. The task always took two days, and the entire operation was supervised by Harriet. It was not as simple as Percy Shields made it out to be, for not only was there the job of unhooking the bits of crystal and washing away the six months' collection of grime, but there was also the polishing with ammonia. Harriet and the maids would have to interrupt their work to get away from the smell of the ammonia. On the second day Harriet was at her efficient best, directing the rehanging of the bits of crystal, like stringing pearls. This she accomplished with the help of a detailed sketch of the chandelier, and when the task was completed and the gas turned on, even Percy admitted that there was beauty in the sparkling, subtle changes of color. "Louis Quatorze," he would say. "We must give a ball."

"You always say that, Percy," Harriet would say. "And you'd sooner die than have a ball."

"I'd rather die than arrange for one, is what you mean. But if you did all the work I'd enjoy it."

"We could never have a ball without inviting our neighbors, and who'd want to have *them?*"

"Not me, I'm sure. Consider the subject closed." It would be closed until it was reopened after the next cleaning of the chandelier.

Elegance, luxury, modern conveniences were not put in for the pleasure of Harriet's neighbors. When she added something to the interior of her house, she did not even feel compelled to display it to her daily visitors. "Harriet, is it true that you've put in a laundry chute?" said Ellen Walker one day.

"Now where did you hear that?" said Harriet.

"I forget who told me, but I understand you have a new laundry chute that's lined with tin, all the way from the third floor to the basement."

"We have one, but it's been there for over a year. Think of attaching so much importance to a laundry chute."

"There aren't very many in town, you know," said Ellen.

"I'm sure I have no idea how many there are, Ellen. By the way, it's lined with copper, not tin. If I'd thought you'd be interested in a *laundry* chute I'd have shown it to you a year ago. But good heavens, I'd never think of boring my friends with things like that."

"It would surprise you to know how curious people are, especially about your house."

"It wouldn't surprise me in the least. Not in the least."

"So many people have asked me if I've ever seen your wall safe. A wall safe with a combination lock?"

"Are you asking me if I have one? At least that's more interesting than a laundry chute. Yes, we've had one for a long time."

"Is it because you don't trust banks? That's the rumor I heard."

"Well, all I can say is it wasn't a rumor that started at the Keystone Trust Company. That's where I keep my money and Percy keeps his, and my father kept his, and my brother Harry keeps his. That kind of a rumor could do a lot of harm. It *could* have been started by one of the other banks."

Ellen Walker's husband Louis was cashier of the Coal City Trust Company. Momentarily, Ellen was on dangerous ground and having difficulty composing a suitable comment.

"I'm sure Louis'd scotch that rumor," said Harriet, who was positive that Ellen was repeating Louis Walker's very words. "Yes, we have a wall safe to keep our things in. My jewelry. Percy's good studs. Things I got from Mother. We're not worried about things being stolen, but the safe is fireproof. Fireproof, Ellen."

"Of course. I never thought of that."

"Well, I had to, you know," said Harriet Shields. "Someday all my things will go to my nieces and my nephews' wives. I can't expect to last forever."

"Looking at it that way, it's a responsibility," said Ellen.

"There's no other way to look at it. Those things increase in value every year. Mother's solitaire—well, it isn't polite to talk about such things, but it's worth three times what Papa paid for it. Tripled in twenty years, mind you."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You never talk to me anymore, Brewster."

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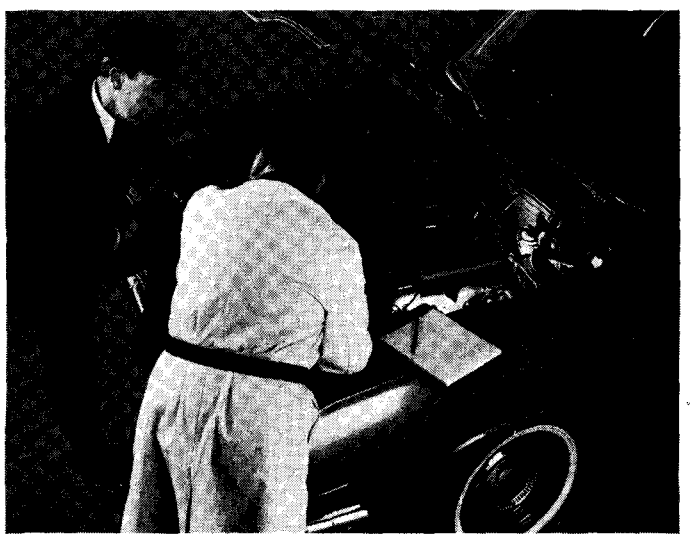

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"It's the largest diamond in town, I know that," said Ellen.

"No, there's one larger. But mine is better cut. It isn't only the size of a diamond, Ellen. For instance, yours I imagine is worth more than some I've seen, because it's newer, and the cutting methods are constantly improving."

That was another thing about Harriet Shields. She *knew* so many things. She never went away; a spring trip to Philadelphia to see the new styles, and another in November to do her Christmas shopping. But she did not like to leave Percy, and he could not travel in comfort. Nevertheless, Harriet kept up-to-date on everything in the outside world, as well as on matters pertaining to her own circle of acquaintances. She was the only woman on Lantenengo Street who had taken the trouble to find out all the reasons for the war with Spain, which she had done by writing to the district member of the House of Representatives. The name Harriet *Stokes* Shields and the Lantenengo Street, Gibbsville, address carried weight. She knew about Spain, and diamond cutting, and the superiority of copper over tin, and how to rehang strands of crystal on a chandelier. She spoke French and had once taken lessons on the flute. There seemed to be no end to the variety of subjects that could claim her interest. Imagine writing to a congressman for information on a war that only lasted a few months!

One day she came out of her house and saw her neighbor, young John Evans, standing in front of his own house but staring at her striped awnings. "Well, Mr. John Wesley Evans. Are you trying to stare a hole through them?"

He removed his hat. "Good morning, Mrs. Shields. I didn't hear what you said."

"I *asked* you if you were trying to stare a hole through my awnings? They've been there, this is the third year. No, next year will be the third. But haven't you ever noticed them before?"

"I noticed them, but I never took a good look at them."

"I'd heard you didn't leave your house much, but even so."

"Well, I was thinking of getting some. I don't know so much for the front of my house, but my bay window in the back. If it wouldn't be prying, would you mind telling me about how much they ask for an awning?"

"I couldn't say exactly, but if you want to come in I'll look it up. Come on," she said, and turned about, fully expecting that he would obey. He did.

It was his first visit to the Shields house, and he was the first Evans to visit the house. "I've never been in here before," he said.

"Is that so? Well, just sit down a minute, and I know right where to find the receipt. Hillyard and Son. Hall. Hill. Hillyard. Here it is. Goodness, I'd forgotten about that."

"What?" said John.

"How much they overcharged me. Eight windows. Two, three, and three. I thought it was going to be forty dollars for the whole thing, but he charged me three dollars extra for the windows on the top floor. He said he had to rent ladders from somebody. His ladders wouldn't go that high. Here, you can see on one receipt, 'Received $40 and no cents, part payment.' Then here's the second receipt, balance due on awnings, paid in full. That was Bert Hillyard. His father was a man of his word. If he said forty dollars, he meant forty dollars. No charging extra because his ladders wouldn't reach. Unfortunately, there's no one else in town that does that kind of work, so you'll have to go to Hillyards'. But if you deal with young Bert, get it all down in black and white first. Now that you're here, would you care for a glass of root beer? We have it on ice, so it should be nice and cool on such a warm day."

"Well, if it wouldn't be going to too much trouble," he said.

"Amy! Two glasses of root beer and a plate of salty pretzels. Now John, tell me what you do with yourself all day. I heard that you were writing a book. Is that *true?*"

"No, I'm not writing anything."

"That's what I said. I know you graduated from college, but I was sure they didn't teach you to write. What was the name of your college?"

"Wesleyan. Middletown, Connecticut."

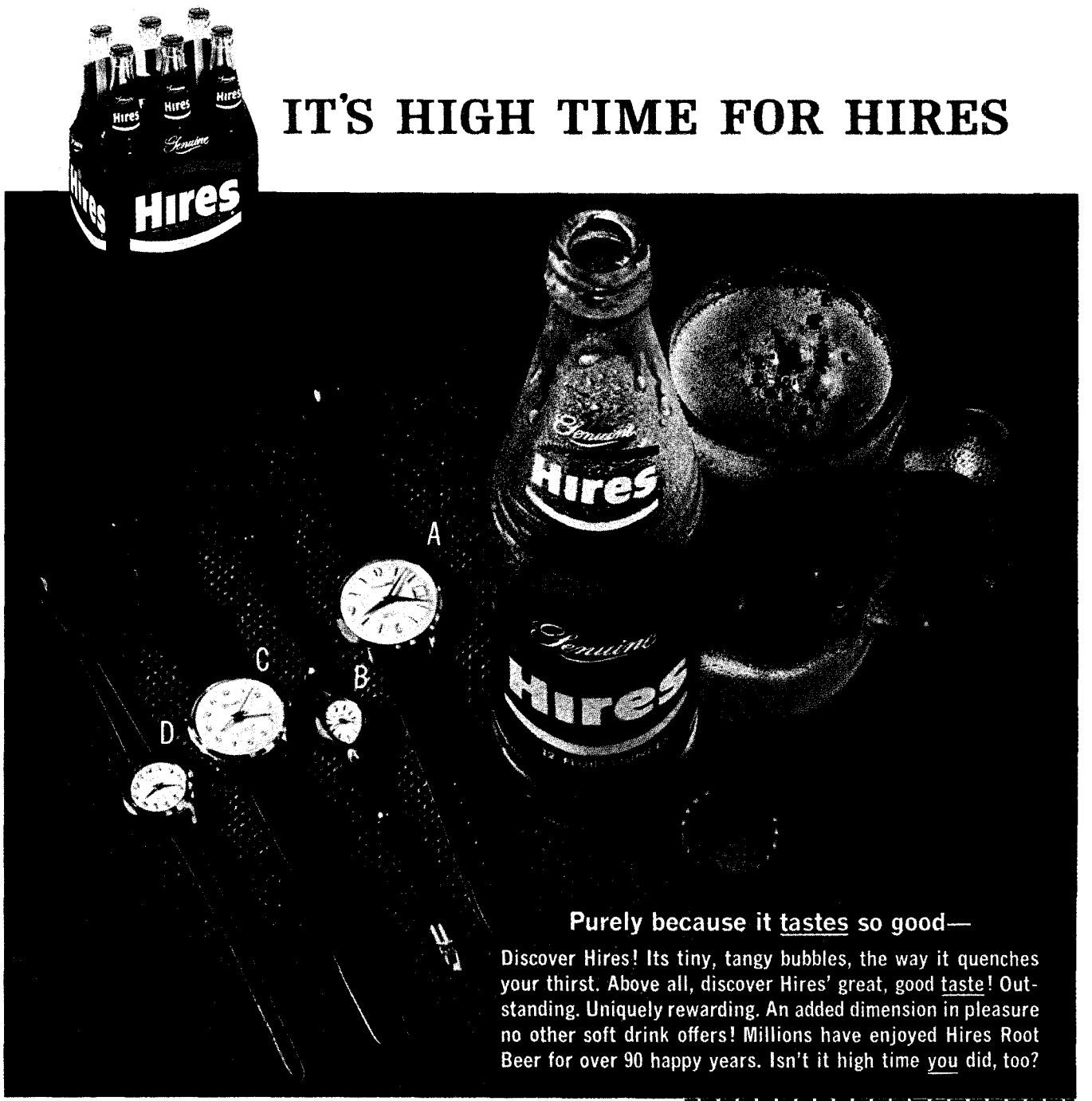
"How far is that from New Haven?"

"Uh, let me think."

"Never mind. I only asked because you knew my brother went to Yale. Harry."

"Yes, I guess everybody in town knows that Mr. Stokes went to Yale."

"What was that again?"



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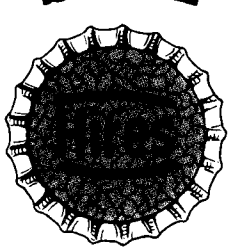

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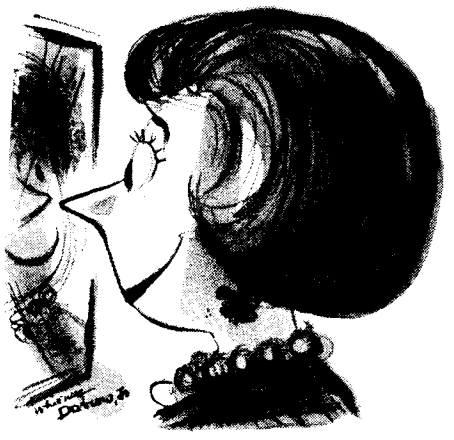

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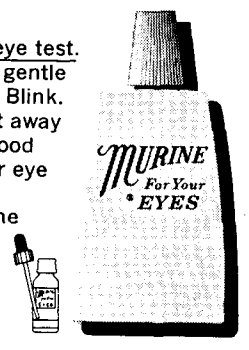

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AFTERNOON WALTZ

He smiled, and said nothing.

She glared at him, but her glare changed to a smile. "Well, it *is* true that my brother's very proud of having gone to Yale."

"He spoke to my father about sending me there, but Yale was too stylish for us. That was when I was thinking of becoming a preacher."

"I take it you've given that up," said Harriet Shields.

"Yes, I've given it up."

"What do you plan to do instead?"

"Nothing. At least, not take a job, or learn a profession."

"Why, everybody does something in Gibbsville. At least till they're old enough to retire. But you're not old enough to retire."

"I don't have to retire. I never did anything to retire from."

"Then it's not going to be easy for you to find a wife. A man that sits around the house all day isn't what the modern girl is looking for."

"Probably not, but there are two sides to that question, too."

"Meaning, I suppose, that you're going to remain a bachelor."

"I guess that's what I am. A bachelor. I never thought of myself as a bachelor. Just a fellow that wasn't planning to get married. But after you reach a certain age I guess they call you a bachelor."

"You're not a woman-hater, are you?"

"No, I like some. I never got to know many girls."

"What kind of girls do you like?"

"What kind do I like? My goodness, that's another thing I never thought of. I'd have to think."

"I should imagine that a girl would have to show how much she appreciated you before you'd take a fancy to her."

"Then I have a long while to wait."

"Not necessarily. If you gave them a chance. Girls are intelligent, too, you know. But you'll never meet the intelligent ones just sitting at home all the time. You have to get out once in a while. Otherwise you'll be an old bachelor before you know it. There are so many different ways to meet girls. Do you play cards?"

"In *our* house?"

"That's true. You're Methodist. They don't allow dancing, either, do they? Well, here's our root beer. I thought you were going to take all day, Amy."

"No ma'am," said the maid. "I had to move a big cake of ice. The iceman pushed everything in back of the box so there was fifty pounds of ice in front of the soft drinks. I told him a hundred times ——"

"Thank you. We'll talk about it later," said Harriet. She sipped her root beer. "Yum! Go ahead, drink it while it's nice and cool."

"I was enjoying the smell of your cologne. Is that what you call it? Cologne?"

"Roger and Gallet's Eau de Cologne. Thank you, I'm glad you like it. You see, you're not a woman-hater at all, if you appreciate scent."

"I never said I was a woman-hater. I just don't know any, or hardly any."

"And those you've known haven't been the right kind. Would you like to join the Assembly, now that your parents are gone?"

"What for? You know I don't dance."

"The Assembly isn't only a ball, John. Mr. Shields doesn't dance any more, but we'd never miss an Assembly. Why, for some people in town it's the only opportunity they get all year to put on their best bib and tucker, display their party manners. It's a very nice occasion."

"I guess the women would enjoy it, but do the men?"

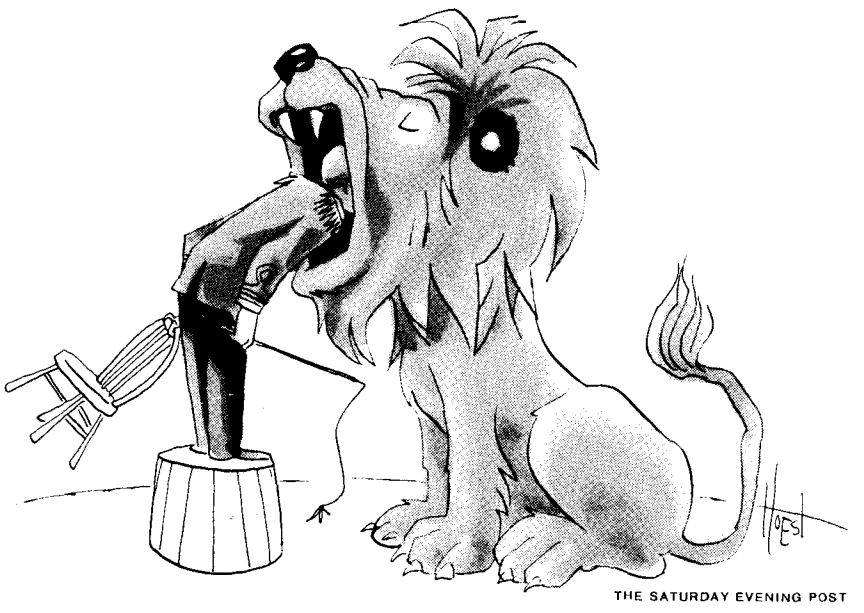
"Ah, indeed they do. As much as the ladies. I think there's a meeting in a week or two. Suppose I ask Mr. Shields to put your name up? If *he* puts you up, you'll get in, then you'll be a member for life. As long as you pay your ten dollars a year."

"Ten dollars?"

'Oh, now, ten dollars won't send you to the almshouse, and some day you may be very glad you joined."

"I can't dance, I don't have a full dress, and I hardly know any of those people."

"It's time you rectified all those things. A young bachelor who lives on Lantenengo Street has certain obligations. If you don't agree, then you



"What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?"

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ought to move to the other side of town, where such things don't matter."

"My father was never in the Assembly."

"No, and if he had wanted to be, he couldn't have been."

"Then why should I want to join it? What was the matter with my father?"

"Morally or financially, nothing, I suppose. But socially, everything."

"I'm no better, socially."

'Oh, yes, you are. You have more finish."

'Not so's you could notice it."

'You're wrong. I *have* noticed it. You haven't got *la politesse*, as the French say, but you have a manner. I don't quite know how to describe it, but it's there. Now I suggest that you arrange to take dancing lessons—privately, of course. Then by the time New Year's Eve is here, you'll be able to trip the light fantastic as well as any of them. And you have a great advantage over most of the men—you're tall."

"Dancing lessons?"

"Professor Long and his wife. They give private instruction in Union Hall, you know."

"I couldn't do that, Mrs. Shields. I'd feel foolish."

"Very well, then *I'll* teach you. Tomorrow afternoon you come here at two o'clock, and we'll start our lessons."

"Here?"

"Of course, here. Look at this floor. It was meant for dancing. Take up a few rugs, move a few chairs, and this is really a ballroom. From two o'clock to three. If you haven't got the proper shoes, go down to Schoffstall's and buy a pair. That's where Mr. Shields buys his, and most of the other gentlemen. And don't let Bert Hillyard overcharge you for the awning the way he did me." She rose. "I'm sorry there isn't room for you in my buggy, or you could ride down to Schoffstall's with me. But the walk'll do you good."

He walked with her to her carriage, and even in the open air her perfume was inescapable.

During the rest of that summer and into the months of autumn, John Wesley Evans was seen going in and out of the Shields house twice or three times a week, always early in the afternoon. At that time of day Percy Shields was invariably at the club, and his absence from home during John Evans's visits was duly noted, as was the fact that young Evans had departed before the tea-time arrival of Harriet Shields's daily callers. When the visits had occurred frequently enough and regularly enough, the curious advanced beyond mere speculation: they questioned Sarah Lundy when they encountered her at the meat market, the butcher shop, and on the slow climb up Tenth Street. Even a less subtle woman than Sarah Lundy could not have failed to notice the new friendliness of housewives who in the past had ignored her entirely or had thought nothing of preempting her place in the customers' lines. "Good morning, Sarah. No, you go right ahead, you were here first," they would say. Then they would manage to engage her in conversation which unfailingly included a reference to her young employer. "Busy as ever with his French lessons," said one woman.

"What French lessons?" said Sarah Lundy.

"I understood he was taking French lessons from Mrs. Shields," said the woman.

"First I heard of it," said Sarah Lundy.

"Oh, yes. Three or four days a week he has a lesson. At least, that's what I understood. Well, it's nice for him that he has someone so near."

"First I knew about any French lessons. He goes over there, but I didn't know that's what it was for."

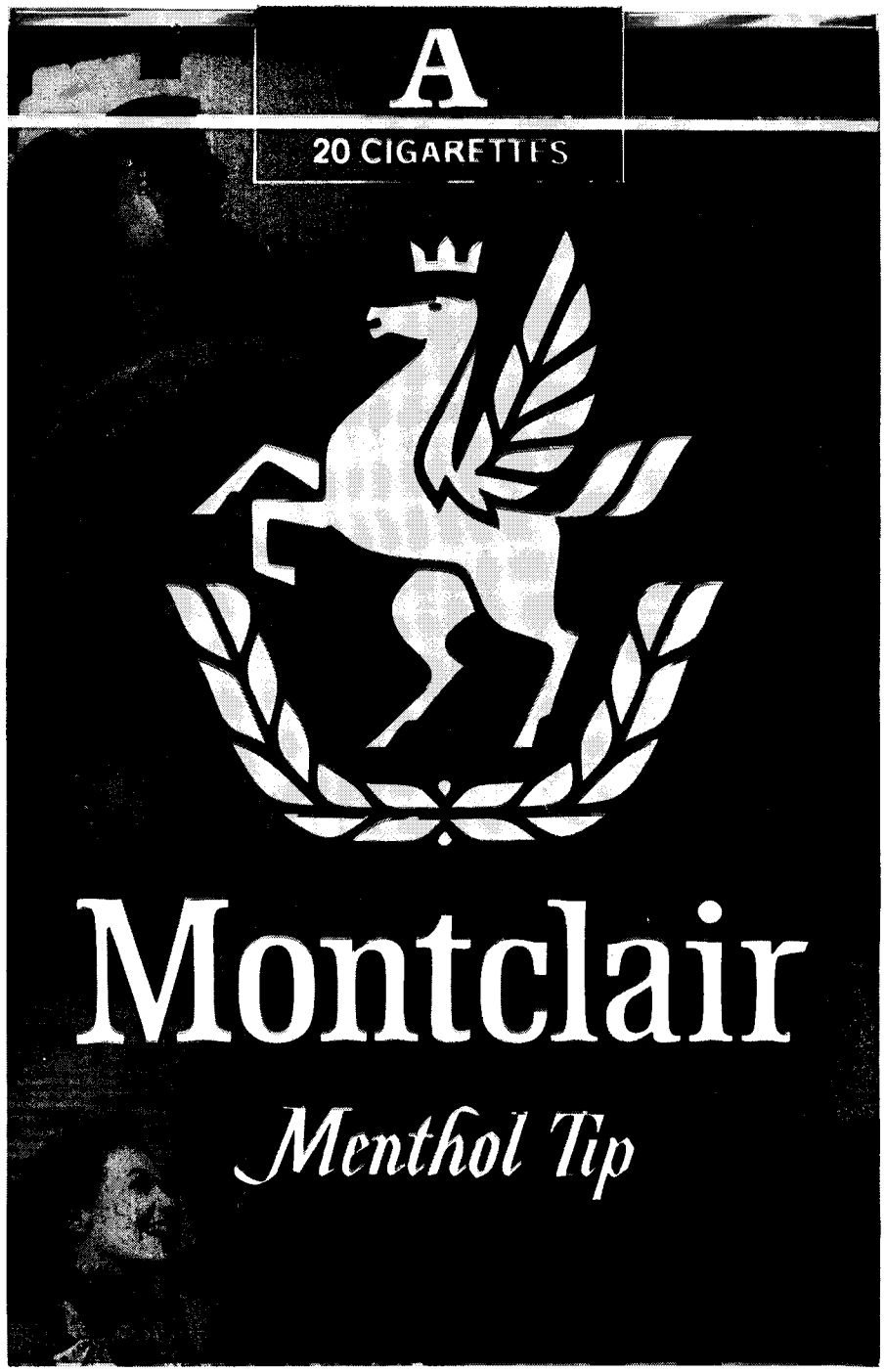
"In connection with a book he's writing," said the woman.

"Ah, that I knew about. He's forever talking about books," said Sarah Lundy.

It was as exasperating to Sarah Lundy as to the curious that she had so little information to give. John Wesley Evans had never so much as told her that he was going to call on Mrs. Shields. At five minutes to two in the afternoon, three afternoons a week, he would leave the house, destination unannounced, and be gone till five or ten after three. Sarah Lundy soon knew that he went to call on Mrs. Percy

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"How do you know the fault is in my 'leading'? Maybe the fault is in your 'following'!"



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Shields, but did not know why. When he got home he would close the door of his library, but she could hear him muttering, "*One* two three, *one* two three, *one* two three," over and over again, and once when she made some excuse to enter the library, he was doing some kind of exercise.

"You know I don't like to be disturbed when I'm working," he said. "What *is* it?"

"I thought I heard you call me," she said.

"You didn't think any such thing. Go on about your business."

"Either you called me or you're getting the habit of talking to yourself. Is that from one of your French lessons?"

"What French lessons?"

"The ones you're taking off of Mrs. Shields."

"*French* lessons? I see. Is that something you figured out for yourself, or someone else figured out for you? I hazard a guess that it was someone else. Well, you're both wrong. And I'm going to keep you in the dark as long as possible. Forever, if I can."

"I'm sure I care little enough what goes on with you and the old lady. Although she isn't that old that a young man's company ——"

"Go on about your business, I said." He weighed the matter, and, after eating a banana and a whole bunch of grapes, he came to the conclusion that he must report the conversation to Mrs. Shields.

"Well, I do declare," she said, when he had finished.

"You're not angry?" he said.

"Of course I'm angry," she said.

"Not at me, I hope," he said.

"Good gracious, no. Nor at your clumsy Sarah. But I am angry with whoever tried to pump her. I'll find out who that was and make her pay for it. I love gossip, but I believe in certain rules."

"Certain rules about gossip?"

"Well, yes, in a way," she said. "A lady doesn't descend to gossip with a servant. It's mean and disloyal. They gossip about us, every chance they get, and that's to be expected. But when a woman of our station in life tries to extract juicy morsels from a servant, that's treacherous. Servants find out enough without any help from one of us. I'm going to punish that woman, whoever she was."

"How will you find out who she was?"

"I don't know, but I'll set a trap for her. It could be one of my own little toadies. I rather suspect it is."

"Your own little toadies? One of your servants?"

"Don't you pay attention to what I say? *Not* one of my servants. One of the ladies I have in for tea every day. Those are my toadies."

"Oh, I thought they were your friends," he said.

"I have no friends. If I had any, I lost them when I married Percy Shields. It was perfectly all right for him to marry me, but it was all wrong for me to marry him. You probably won't see the difference, but there was one."

"Why *did* you marry him?"

"Because he was ardent. You're too young to know about such things, but when you're thirty years older you'll know that a man in his fifties *can* be ardent. And he can seem especially so to an ignorant, inexperienced young woman. I adored him."

"But you don't any more?" he said.

"That doesn't last very long, even with two people of the same age. They have children, and that's what makes the marriage last."

"But you had no children, and your marriage has lasted."

"I had a child. A man in his sixties. A toothless baby that had to learn how to walk. Yes, and even had to have his bottle every day. Haven't you ever noticed that my husband walks as if he were afraid he was going to fall, like a little child?"

"I never thought of it that way," he said.

"That's why I love to dance with you, John. When I was a young girl I loved to dance. Not just round-dancing, but any kind. My mother used to tell me that I was getting too big to skip on my way home from school. But I wasn't skipping. I was dancing. Well, let's get to our lesson."

"I don't think you feel like it today," he said.

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She looked at him and frowned. "No, I don't," she said. "But how did you know?"

"Oh—mental telepathy. Something like that," he said.

"Call it that, I suppose. It's not a term that has any sweetness, tenderness. But you're afraid of tenderness, aren't you?"

"I don't know," he said.

"You are. And so am I," she said. "I could show you what it can be, but then you'd never come back. Don't look at my neck, my chin, John. The rest of me is very nice."

"I want to see the rest of you," he said.

"Sometime I'll let you, but now you must go."

"Why not now? The door is closed," he said.

"Please go. But if you want to, you can come back tonight."

"How can I? Your husband will be here."

"Come at eleven o'clock. The front door will be unlocked, and I'll be here."

"Where will your husband be?"

"My baby will be sound asleep, snoring, and dead drunk. And nothing will wake him until five o'clock tomorrow morning. At eleven o'clock there won't be anyone on the street, and most of the leaves are still on the trees. I'll be waiting for you, I promise. And if you decide not to come, don't ever come again."

The great doctor in Philadelphia said there was nothing to be done. "This is a thing that started in your left eye, most likely when you were no more than ten or twelve years old," said the doctor. "That was when you started wearing glasses."

"Yes, sir," said John Wesley Evans. "Fifth grade. I'm going by the teacher I had the first time I put them on."

"Your parents took you to a man in a jewelry store, and he gave you your first pair of glasses. But Dr. Phillips tells me there was a good eye-ear-nose-and-throat man in your town. I don't understand it. Your family weren't poor."

"My mother bought my glasses at the same place where she bought hers," said John. "I guess she didn't know any better."

"That was it, I suppose," said the doctor. He studied his patient. "I can't say now how much difference it would have made, Mr. Evans. But a good eye doctor would have looked at your left eye and noticed things that needed attention. By that time your right eye had started to go."

"Yes, I had to get new glasses every two years."

"Always from the man in the jewelry store?" said the doctor.

"Yes, sir. He let me try on different glasses till I found the ones that were the most comfortable."

"And you'd wear them for two years?"

"Just about. Maybe a little longer. When I went away to college I got thicker ones. Stronger lenses."

"You used your eyes a lot, studying."

"I always did, not only studying but reading. I like to read."

"You haven't spent much time outdoors, have you?"

"No, I liked to read," said John.

"The sunlight bothered you?"

"Yes, I guess it did, thinking back."

"Dr. Phillips tells me you thought of studying for the ministry."

"I gave that up a long time ago. Why?" said John.

"I was thinking of your future," said the doctor. "You ought to plan for it, have something to do."

"It won't be the ministry. I don't believe in God, and I believe in Him less now that I ever did."

"That's understandable, but in the times I've seen you, you impressed me as having quite a lot of courage."

"That's bluff," said John.

"Bluffing takes courage under the circumstances, Mr. Evans," said the doctor. "Now I'll be frank with you, because I've found out that I can be. There are probably some doctors who would perform an operation on your eyes. I won't put you through that, because in my opinion the operation would not be successful. However, if you feel that you owe it to yourself to have the operation, Dr. Phillips knows the names of other doctors in my field."

"That isn't giving me much choice, is it?"

"No, and that's why I put it that way. I'm usually the doctor that they come to as a last resort."

"Dr. Phillips said you were the best," said John.

"Well, I don't believe in false modesty, especially in a surgeon. If I knew of a better man, I'd send you to him myself. In about six years I'm going to have to stop doing surgery, and by that time we'll know more, and there'll be new men coming along. But not in time to do you any good."

"How long is it going to be before I go completely blind?"

"You'll be able to see, to get around, for another eighteen months, I should say. But you're not going to be able to read for more than four or five months. Reading is going to be more and more difficult for you. It is already. Have you done much traveling?"

"None at all," said John.

"Would you like to see the Parthenon? The Eiffel Tower? In other words, I'm suggesting that since you can afford it, now is the time to travel, to see things. And people. If *I* were in your position, I'd spend part of that time looking at beautiful women, preferably in bed, and all sizes and colors. But my morals have never been my strong point, as anyone in Philadelphia will tell you."

"I have no morals, either," said John Wesley Evans, more to himself than to the doctor.

"I find that hard to believe," said the doctor.

"Oh, I've never disgraced my parents or anything like that, but *inside* I have no morals. I've never wanted to be a good man. I just wanted to be left alone. You go your way, and I'll go mine. That was my philosophy of life. You find it hard to believe that I have no morals, but I once killed a person."

"You did? How?"

"I didn't shoot them or anything like that. But I helped this person to commit suicide. The person could not have committed suicide without my help."

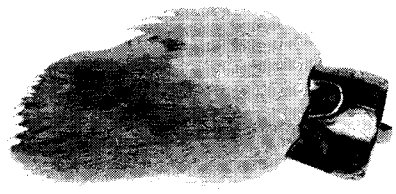
"Well, legally I suppose you could be held responsible for manslaughter. Not knowing the circumstances, I can't say. But right here on Walnut Street there are dozens of men of the medical profession who face that problem every day. Religious men, too. As an eye doctor I don't have to face the problem as

are you lucky?

Mere coincidence makes everyone lucky—at least once in a while.

BUT a

. . . or a



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much as a man who does abdominal surgery, for instance. But here on Walnut Street, and all over the country, all over the civilized world, surgeons operate on men and women, make the incision, and discover an absolutely hopeless condition. The patient is asleep, under chloroform. Why not let the poor man, or woman, stay asleep?"

"Why not?"

"Ah, but it's not that easy. There may be another doctor there, and there are always surgical nurses. Some of them know as much about surgical techniques as some doctors. That's the practical side, the chance of being reported and ruined professionally. On the ethical side, it's as bad or worse. Doctors discuss ethics while they're medical students, but after medical school you don't hear as much of that talk. We doctors tend to keep those thoughts to ourselves, the older we get and the more set in our ways. We confine our ethical discussions to something we call ethics, but is really no more than professional courtesy."

"What if I see a woman naked and fall in love with her? Isn't it going to be worse when I can't look at her any more?"

"I was wondering what you were thinking during my speech about ethics," said the doctor.

"Why did you think you had to make a speech?"

"That leaves two questions unanswered," said the doctor. "Well, I mentioned the Parthenon. I was in Athens a great many years ago, and I've never gone back. But I remember the beauty of the Parthenon, and always will. I'm very glad I saw it when I could. That should answer your first question, especially since you're not going to lose your sense of touch. I have often touched women in the dark, and so will you. As for your second question, I make these speeches to get you to talk. I want you to be stimulated to ask me questions. Remember, Mr. Evans, this has been my lifework, and I've had to tell other patients the same thing I've told you. If I can't help you in one way, I may be able to help you in others."

"Now I understand," said John Wesley Evans. "Will I ever stop being afraid?"

"You've already begun to stop," said the doctor. "But that's not saying you aren't going to have a difficult time later on. The fear will pass, but getting reconciled to your blindness may take time. Have you got a friend, a very close friend?"

"One, yes," said John.

"You're lucky," said the doctor. "Man, or woman?"

"A woman."

"She's older, and she's married. Am I right?"

"Yes."

"Does she know you've been to see me?"

"Yes."

"Could you ask her to come and see me?"

"What for?"

"To answer the questions she wants to ask me," said the doctor.

"You certainly do know a lot, Doctor," said John. "She's here in Philadelphia. She's staying at the Bellevue Stratford Hotel."

"You might as well tell me her name. I'm very closemouthed. I've had to be."

"Her name is Mrs. Percy B. Shields."

"I could ring up the hotel on the telephone."

"You don't have to. She's waiting outside in a hansom cab."

"Will you go out and ask her to come in?" said the doctor.

John Wesley Evans smiled. "She wanted to come in with me, but I wouldn't let her. She's always right."

There is nothing more that need be added to this small story. The reader can fill in for himself the assumption that the news of John Wesley Evans's blindness created genuine dismay. The devotion of Harriet Shields to her young neighbor was soon of a piece with her devotion to her aged husband. When Percy Shields died, the townsfolk were prepared to be tolerant of a marriage between Harriet and John Wesley Evans, but it did not take place. In a little while, John Wesley Evans became truly if prematurely a typical resident of the Ten-Hundred block, one of the sequestered men and women who gave a character to the neighborhood that was as solemn as brownstone and brick. But sometimes on a summer afternoon, on a favorable day in May, a warm day in September, there would be the sound of a waltz coming from Harriet Shields's talking machine. It was not loud enough to disturb anyone. □

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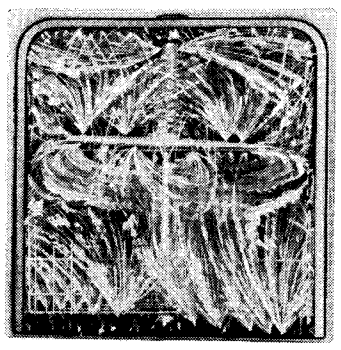

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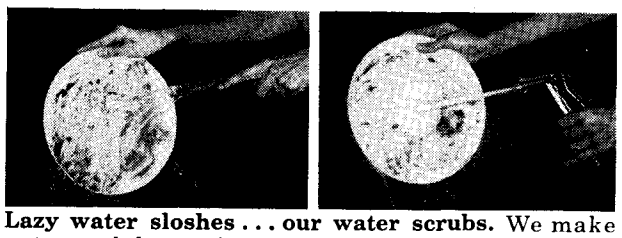

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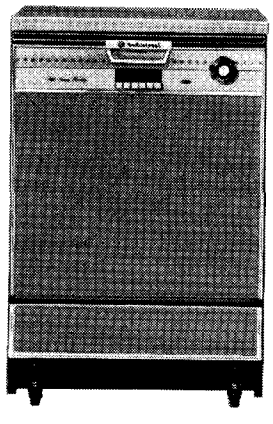

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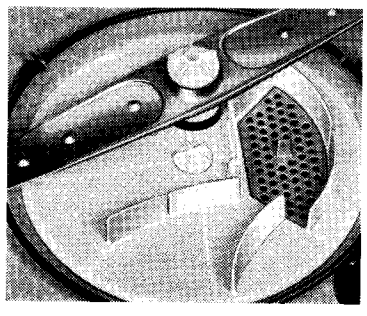

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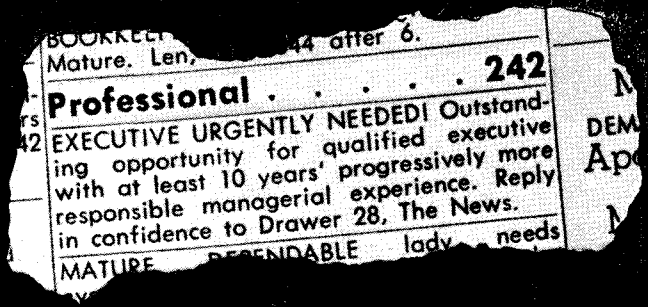
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'He's an old butterfly collector with a net. When I see him, I fly away, but he's always following. One day I shall find myself caught.'

THE SECRET JOURNAL OF WARING STOHL

Illustrated by George Giusti

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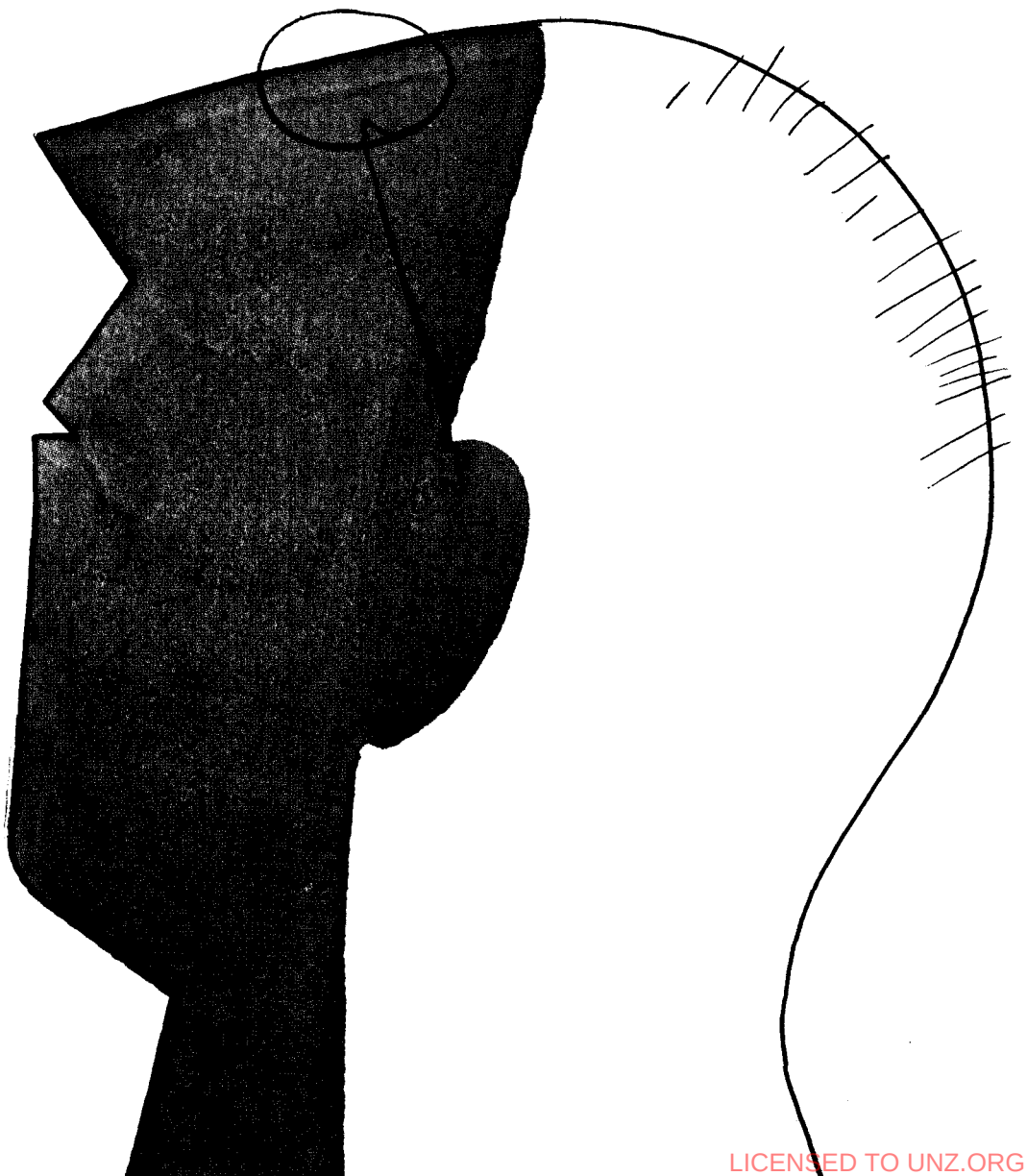
BY LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS

Sears might have become famous without Roebuck, Gilbert without Sullivan, but Professor Streebe had to have help—and what's more, he knew it.

Working in an auction room is like working in a funeral parlor: Sooner or later everybody comes to you. In the first years of my employment by the ancient gallery of Philip Hone & Sons, at the corner of Park Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, I used to feel like a vulture when, dining out, I caught myself wondering when the Redon pastel over the mantel, or the Dresden centerpiece, or even the monogrammed tablecloth itself, would fall under my jurisdiction. But after I moved into the book department, this feeling was greatly diminished. Even if I caught my appraising eye roaming to the shelves that held my host's first editions, I would reflect that a book is not as personal as a dish or a chair or a picture. A book, in its way, belongs to everybody.

Certainly Professor Nathaniel Streebe had felt so, and when his executors submitted his great collection of Americana to the gallery, I approached the task of preparing the catalogue in an almost festive mood. Streebe had expressly stipulated in his will that his books and manuscripts be sold at auction, "so that other collectors may share the joys of acquisition that I have had." It was my biggest job to date at Hone's, and I viewed with appreciation the piles of books on the long desk in my workroom. The old man's will seemed to be a noble act, so unlike the usual collectors' wills which buried their masters' accumulations under a museum tombstone. Museums are all very well for artifacts, but books? What can they do with books? Streebe's course in American Lit had been the high point of my four years at Columbia, and I was proud to be an instrument in his posthumous scheme.



Truly, it was a collection to make the mouth water. Here were all of Hemingway's first editions, each inscribed to Streebe with an obscenity. Hemingway sometimes used to do this playfully when asked by friends to sign their copies. He meant to reduce the value, but only made it soar. Here was Henry Adams's own copy of *Democracy;* here were Edith Wharton's childhood verses, privately printed; here was Abraham Lincoln's bookmark. Streebe had never been a rich man; the collection had been made up over a long lifetime of watching and pouncing.

And gifts. Oh yes, many gifts! Hundreds of young novelists had sent their first books to Streebe, and he had kept them all. I had found trunkloads of such in the cellar of his Riverside Drive apartment and shipped them off, after a screening, to the secondhand market. But the screening had netted me, in mint condition, all of Fitzgerald, all of Wolfe, all of Marquand, and a copy of *Peter Piper*, marked "First off the press," by the young protégé of Streebe's later years, Waring Stohl, who had died before him. On the dedication page, over the glowing printed testimonial to Streebe himself, was scribbled in large, purple letters: "*Homage au Maitre!*"

I could not help the rather sour reflection that it was like Waring to express his effusion in a language that he could neither speak nor spell correctly. It was part of his mockery of everything and everybody, a mockery of which Nathaniel Streebe himself had been a prime target. Back in the winter of 1941, when Waring and I, as seniors, had taken American Lit, he had irked me during those beautiful lectures by passing me notes with such comments as, "The old ham!" or, more venomously, "I'm sorry, I can't help it; I *like* Streebe."

"Why did you take the course?" I would grumble after class. "After all, everyone knows what Streebe's like."

"Everyone knows but no one does anything about it!" And Waring would open his little gopher's mouth and show two huge front teeth in a silent exhalation of sarcastic enthusiasm. He would even clap his little fat hands. "Why do they call it a course? Why don't they recognize that they've got the last of the great vaudeville stars and share him with the multitude?"

There was some shadow of truth in this. Streebe's golden-toned speech was as much a performance as an instruction. Tall, thin, motionless, with froglike features and hair closely cropped in the Prussian style, perfectly garbed in black or the deepest blue, with a starched collar and a brilliant tie, he would stand by the lectern on which he had deposited the handful of first editions from which he needed to quote, and wait the beginning of the hour, oblivious of the assembling student body below him. On the stroke of the hour, silence would fall; the men nearest the doors would close them (no latecomers were admitted to a Streebe lecture), and the master, after a slight, deliberate throat clearing, would begin.

Some people, like Waring Stohl, may have sneered, but while Streebe spoke, even the

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critical were spellbound. He used no gestures or facial expressions. The trick, or art, was in the rich, full, velvety voice; the dulcet, almost monotonous tone; and the roll of the balanced sentences, recited without pause or stammer. There were no discussions in Streebe's classes. One would as soon have risen to one's feet during Gielgud's *Hamlet*, as to have presumed to interrupt the flow of Streebe's discourse.

Streebe's hold on the young, however, was not due exclusively to his oratory. He was always up to date, up to the very minute. The past, for all the conservatism of his old bachelor's appearance, was no more sacred to him than the present. If he reveled in Melville, it was not at the expense of Hemingway; if he adored James, it was not to slight Wolfe. "Do you suppose he's ever been wrong, really wrong, about anybody?" Waring asked me once. "Do you think he might have said 'Tosh!' when he read *This Side of Paradise*, or 'Bunk!' when he read *The Sun Also Rises?* If he did, I'll bet it was only in a tiny whisper until all the reviews were out. Wouldn't it be fun to catch him at it? Why it might almost compensate one for the fatigue of being a genius if one could write a brilliant, controversial book and squeeze a derogatory statement out of him before the hosannas began to blow in!"

Waring Stohl was certainly the least attractive member of our Columbia class. He was short, dumpy, pallid, with a bald dome across which a few greasy locks were carefully tonicked down. His chin was as oval as an egg, and his upper jaw protruded to give him that rodentlike expression of which I have spoken. His voice was unexpectedly deep and resonant, but just as the thick hair on his arms and legs made one more conscious of the doughy whiteness of his skin, so did the masculine depth of his tone only emphasize the silkiness of his speech. He had a habit of putting his face very close to one as he talked, and he had bad breath.

You will ask: How did I put up with him? The answer is that he had a kind of repulsive charm. There was no rebuffing Waring. If he wanted to be your friend, he would dog your steps until he wore you down. This odd little figure, who could play no known sport, who engaged in no extracurricular activity, and who did not even get good grades, ended up as a friend of all the leaders of the Class of 1941. What is more, he never seemed to find it in the least surprising. As he accepted his own unloveliness, so did he take for granted that the whole lovely world was his oyster.

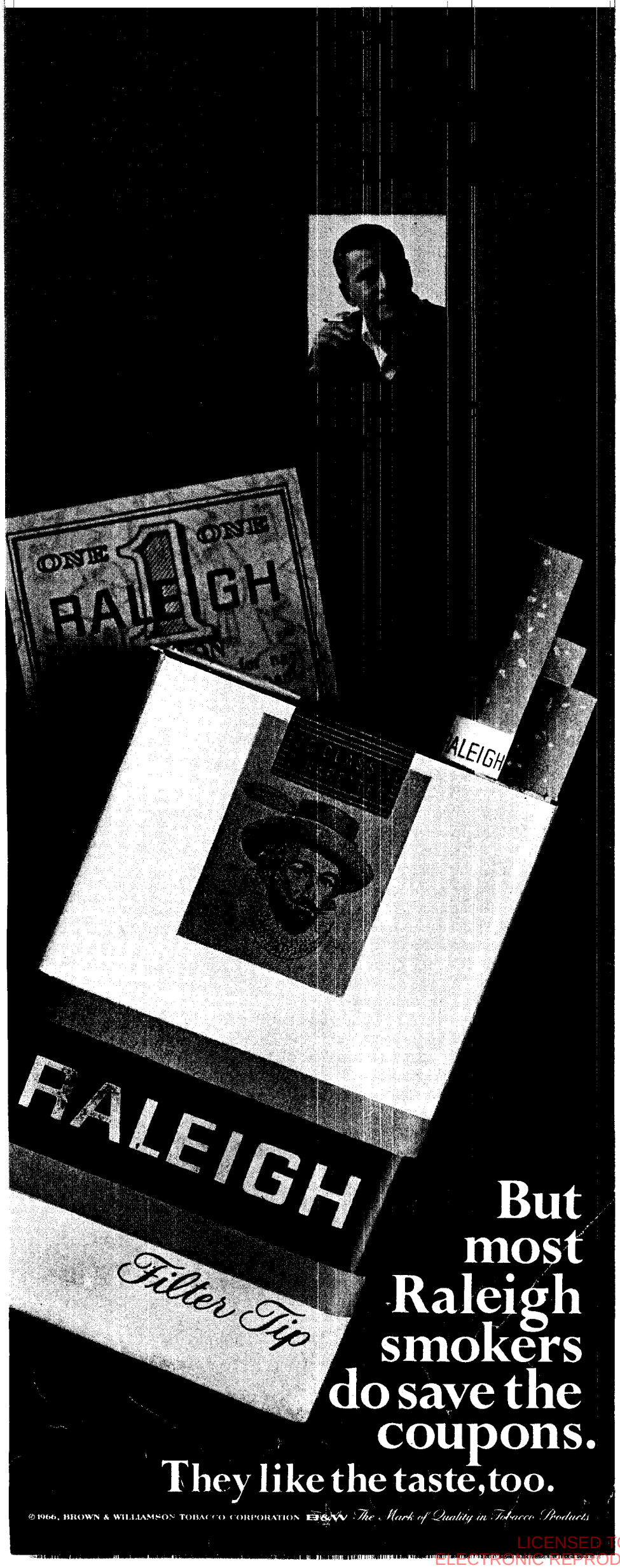
I must not give the impression that he was a toady. That was precisely his trick, that he wasn't. He was invincibly independent in all his opinions. He would not, I think, for the president of the university himself, have expressed admiration for a book or a play or a picture that he did not genuinely admire. On the contrary, he was frequently exasperating in the way he sneered at one's idols, blandly assuming that one would take it in friendly spirit, that all the world shared his own detachment. This was why I hesitated so long, despite all his begging, before taking him to one of Professor Streebe's Sunday afternoons.

These gatherings were held in the library of Streebe's Riverside Drive apartment, amid all the glory of his shelves of Americana. At four o'clock precisely, from ten to twenty members of his American Lit class would assemble for general conversation and a sweet punch of their host's concoction. I do not know just how the group was formed, but I suspect that the common denominator was more social than literary. Streebe, like many professors of English, was a bit of a snob. I was included because he could not very well leave out the student with the highest grades in his course, but there was no room for an oddball like Waring. Waring, however, for some perverse reason of his own, wanted to go, and Waring always got his way. He found out that Streebe allowed the members of his group to bring an occasional guest, and in the end I had to take him. After all, I asked myself desperately, would it kill Streebe to be subjected once to what the rest of us were subjected to regularly?

Waring was gratifyingly silent for most of the session, but toward the end of our allotted two hours, just when I was beginning to congratulate myself that my apprehensions were groundless, something was said of Thomas Wolfe, and Waring burst into effervescent communication.

"Choo-choo Wolfe we used to call him at school, because of all that tosh about engine whistles. He got it out of Whitman, of course."

I did not dare look at Streebe. I simply stared at the floor and prayed. When Streebe spoke, however, he was mild enough.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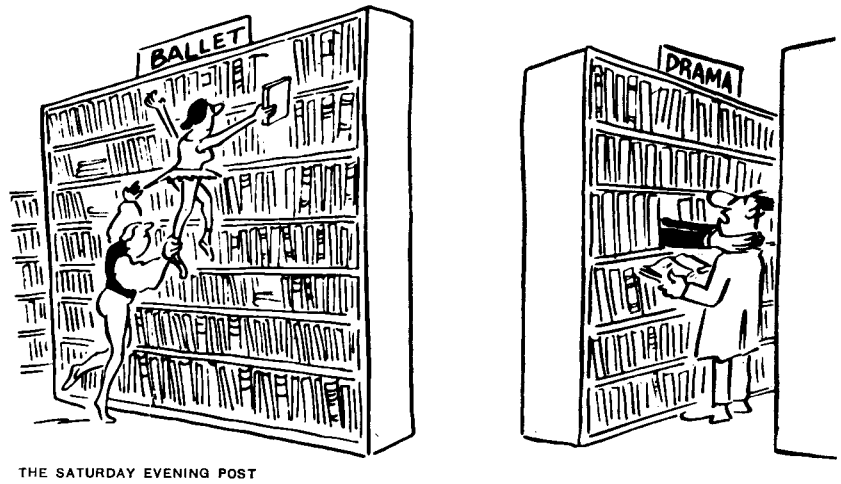

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"I did not mean to imply, Mr. Stohl, that I regarded Wolfe as a great novelist. I think he caught very eloquently the note of nostalgia for the abandoned small-town life that is so peculiarly the product of large American cities. No doubt there are elements of sentimentality, even of hypocrisy in his writing. Oh no, Wolfe is no Hemingway."

"No, he never dropped to that."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I mean, he may be silly, but he's not absurd."

"Hemingway absurd?" Streebe's tone showed simple astonishment. "I rate him more highly."

"My dear professor, you can't mean it! A man who's spent his entire life worrying about the most trivial part of it?"

We all waited for the storm, but the storm did not come. Streebe's face was as inscrutable as his manner was ceremonious. "And which part, pray, do you consider the most unimportant?"

"Why, the end of it, of course, the 'stylish death.' The trouble is that death doesn't really have any style. It's too common. No, it's poor old life that has that."

"Which of today's novelists *do* you prefer, Mr. Stohl?" Streebe's "do" was more curious than sarcastic.

"It's hard to say, isn't it? They're all so pompous and all so Red." I should insert here that Waring was an early anti-Communist. "But I guess old Dreiser's about the best of the lot. At least he admits that he's for the Party. Of course, he doesn't know the first thing about the business world, but that really makes so much of his writing more amusing. It's fantasy, but it's fun."

And still God had not said a word!

"I don't see what Communism has to do with it," somebody interjected, striking the conventional attitude of the day. "Surely a man's political affiliations have nothing to do with whether or not he's a good writer."

"That, of course, is what we *have* believed," Professor Streebe announced rising now to indicate the end of the session, "but I wonder if Mr. Stohl may not be bringing us an intriguing whiff of new attitudes. We mustn't let ourselves become stuffy, gentlemen!" And the final surprise of the afternoon was Streebe's shaking the awful Waring cordially by the hand and adding, "That was very stimulating, Mr. Stohl. May I hope that we can count on you as a permanent member of our little group?"

For the rest of senior year the Sunday meetings were reduced almost to dialogues between Waring and the professor, and some of the faithful, bored, began to stay away. But nothing, not even the loudest and crudest of Waring's enthusiasms or condemnations, was able to disenchant his new admirer. Streebe seemed hypnotized. He would ask Waring question after question and shake his head with noncommittal amusement at the remarkable answers they elicited. Once, Waring even presumed on this new intimacy to ask a question in Streebe's classroom, and received only a modest rebuke.

"I wonder if we could defer that until after class, Mr. Stohl? Otherwise, I lose my train of thought. I'm sorry—it's a matter of advancing years."

It was speculated that Waring had a hidden hold on Streebe—that he had discovered that a chapter in one of Streebe's books had been stolen from an obscure author; that Waring had surprised him filching a rare volume from the Columbia Library; that Waring was his illegitimate son. But by graduation we had still not found the answer, and Streebe's grade in American Lit raised Waring Stohl to a totally unmerited *cum laude*.

Then came World War II, and I lost track of Waring Stohl. I knew that he was 4-F, but I never heard that he was associated with any war work. It would not have been like him to worry unduly about world conflict. I did not see him again until 1947, when I started working at Hone's. We met in the display room, where he was a regular visitor. He greeted me as pleasantly and as happily as though I had simply missed a week of classes at Columbia. He told me that he was living with his mother in Brooklyn Heights, and he laughed when I asked what he did.

"Oh, I don't *do* anything. Every now and then I have to tell the bank to sell a bond, but they still have a few left. Not many, they tell me, but then I don't *need* many."

"You mean you just putter around town?" I am afraid that my tone may have contained a note of contempt. It was always a bit difficult not to disapprove of Waring.

"That's it," he agreed cheerfully. "I putter and dream."

"What do you dream about?"

"Why, my novel, of course!"

"You're writing a novel?"

"Isn't everyone?"

"I'm not."

WEEK—APRIL 17 TO 23

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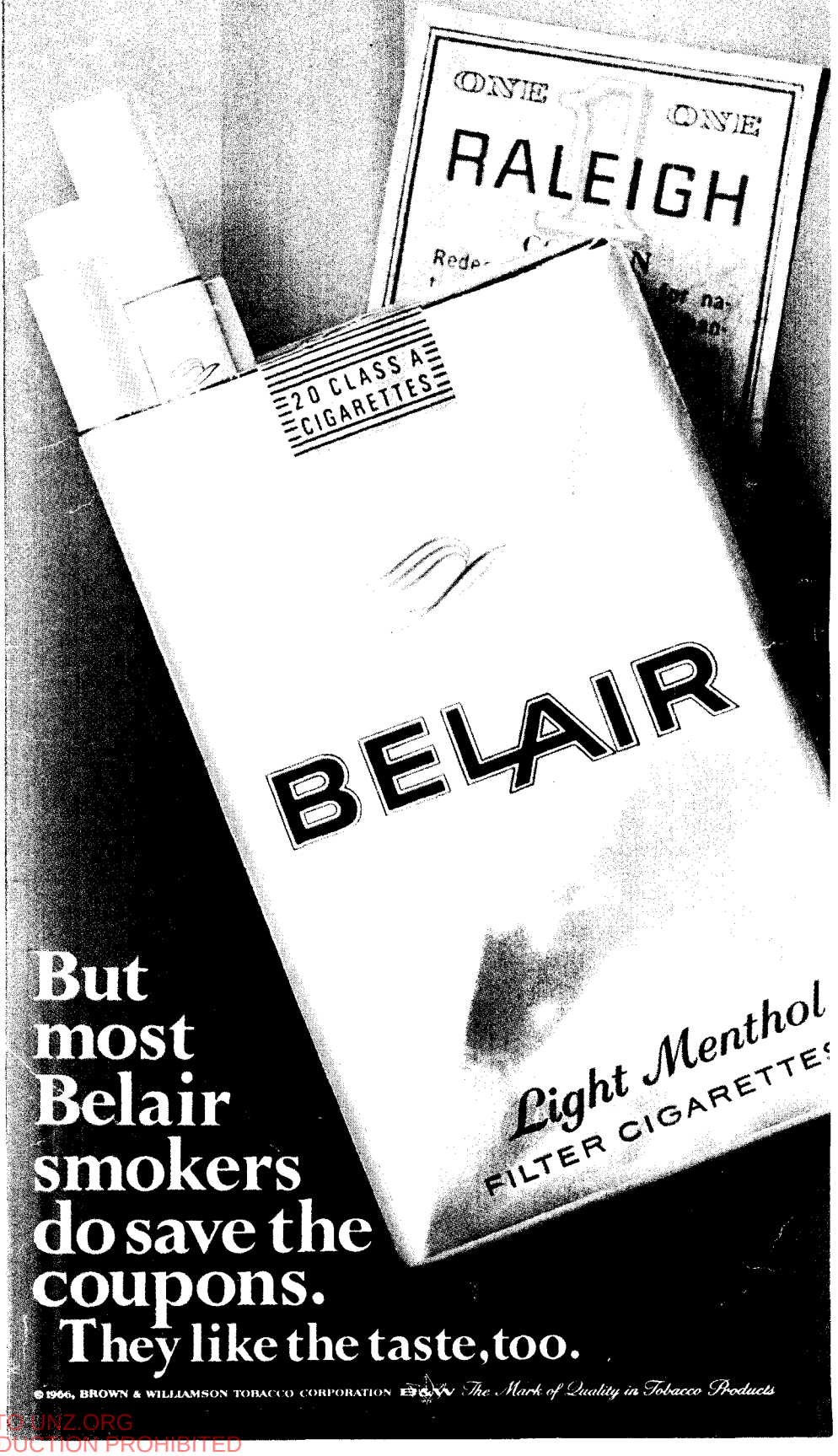

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Waring glanced at the long table with the dreary sets of Victorian fiction. That day, it was a bad collection. "Ah, you sell them, don't you, the poor dead dears," he said with a sigh. "Someday, maybe you'll be selling me."

"You think your first editions will be auction items?"

"They'll be rare, anyway!" And he uttered a loud, sputtering laugh that made the browsers look around. "No, but truly, maybe you will. You can sneer. You can sit in your morgue of books and sneer. But one fine morning you may wake up to the atrocious discovery that your old friend has become a great man."

"A *great* man? Even if you wrote a dozen best sellers, you wouldn't be a great man. Great men don't write novels. They don't even read them."

"What about Disraeli?" he asked triumphantly.

"All right, I'll give you Disraeli," I said wearily. "No doubt Professor Streebe is feeding you with these wild ideas."

Waring flung his arms in the air. "Ah, dear old Streebe is really quite impossible since he's retired. He's always after me, asking how my 'muse' is doing. He's like an officious old midwife poking and prodding a poor girl who's only in her third month."

Whatever the nature of Professor Streebe's ministrations, they must have been productive, for barely a year after this meeting I received an advance copy of *Peter Piper*, "a first novel by a brilliant young satirist, Waring Stohl." I confess that I read it with some trepidation, for I could hardly bear the idea that Waring, the idler and dilettante, should be the first member of our class to make a success. But I need not have worried. The book was quite as bad as any of us could have hoped.

It was really not a novel at all. It was something meant to look like a novel—a fashionable novel of the period. Waring had taken the characters of the popular new Southern school of fiction and moved them up to a brownstone in Harlem occupied by a "great-granddaughter of President Martin Van Buren," who refused to recognize that the neighborhood had changed. You will not be surprised to learn that she was an imperious, highly eccentric old lady whose aristocratic heart was far closer to her poor neighbors than was that of her snobbish son who wanted her to move to the Waldorf. The other characters—well, you name them. There was a sadistic, homosexual policeman, a prostitute who read William James, a beautiful young man who wore blue jeans and motorcycle boots, and wept . . . no, I won't go on.

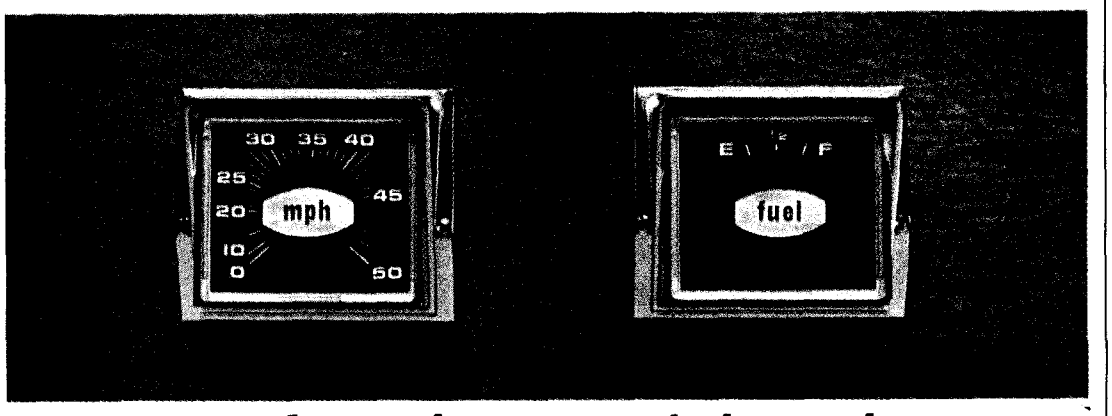
My opinion, however, was obviously not shared by Waring's publishers, who were spending a considerable sum on advance advertising. By the clever expedient of photographing Waring in profile, with an opera hat and cape, they gave him a vaguely Toulouse-Lautrec appearance, which was at least amusing. The novel was said to be a "proof that the Confederacy had not, after all, won the War." I was invited to the publication day party in the Library Room at the St. Regis Hotel and found it jammed with the editors of women's magazines. From the corner where I was rather sourly drinking alone, I spotted Professor Streebe. He too was alone, but he was not drinking. He was studying the crowd like a man who anticipates being called to the witness box to testify to what he had seen.

It was ridiculous! Here was a venerable and respected gentleman and scholar almost on his tiptoes to catch the words of Cholly Knickerbocker. I finished my second drink and went boldly up to him.

"Professor Streebe, may I ask ——"

"Ah, my dear fellow, how are you?" he interrupted me, squeezing my hand with a flattering cordiality. His visits to the book room at Hone's had kept his memory of me fresh. "Could we reverse our old roles for a minute and you be the teacher? Who is that lady in the lavender hat?"

"Somebody you'd do much better to have nothing to do with," I said firmly, propelling the old man by his elbow toward two vacant chairs in the opposite corner. "It's taken a world war to give me the guts to



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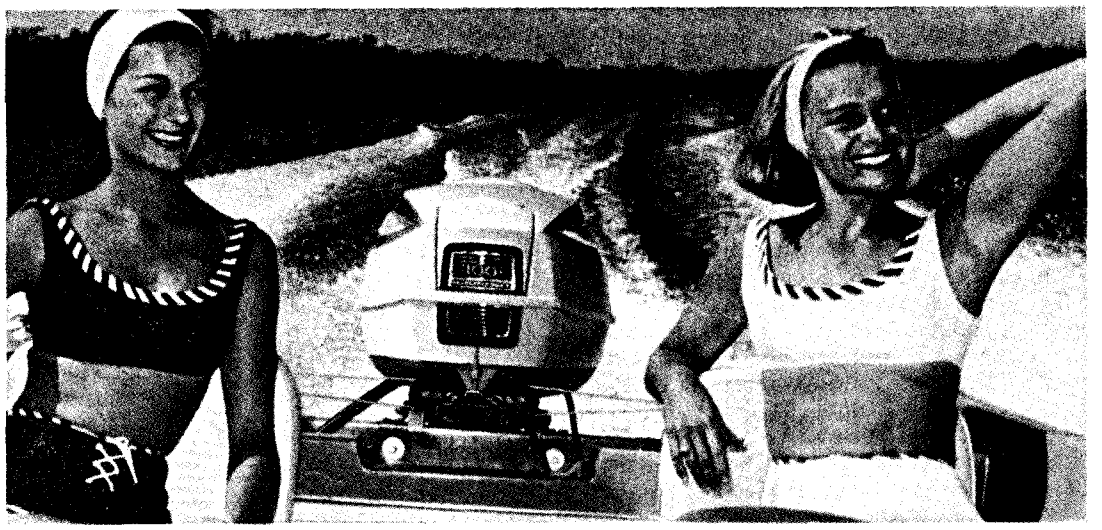

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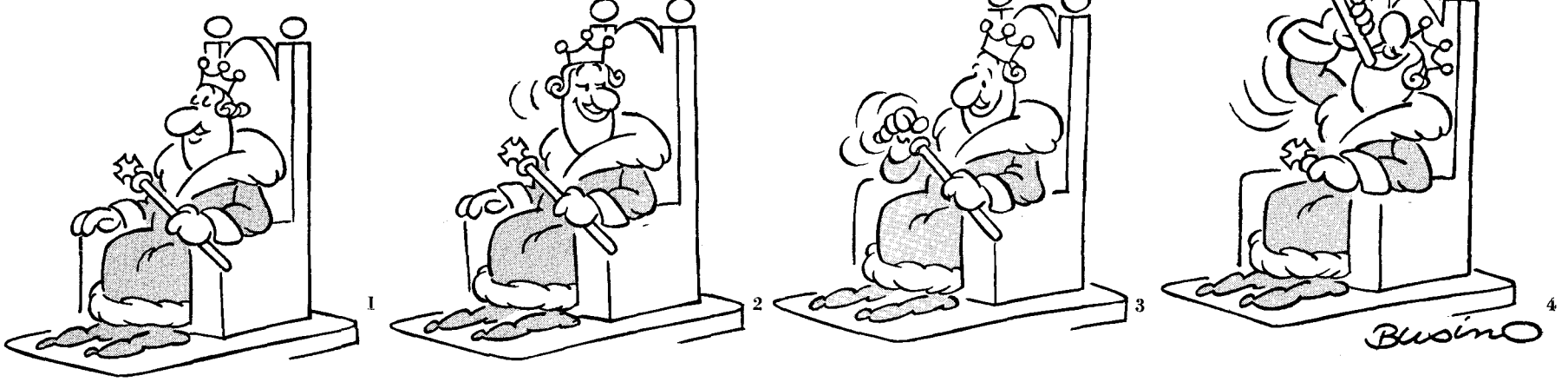

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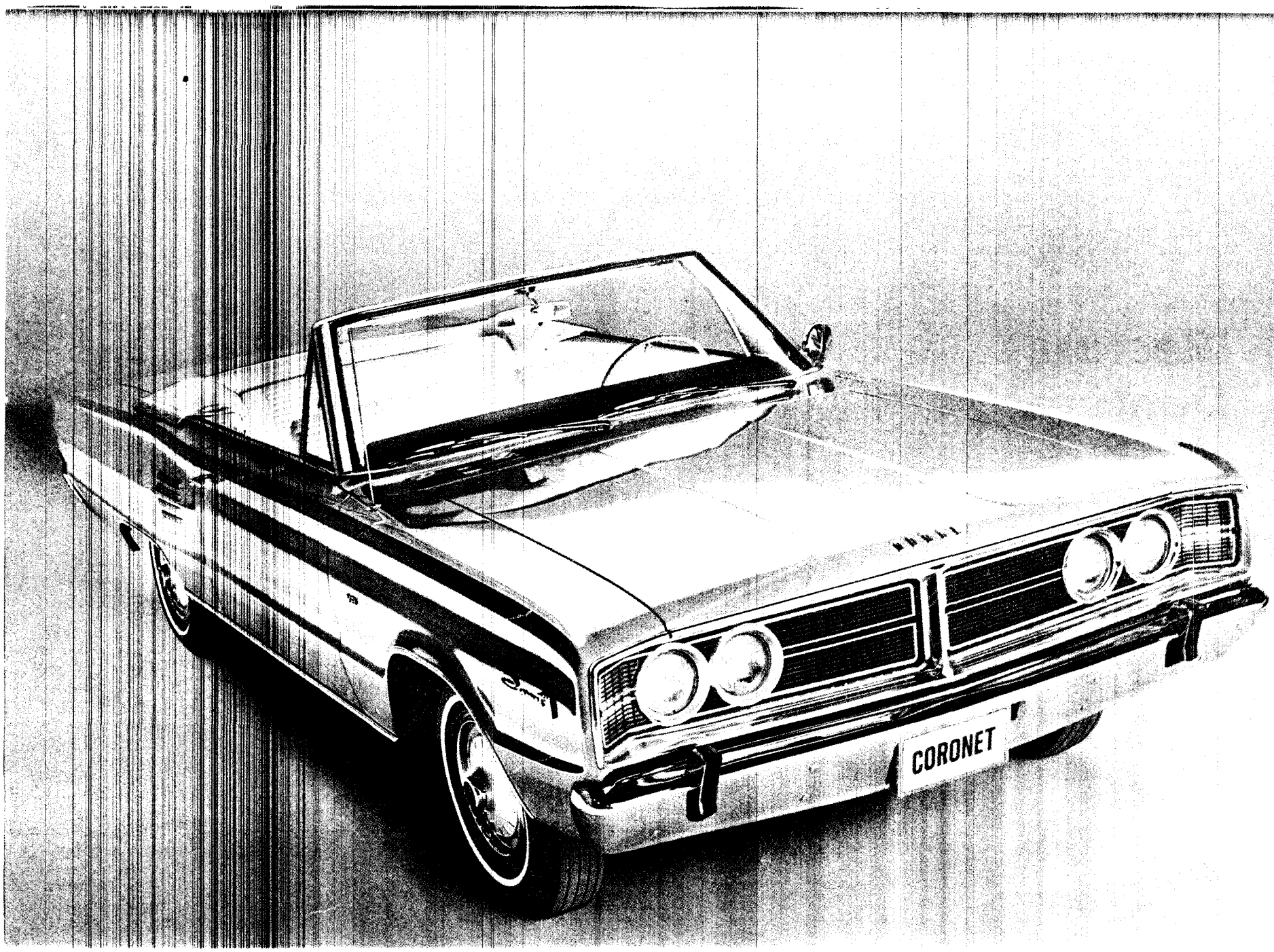

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do this, but I'm going to insist that you sit down for two minutes and answer a serious question."

Streebe proved perfectly docile, except that when we were seated he continued to take furtive looks over my shoulder at the tantalizing crowd. "What on earth can I tell you, young man?" he asked when I said nothing. "Unless it's something about the poor old battered past—which, I must say, doesn't seem to exist in *this* room."

"No, it's very much about the poor old battered present that you can tell me. I want to know what you, the disciple of Thoreau and Whitman, can see in the foolish fiction and posing personality of Waring Stohl." Seeing that I now had his attention, I continued: "By what right, you may demand, do I ask so impertinent a question? By the right of the man who introduced this gaudy bug into your garden!"

Streebe took no offense at my words; on the contrary, he seemed vastly entertained. "Yet you yourself are not reluctant, it seems, to partake of the hospitality of this contagious virus."

"Oh, I'm immune," I said carelessly. "I've known him too long. Besides, *I* don't matter. I have no reputation to lose. But people believe in you, Professor Streebe. *I* believe in you. So, kindly tell me what you're doing in all *this*."

"Your generation is terribly direct," Streebe said, with a rueful shake of his head. "But you must allow an old-timer to start his reply with an indirection. Let me tell you first about Anatole France and Marcel Proust." He changed his tone, and I had the immediate feeling of being again in his lecture hall. If I had had a notebook, I would have opened it.

"When Proust was young and nobody," he began, "he cultivated the literary patronage of Anatole France, the master of French letters. France, always gracious, was amused by his youthful admirer, but he could never take him seriously. What, after all, was to be expected of this little social climber whose airy discourse was all of titled old ladies and beautiful young men? And when the manuscript of *Les Plaisirs et les Jours* appeared on his desk, with the author's humble request that he write the preface, was it not precisely the slender collection of lacquered prose and damp sentiments that one might have anticipated?" Here Streebe shook his head again, this time with vehemence. "I say all this for illustration, you understand. Please do not imagine that I presume to compare myself to Anatole France, the author of *Thaïs!*"

"I have no objection to *that*," I assured him warmly. "Indeed, I find it entirely fitting. It is your implication that Waring Stohl is on a par with Marcel Proust that staggers me."

Streebe, inscrutable again, resumed his lecture. "Anatole France survived his young admirer and lived to see Proust's posthumous triumph. Happily for France, he could not witness the final humiliation. At the sale of his own cherished library by his heirs, it was the copy of *Swann's Way*, with Proust's scribbled tribute, that brought the highest bid!"

"But that happens all the time," I protested, exasperated by the solemnity of Streebe's tone.

"But it won't happen to me!" Streebe exclaimed excitedly. "You'll see that it won't happen to me! If I have any niche in American literary history, it will be through Waring Stohl. You will live to see it, my boy!"

"But what do you have to go on, sir?" I protested, caught between the impulses to wonder and to laugh. "Has he shown you some hidden work of merit? Surely it can't be *Peter Piper?*"

Streebe smiled enigmatically. Obviously, he enjoyed his mystery. "I will only say this," he said as he rose, "and then I must really go and have a word with Waring's mother. The facts on which I base my surmise are as much known to you as to me. The difference lies only in our evaluation of the facts."

I had to be content with this, but in the year that followed I watched Waring's career with reluctant fascination. *Peter Piper* had a decided success, not so much with the book clubs and ladies' discussion circles as in society and, oddly enough, in the serious literary world. These two worlds love a first novel as they love a lover, and a brilliant career was predicted for Waring. But, better yet, the little book was sold to the movies, and Waring found himself financially at ease.

It did little, however, to stimulate his literary activity. In fact, it seemed to put a complete stop to it. Waring rented a floor of a brownstone building which he decorated exotically with looped draperies, large jardinieres, tiger skins, and stuffed antelopes' heads. Amid the scent of incense, he entertained, at cocktails, representatives of the two worlds that adored him. The rich old ladies, with blue hair and blue furs, moved slowly and bravely in and out of the dangerous little box of his self-service elevator and found themselves squeezed against editors with beards, pipes, and sport jackets. But it made no matter. In the world of the late nineteen-forties, art had come of age, and Waring seemed to be the symbol of its happy majority. He went out every night and stayed up very late, and, as he had never been strong, he rested in his bed until noon. In the afternoons he visited the antique shops with his old-lady friends. When did he write? Or did he?

He told me that he didn't.

"You don't think I'd be ass enough to write a second novel, do you?" he demanded. "The one that everybody's waiting to pounce upon? No, I shall not sully my little glory. Besides, man, I'm *busy!* Do you realize that as we speak, I'm due in three places? And that one of them is Elsa Maxwell's?"

When I reproved him for his frivolous existence, he smiled without listening. Only once did he show any emotion at my lectures, and that was when I suggested how deeply he would disappoint Nathaniel Streebe if he did not produce another book. He turned even paler than usual.

"What makes you say that?"

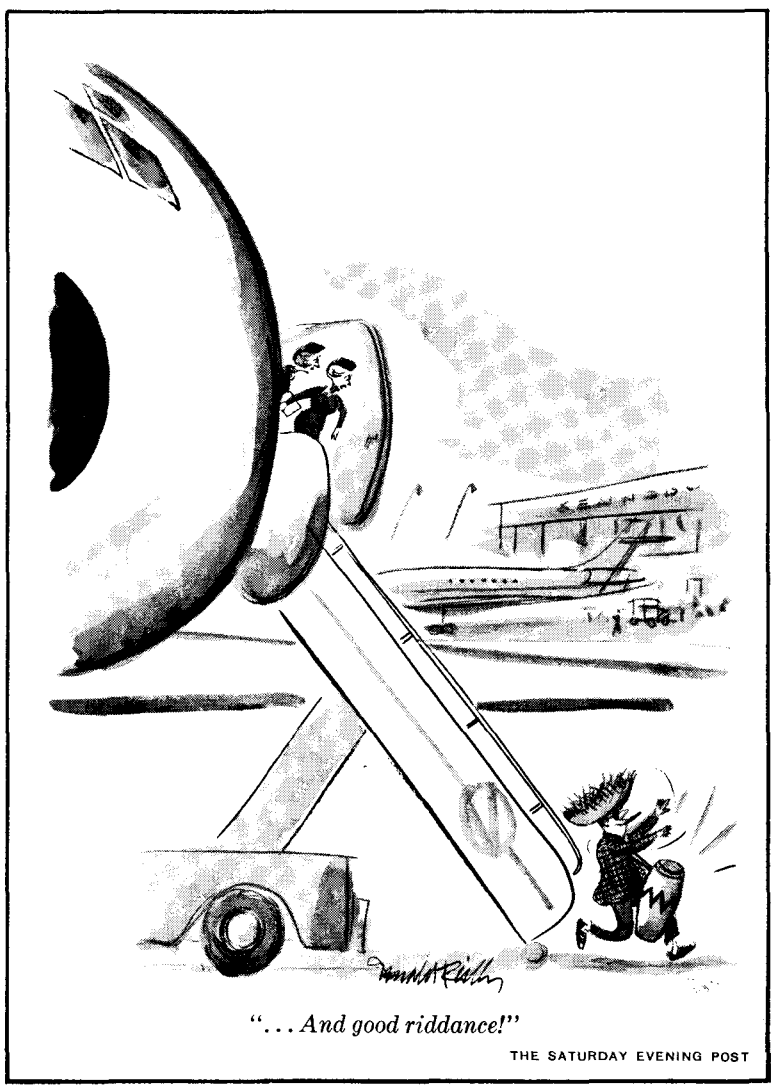
"Because he's expecting a masterpiece. He told me so. Or implied as much."

"Oh, the old fiend!" Waring exclaimed, in a unique burst of temper. "He can't let me be, can he? What does he *want* of me?"

"Only to admire you," I replied in astonishment at such violence. "How can you hold that against him?"

"How little you know him!" he cried with a snort. "He's an old butterfly collector with a net, prowling about a meadow on a sunny day. When I see him, I fly away, but he's always following. One day I shall find myself caught

America, America



"... *And good riddance!*"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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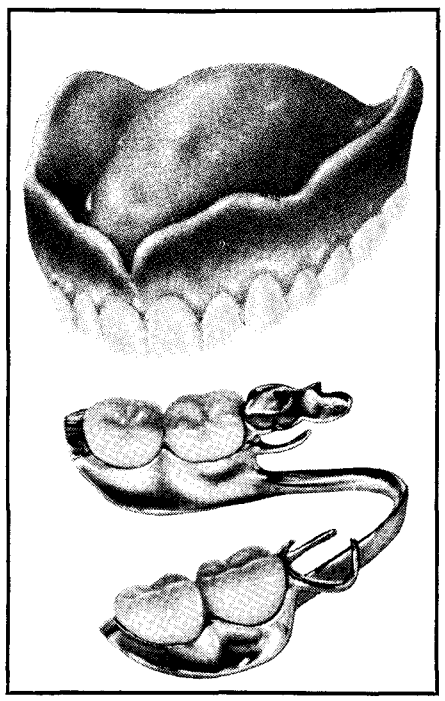
and true pink color



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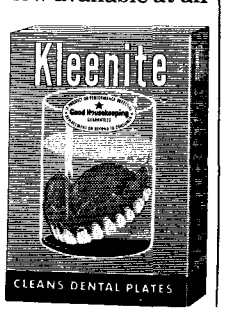

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in that net and taken out in his pale, bony fingers and impaled right through my back with a pin and stuck on one of the ghastly cards of his eternal classifications!"

As I stared at Waring, the yellow shirt and scarlet tie under the small, larva-like face *did* suddenly suggest a butterfly. For just a moment I was appalled.

"What can he classify if, as you say, there won't be anything to classify?"

Waring shrugged. "Well, there's my journal, I suppose. I'll bequeath it to him. Will that make him happy, do you suppose?"

"So you *do* keep a journal!"

"Oh, a line-a-day sort of thing. To keep track of where I've been. It may amuse you to see what he makes of it. What will I care? I'll be playing a harp."

"Streebe's an old man," I pointed out. "Why do you assume he'll survive you?"

"All of you are going to survive me," Waring said. "Don't you know that?"

"Are you serious?"

"Yes." He tapped his chest proudly. "A weak ticker. The wonder is I've got this far. Now you see why I talk of butterflies. We have our one glorious day. Don't look so gloomy, old fellow. I don't mind. I'll tell you something—the only serious thing I've ever said to you." He leaned even closer than was his habit. "One can't live forever on a single novel."

He laughed as he walked off to join his dowager in the main display room, and I was startled to realize that, despite his frivolity, I was absolutely convinced that he was telling the truth. In half-a-year's time he suffered a stroke and had to retire with his mother to a cottage in Florida. Nobody I knew ever saw him again. As soon as an active life was no longer possible, he severed his ties with all his friends. He answered no letters, and would see no callers. With perfect resignation, I was told, he accepted his disability and resolved to die to the world in spirit before he should die in the flesh. Yet it was two years before the end came.

His will, which gave the small balance of his property to his devoted old mother, contained only one other legacy: that of his journal to Streebe.

The next time the great man came into the rare-book room at Hone's, I asked him if he had had occasion to read it.

"Read it? Bless my soul, young fellow, I know it by heart. I'm going to publish it."

"It's so wonderful, then?"

"Just wait till you see!" he cackled.

And I shuddered at my sudden vision of that long pin stuck through an insect's round little body.

I turned now to a clean page in the copybook where I always inscribed the drafts of my catalogue entries and wrote out the following:

"Handwritten manuscript of the journal of Waring Stohl. 353 sheets of lined, yellow, legal-size stationery. The journal was bequeathed by Stohl to Nathaniel Streebe, and formed the basis for his final work: *The Question of the Existence of Waring Stohl*. This philosophical essay, which won Streebe the Pulitzer Prize, is now generally considered his masterpiece. Streebe saw in Stohl's journal a distillation of intellectual life in the late 1940's and early 1950's. Stohl was what he termed a 'non-author' and his novel a 'non-book.' In a world that was disillusioned with disillusionment, and belonging to a generation that was ashamed to repeat the experience of being 'lost,' Streebe saw Stohl as the symbol of the young faddists who sought, in appearances, a reality that they were reconciled in advance to not finding."

I put an estimated price of five thousand dollars on the journal and one thousand dollars on the copy of *Peter Piper*. If the manuscript of *The Question of the Existence of Waring Stohl* had been in the collection, I would have marked it much higher, but that, along with all of the other Streebe manuscripts, had been donated to Columbia during his lifetime. The authorities there hoped to add Waring's journal to the Streebe papers, but, as it turned out, they were outbid by a Texas university. Waring's journal of his pains and parties in Manhattan was sold at Hone's for ten thousand dollars. He and Streebe went down together in the ocean of literary archives, tied to each other for the ages like Captain Ahab and his white whale. □

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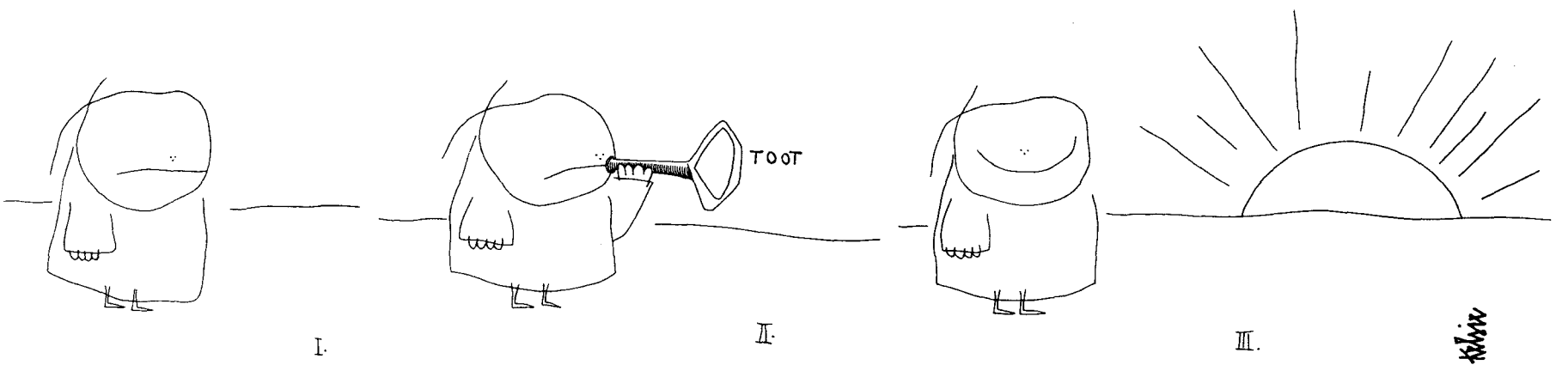

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New, home course, by famous artist Paul Hartley guarantees you will paint pictures skillfully ...or you pay nothing!

Here at last is a complete learn-at-home program that teaches you, step by step, how to paint in oils. "The Hartley Course in Oil Painting" starts you painting canvases right away. And, in 24 days or less, you may do oil paintings you'll be proud to display in your own home or give as gifts to friends. You don't need talent—just the urge to paint.

NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT!

This is NOT merely a book, not a paint-by-the-numbers game. It is a home course of instruction that uses the proven methods developed at Paul Hartley's school where scores of men and women — many with little or no "talent"—discovered the thrill and satisfaction of oil painting in a matter of days.

YOU START PAINTING AT ONCE

The best way to learn to paint *is to paint*—under the direction of a competent artist who shows you step by step what to do. With the Hartley Course, there is no dry period of monotonous, colorless exercises. You waste no time plowing through "theory" or boring mumbo jumbo. You use brush and paint right from the start—begin painting immediately with the very first lesson.

COMPLETE COURSE—ALL THE STEP-BY-STEP INSTRUCTIONS YOU NEED TO GET STARTED RIGHT AWAY

"The Hartley Course in Oil Painting" is created especially for men and women who want to learn to paint in oils, but who have neither the time nor desire to attend a full-time course of instruction. The methods you follow are meant to be absorbed on a part-time basis! You develop your skills as quickly as your own time permits.

Here's how the Course works:

You turn to the first of the 24 large model illustrations which are included with the Course. Then turn to the first instruction manual and read what Paul Hartley has to say in Lesson One, which deals specifically with that particular illustration. Follow the directions on what brush to use, how to hold the brush, how to paint your darks, lights and middle-tones, etc. By the time you finish Lesson One, you will be able to achieve—on your own canvas, and in your own style—your pictorial reproduction of the first large model illustration. Then you proceed to the second large model illustration, and read Lesson Two in the instruction manual. And so on. Wherever color is used, the model illustration shows exactly the color effect to be created—and the instruction manual explains just what you should do to make the drawing and mix and apply the desired colors. You just follow the directions and you find yourself painting in oils faster and better than you ever dreamed possible! Everything you need to know is told you *so simply and so clearly*—just as if you had Paul Hartley right there at your elbow, telling you what to do next.

USERS WRITE:

"Thrilled to pieces over what I've read so far in this course. It's exactly what I've been looking for... exactly! —*Roanoke, Va.*

The text throughout is self-explanatory. Everything is in it. An excellent course throughout. —*Hempstead, N.Y.*

...Have had lessons at art school, but I can truthfully say that I like the Hartley Course much better and I believe I have learned so much more." —*Cleveland, Ohio*

HOW TO PAINT IN OILS — EVEN IF YOU "CAN'T DRAW A STRAIGHT LINE"!

Because of his reputation as a fine painter. Paul Hartley was constantly approached by many beginners who wanted to learn how to paint. Most of these people had never held a brush in their hands, yet in no time at all they were painting beautiful pictures.

Paul Hartley worked with these men and women and helped them start with "first things first" — exactly as in the Course you get.

From this experience of working with beginners over many years, Paul Hartley developed "The Hartley Course in Oil Painting"—a specialized self-instruction course especially designed for beginning painters.

LEARN IN SPARE TIME—

The time required to complete the course depends entirely on the pace you wish to set and the time you feel you can devote to it. You can spend a few hours a day and finish in just 24 days! If you have the time and wish to proceed more rapidly you can complete the course more quickly. Either way, your instruction will be comprehensive and continually fascinating. You'll find release from daily tensions while enjoying a most rewarding form of creative expression!

YOU LEARN...

- **How to hold the brush for both broad strokes and delicate work**
- **How to create exactly the effect you want**
- **How to make and use a "color wheel"**
- **How to mix your own colors to duplicate any color in nature**
- **How and when to use "advancing" and "receding" colors**
- **How to create the four basic forms**
- **Secrets of form painting and perspective**
- **How to handle highlights, shadows, special effects**
- **How to paint still-lifes**
- **How to sketch outdoors for indoor painting**
- **Elements of design, sketching, landscape painting**
- **What basic materials you need and how to use them**
- **How to set up your work area (you need no more space than that taken up by a table or desk!)**
- **How to develop a style of your own...and much, much more!**

OUR UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE IS UNLIKE ANY OTHER

No ifs, ands, or buts: You *must* be painting in oils in just 24 days or you may return the course and it will have cost you nothing! The complete "Hartley Course in Oil Painting" can be in your home in just a few days, ready to start you on the rewarding path to the world's most enjoyable hobby. The entire course consists of a set of full-color and monochrome study-guide plates together with simplified instruction manuals that tell you step by step what to do, from the first elementary brush strokes to the more advanced full-color paintings. The full cost is only $29.95complete—and you can pay this in three easy installments.

SEND NO MONEY—you'll be billed for the Course, plus small shipping and handling charge. Moreover, even after invoice is paid, if not completely delighted you may return Course for full refund! Send coupon today.

START TODAY—MAIL NO-RISK COUPON NOW

HARTLEY COURSE IN OIL PAINTING

Dept. 6810-D1, Village Square, West Nyack. New York 10994

Please rush me the complete "Hartley Course in Oil Painting" for 24 days' free use. If I am not completely delighted with it, I may return the Course and pay nothing, owe nothing. If I keep the Course, I will honor your invoice for $29.95 plus a small delivery charge.* Or, if I choose, I may remit the purchase price in three monthly installments as follows: $9.95 (plus delivery) the first month, and then two further payments of $10 for the next two months. You will charge me nothing extra for this deferred payment privilege.

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*☐ Check enclosed. ☐ Send bill for single payment. ☐ Send bill for deferred payments.

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OUR DYING WATERS

continued from page 35

Lebanon, Ohio, researchers from the Taft Sanitary Engineering Center have borrowed one of the processes used for desalting sea water. Lebanon was selected for the test because it has a million-gallon-per-day secondary sewage-treatment plant. "So we can begin where they leave off," one scientist put it. The experimental pilot plant takes the relatively clear effluent, the same that is going into Turtle Creek, and gives it the works. First, it is filtered through diatomaceous earth, a fine, inert material, to take out any solids. Next it goes through activated carbon filters to remove dissolved organic matter. After that it passes through a process called electrodialysis, in which the water flows through an electrically charged stack of ion-permeable membranes. In this stack the mineral salts separate into positive and negative ions which migrate through the membranes, leaving the water behind. It would be perfectly safe to drink, but at present, after serving test purposes, it goes into Turtle Creek. Its main value is showing what can be done, at what cost. The cost is still high, 47 cents per 1,000 gallons for the advanced part of the treatment which, added to the conventional treatment, brings the total to 54 cents—about twice what ordinary water now costs. Researchers hope, of course, that further refinements can bring the cost down.

Some water experts believe there is an even more promising water-reclaiming method, although more experimental, based on a phenomenon called reverse osmosis. When liquids with different concentrations of mineral salts are separated by a semi-permeable membrane, molecules of pure water tend to pass by osmosis from the dilute side to the more concentrated, until both solutions have the same strength. However, if pressure is put on the concentrated side, the process reverses and molecules of pure water pass out of the concentrated solution to the weak or fresh-water side.

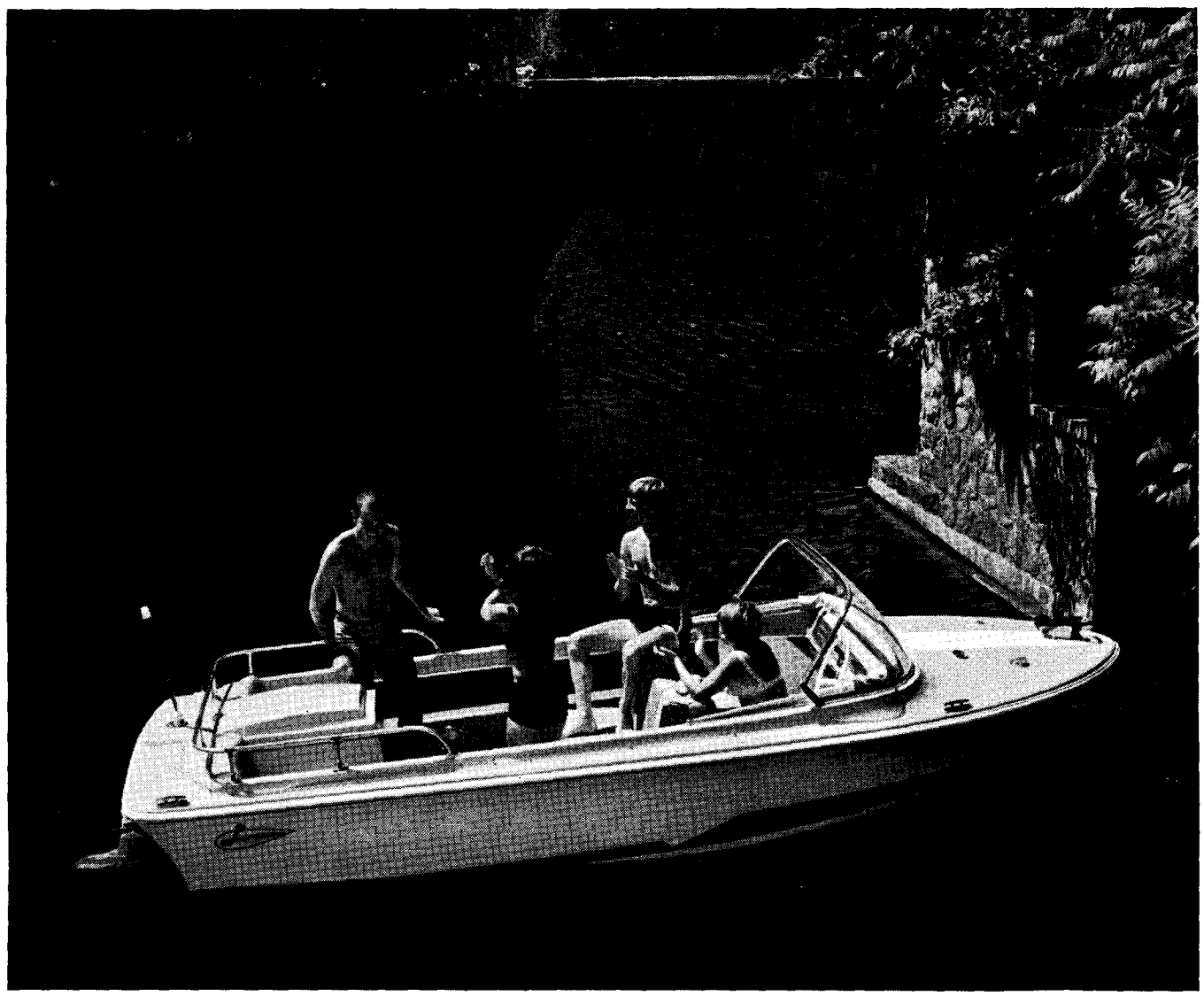
"This means you're taking perfectly pure water out of the waste, not taking wastes out of the water," says John D. Parkhurst, hard-driving chief engineer of the County Sanitation Districts of Los Angeles. The districts are now putting up a pilot plant to test this method on an operating scale. "We know the costs are likely to be high, at first," says Parkhurst. "But if we can make it economical, we could stop this business of putting chemicals and fertilizers in our streams and lakes. This process gets the water away from everything—nitrates, bacteria, phenols, detergents, the lot."

Water reclamation isn't new to Los Angeles. For several years the districts have been taking advantage of a natural method to reclaim around 11 million gallons a day at Whittier Narrows, where large sand beds along a river provide an almost perfect filter system. Scientists long have known that slowly filtering water through such sand beds is one of the surest methods of removing viruses. They aren't sure just what happens, but know that if they inject virus-carrying water on the intake side, the water will be free of the viruses as it flows out the other. The trick is having such large beds handy.

The Whittier Narrows Water Reclamation plant is located in a landscaped, parklike area and is managed with a dash of authentic California showmanship.

"We know that people are touchy about using secondhand water," Parkhurst says, "so we have tours of the plant to show them just what we're doing. The problem in Los Angeles is that water is very expensive. We've been using it once, around 600 million gallons a day, then dumping it in the Pacific. Some years ago we began wondering why we couldn't reuse some of it, at least. This is our first project."

The Whittier Narrows plant taps a large trunk sewer coming from an area that has little of the hard-to-handle industrial wastes. First the sewage—98 percent water—goes through primary treatment in covered settling tanks, then is routed through a series of eight huge aeration ponds, clarifiers and finally chlorination chambers. Then the effluent—"better than the water we buy from the Colorado River," says Parkhurst—is metered and piped to spreading basins on the sand beds along the Rio Hondo and the San Gabriel River where it helps recharge the ground-water supply. The $1.7 million plant, built in 1962, is paying for itself; its water costs only eight dollars to nine dollars an acre-foot (326,000 gallons) as compared to a price of $15 per acre-foot for water from the Colo-



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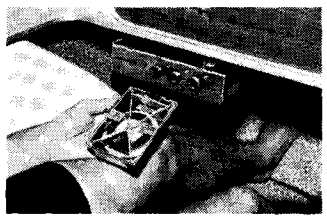

Are you looking for a special boat? This 16' Medallion 166 includes a stainless steel enclosed, corrosion resistant stereo tape player.

Just a gimmick? No Sir! It's a great pleasure to have static free, uninterrupted music on board. Quiet tunes for fishing. Jazzy for the beach. Or rock for dock dancing. Of course we recommend romantic mood for moonlight runs. You can detach it for home use too.

Wrapped around this stereo is a first class fibreglass runabout at a reasonable price. It includes a modified vee, lapline hull with Larson's "Million Bubble Ride", golden convertible top, stern cover and side curtains, golden bucket type sunbather seats, instrument cluster, horn, and a handsome panelled interior with storage.

Look the Medallion 166 over at your local Boat Show or at your Larson dealer's showroom. Ask about Larson's 2 year Insured-Warranty against fire, theft and damage. It's part of the standard equipment.

We urge you to compare the balanced price/value/quality built into a Larson against any other brand.

Write for free catalog and Price Comparison Chart of 67 models of 14 brands.

Larson

LITTLE FALLS, MINN., WESTFIELD, MASS., NASHVILLE, GA.

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rado River. "This is only a beginning," John Parkhurst says. "We have plans for plants that would save about half of that 600 million gallons going into the ocean every day."

The country is beginning to wake up, to tackle its tough and dirty water-management job on many fronts. Stricter laws have been passed. In a number of basins, states have formed compacts for joint action. Research is seeking the answers to unsolved problems and is finding some. Government, industry and communities are cooperating on comprehensive, long-range studies of a number of our huge river systems. Helped by electronic computers, water-quality technicians are developing "mathematical models" of river systems, useful tools which can measure all natural and man-made factors and predict what will happen under various conditions. But the cold truth is that these efforts still are too little and too late. In many parts of the country our water resources are already on the edge of disaster.

Perhaps the trouble is that there aren't, as yet, enough angry men like David L. Blaushild. He is a mild-appearing, pipe-smoking, middle-aging automobile dealer whose main interests were his home and the long-established family firm in Shaker Heights, a Cleveland suburb. Then, several years ago he took his young daughter to Shaker Lakes, a chain of small ponds, connected by a creek, where as a boy he had spent happy hours wading and trying to catch tadpoles and minnows. But he found the little lakes had become filled with sewage, gray and lifeless. Angry, he began investigating the surrounding countryside, ranging farther and farther from home, and eventually he found that every creek and river around Lake Erie had been virtually destroyed by pollution. The lake itself had become a mixing pot of industrial and municipal wastes; large portions of it were deadly to fish. Beaches had been closed because the water was filled with fecal bacteria or the sands were piled ankle-deep with oozy masses of decaying algae. Nobody seemed to be doing anything about it.

"People seemed to accept pollution as a way of life," he said. "Our public officials were apathetic. Some of our major industries were negative and condescending while wantonly infecting our water."

Blaushild charged into action as a salesman. He bought big advertisements in the newspapers, proclaiming, LAKE ERIE IS DYING . . . DOES ANYBODY CARE? He persuaded an outdoor-advertising firm to let him use a string of huge billboards along the lake-shore drive to display his demand: STOP KILLING LAKE ERIE . . . FIGHT POLLUTION. He organized a campaign to send letters and petitions to the governor and other officials, demanding that laws against pollution be enforced and that modern treatment plants be built. More than 200,000 people signed up. Blaushild wasn't alone in the fight. The Cleveland *Press* started a crusade of its own in 1963 with a series of hard-hitting articles describing just how dreadful the water situation had become and how painfully little was being done about it.

The Save-Lake-Erie campaign has brought results. Ohio's Gov. James A. Rhodes asked the Federal Government to call a pollution-control conference last summer, the first step in the long procedure for enforcing improvements. The Ohio state pollution-control board also ordered a number of offending cities and manufacturers to draw up plans for pollution-control plants. At the conference other states around the lake agreed to take similar action.

David Blaushild is still angry. He doesn't think that things are moving fast enough. "Our so-called leaders remain pathetically unimpelled," he says. "Unless immediate action is taken, without more surveys or lengthy debates about who is responsible or where the money is coming from, then Lake Erie is doomed. In my opinion it should be declared a disaster area. Then we might get action that will catch up with the pollution."

He may be right. If we continue to blunder along, setting our sights too low, worrying more about immediate costs than the future of our natural resources, may not much of the countryside become a disaster area, not by the year 2066, but by 1996 or 1986? Will children now being born be able to look upon our American earth and find it fair, inviting and secure? Or must they accept a despoiled land in which once-pleasant streams are open sewers, lakes and bays are cesspools, and beaches are places of peril instead of joy?

The key question still is: "Can we save our waters?" and as of now the answer, at best, is only "Maybe." □

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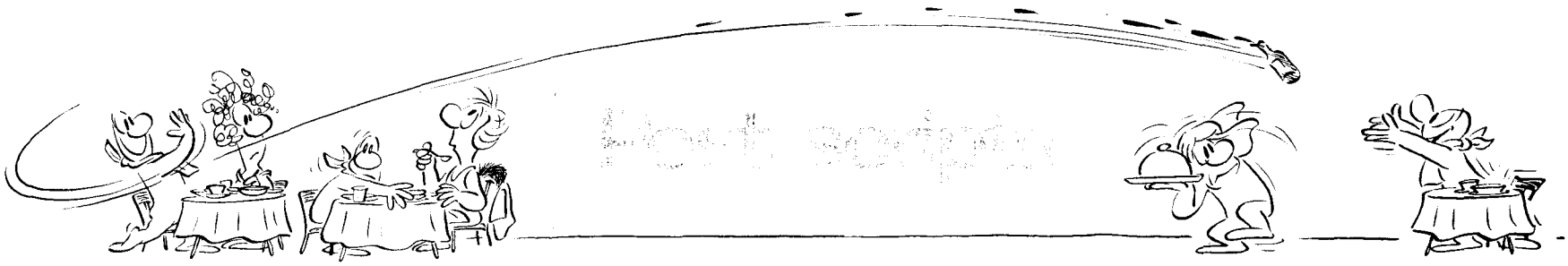
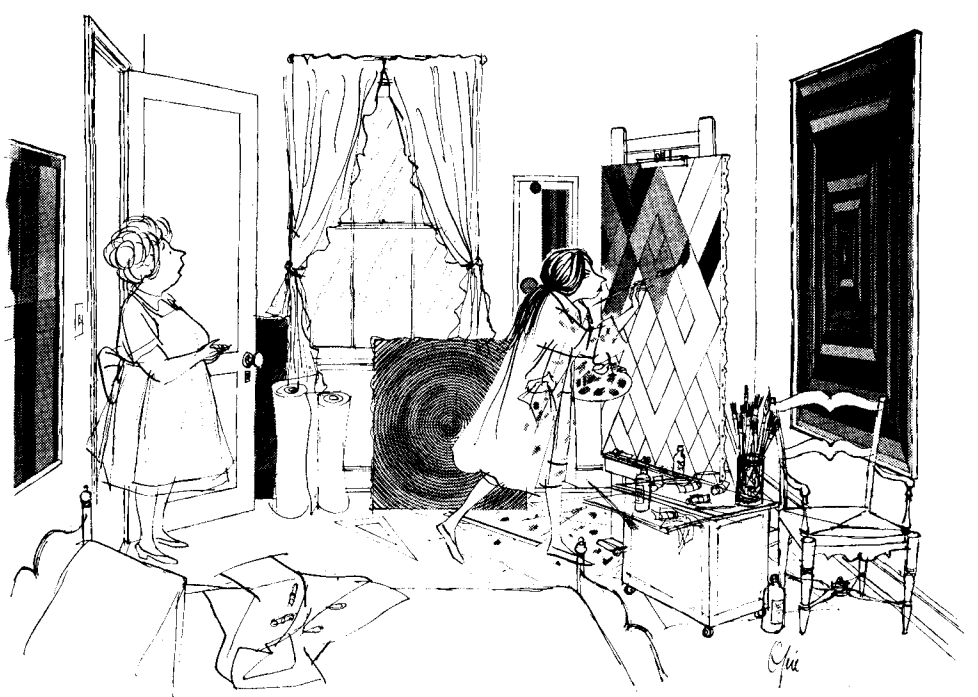
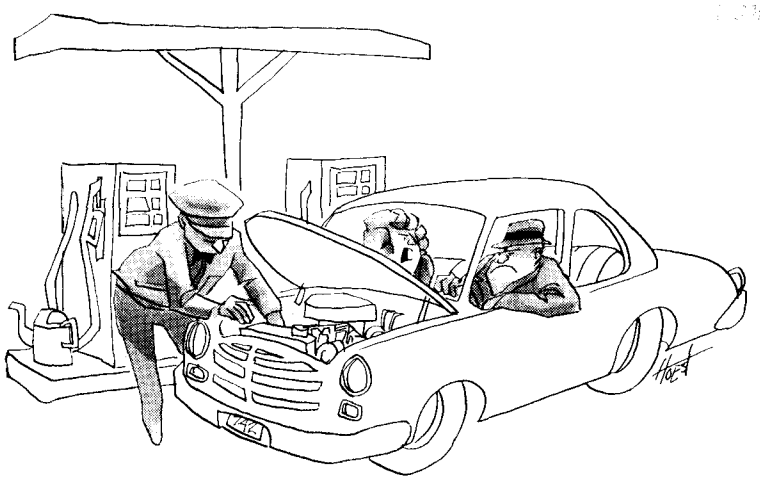


"Don't bother. I used the last roll on the Seminole village."

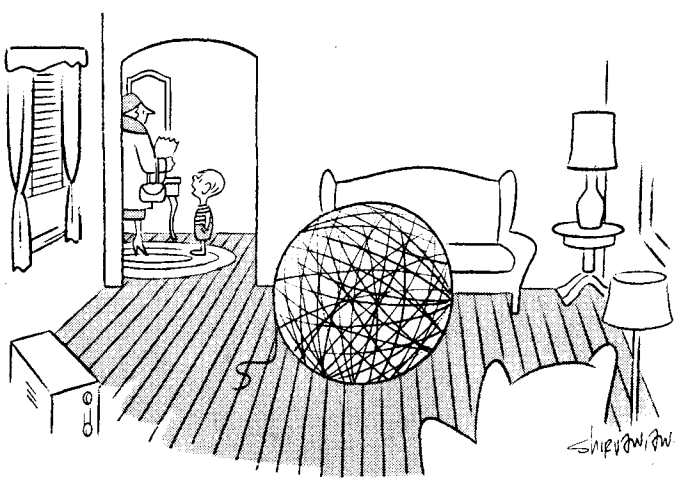


"Sharon, darling, this is only a mother talking—but why don't you forget the fellowship and just marry a Guggenheim?"



"You might ask him to check the trunk to see if mother needs anything."

"My wife soldered the elbows."



"The rug in the living room started to unravel so I rolled it up."

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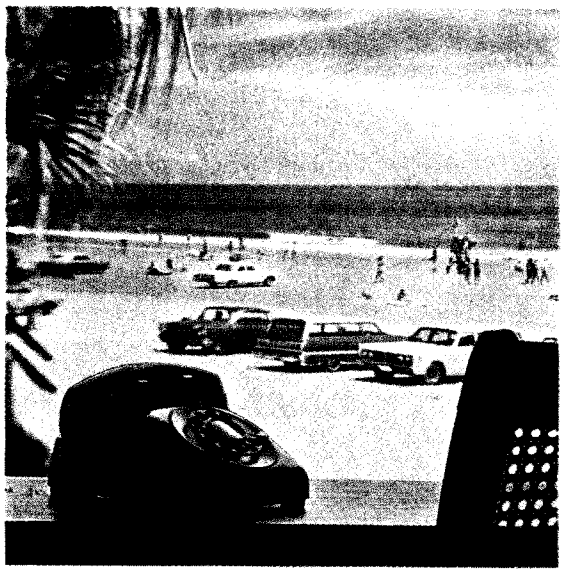

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*For 3-minute station-to-station call, plus tax.

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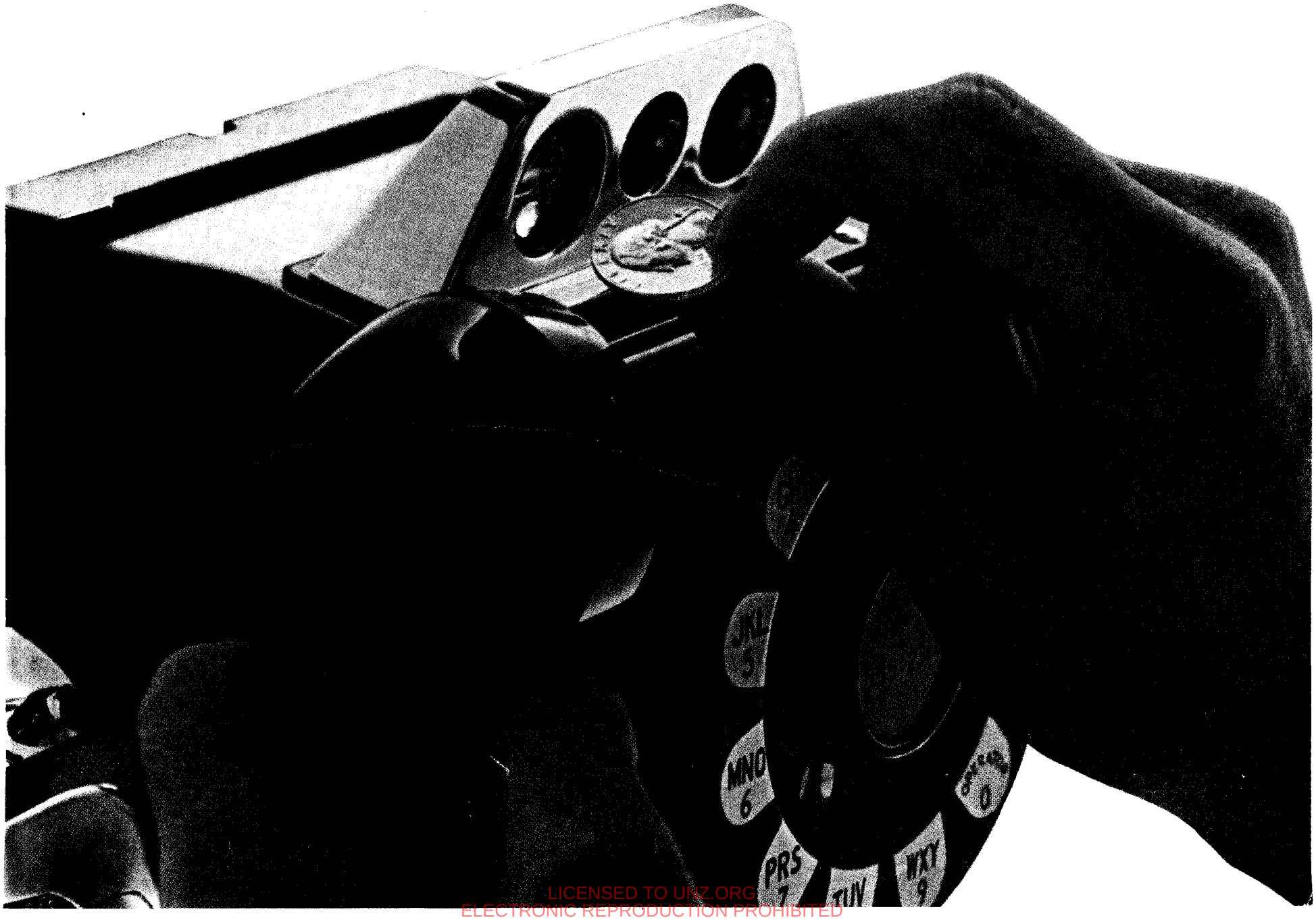

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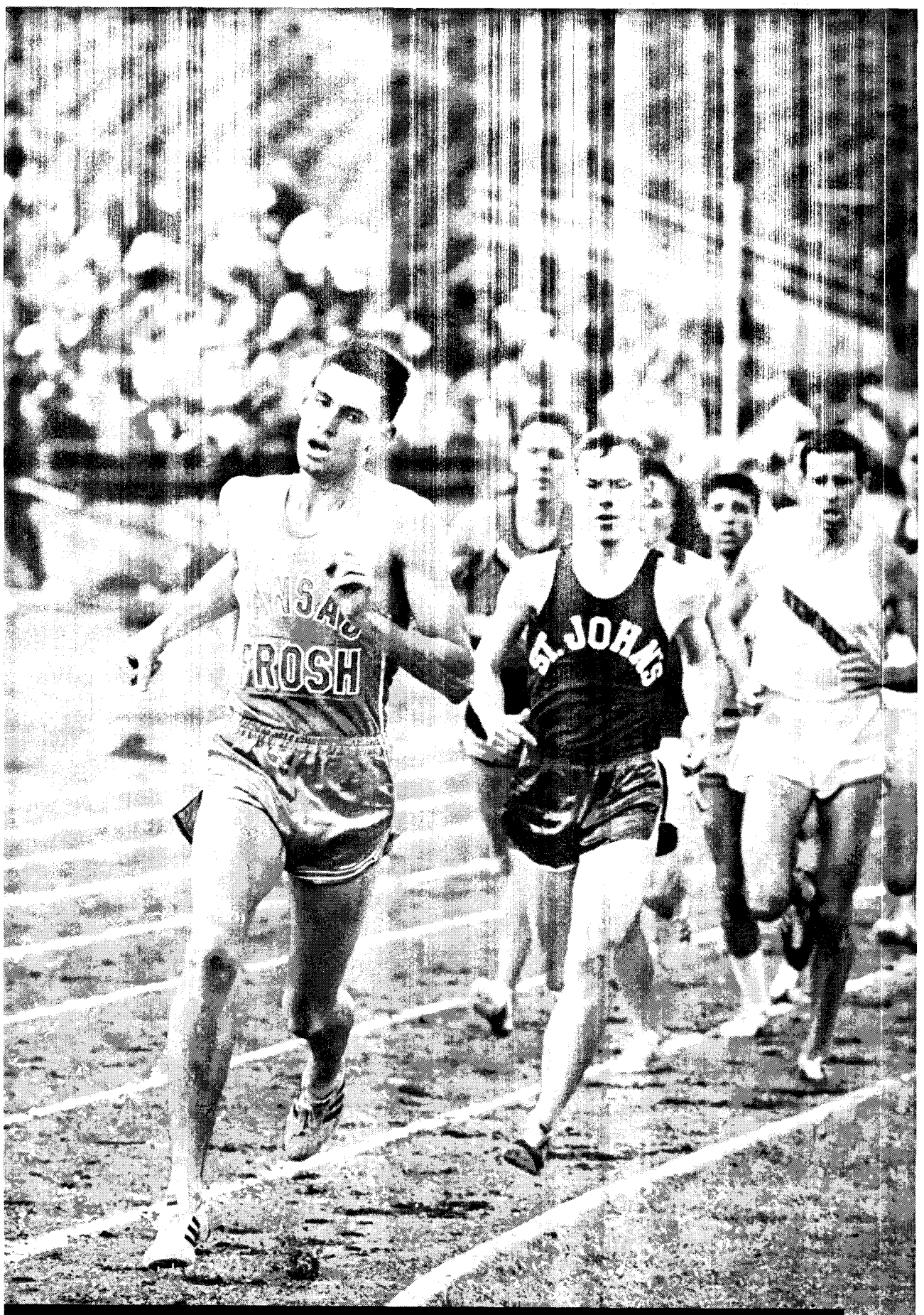

Left: Ryun en route to beating half-mile star Tommy Farrell in a race of 1,500 meters in New Orleans.

THE WORLD'S FINEST MILER?

As shy and awkward as a colt, Jim Ryun is an 18-year-old college freshman who shows every sign of being ready to run the fastest mile in history this spring.

BY EDWARD LINN
Photographs by Rich Clarkson

On the afternoon of June 27, 1965, a high-school miler and his track coach lay on their beds in a cheap tourist motel in San Diego, Calif., and planned with coldness and precision how they were going to beat New Zealand's unbeatable Peter Snell, who had not only won the 800 and 1,500 meters at the Tokyo Olympics but held the world record for the mile of 3:54.1.

The high-school kid was Jim Ryun, who had just turned 18. His coach, J. D. Edmiston, was completing his first season in his job at Wichita East high school. The only other person in the room was Rich Clarkson, a photographer and writer for the Topeka *Capital-Journal.*

"Listening to them," says Clarkson, "there was the sense that the whole thing was unreal. What made it craziest of all was that I had no doubt that he was going to do it."

The plan that Ryun and Edmiston worked out for the mile, which was part of the Amateur Athletic Union meet, relied as much on strength as on guile. Ryun was supposed to take the lead early in the last lap, to listen for Snell's footsteps when he started his move, and then to out-sprint the great New Zealander to the tape. Exactly as he had been told, Ryun moved to the front early in the final quarter mile, listened for Snell, and then began the dash to the finish. He won—by a tenth of a second.

Ryun not only defeated Snell, he finished in the time of 3:55:3, the fastest mile ever run by an American. After the race, Cary Weisiger, who had finished fifth, was asked whether Ryun looked as though he were going to be America's next great miler. "It looks to me," said Weisiger, "that he already is."

The development of Jim Ryun, miler, flies in the face of all past theories about the care and breeding of distance runners, for it has always been an article of faith in the track world (a tight, fanatical sect) that milers do not come to form until their mid-20's. Snell himself was 25 when he won his double at the Olympics in Tokyo, and France's Michel Jazy set the world's mile record of 3:53.6 last year at the advanced age of 28.

What's more, Jim has anything but a classic running style. Most great milers look like West Pointers off on a romp—heads steady, chests out, eyes front. Although he is improving with age, Jim still lets his head roll and his shoulders rotate erratically. He has trouble unwinding

Jim struggles to tell a newsman exactly how he feels.

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B. J. BLAUSTEIN

If you're in debt and want to get out—I can show you 71 ingenious (but perfectly legal) ways to do it

I wrote this book for people who are in debt, for those who really need help. And they can get it, quicker and easier than they think.

There are dozens of legitimate ways (a full 71 in all) to delay your debt, and eventually get out of it, and I believe I know them all. It's a pity that more people don't.

I have been a bank credit officer for nearly thirty years. In this time, I have sat down with a quarter of a million people to help them solve their financial problems.

My new book, **HOW TO HAVE MORE MONEY TO SPEND,** demonstrates step by step the techniques that can take the strain out of paying your debts. With some thought and planning, you *can* change a recurring monthly headache into a relatively painless experience!

TIME-TESTED METHODS

Did you know, for example, that you can *borrow yourself out of debt?* (The process involves a number of thoroughly tested steps —the first of which is to borrow about twice as much as you need.)

And here are a few other things I'd like to show you:

- *How to "freeze" your indebtedness indefinitely,* paying it off only when you're ready — a perfectly proper technique that works fine for the U.S. Government, and can work just as well for you.
- *How to get more credit* — even when it seems you have reached your limit.
- *How to avoid paying hidden charges* when you buy on "time." (In other words, how to reduce your debts even *before* you incur them.)
- *How to eliminate many needless, crippling expenses* from your personal spending.
- *How to deal with your financial problem as a whole* — instead of wasting money attacking it piecemeal.

Which method—or combination of methods — should *you* use? As you read How To Have More Money To Spend, this question will answer itself. The book is filled with detailed case histories. At least one of them should be close enough to your own situation for all practical purposes.

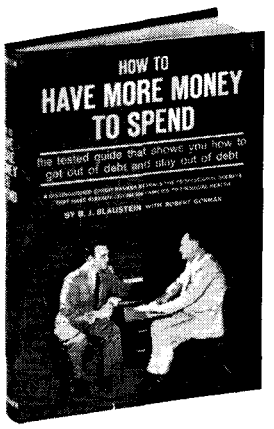
Remember: none of this is theoretical or speculative. It has all been tried — it has all worked. Every course of action I recommend has helped real people find their way back to one of the happiest conditions known to man — complete solvency.

CONTENTS

- *Can You Live Within Your Means?*
- *How and Why You Got Into Debt?*
- *How You Can Get Out of Debt*
- *How To Turn Your Assets Into Cash*
- *How To Get a Loan—If You're in Good Shape*
- *How To Get a Loan—If You're in Bad Shape*
- *You Can Reduce Your Loan Payments*
- *How Much Does Credit Really Cost?*
- *When Borrowing Makes Sense*
- *What You Should Know About the Lender*
- *What the Lenders Know About You*
- *The Secrets of a Practical Budget*
- *4 Ways to Save While You Spend*
- *Money of Your Own: Where and How to Save It*

WHY THE AUTHOR IS QUALIFIED TO HELP YOU!

B. J. Blaustein is a distinguished New York credit banker who has been associated with various banking and financial institutions for more than 30 years. He actually "grew up" with one of the pioneers of the installment way of life, and is a recognized specialist in credit, consumer finance and loans for both individuals and business firms.



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BY B. J. BLAUSTEIN

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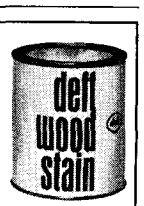

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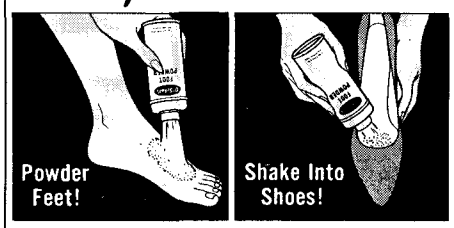

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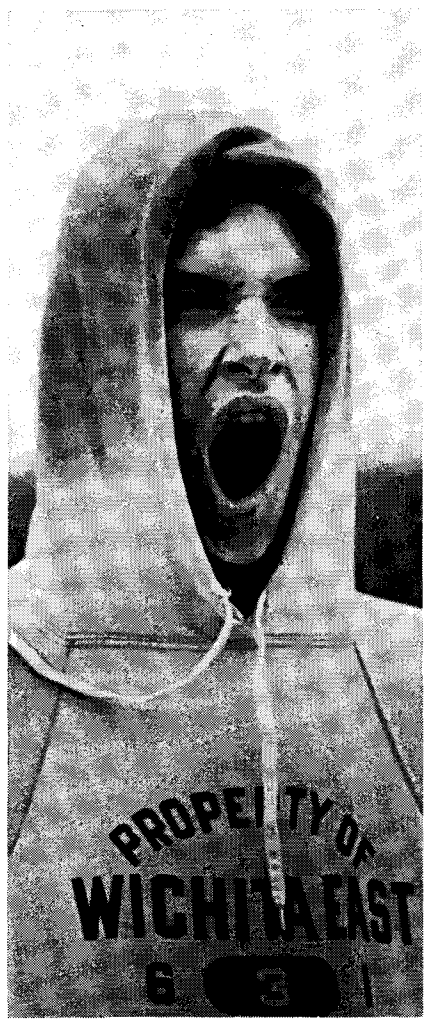
himself during the first 100 yards of a race and has a history of stumbling over the inside rail. In high school, as a matter of fact, he once got so tangled up that he fell and turned a somersault on the track.

When Ryun enrolled at Kansas University last fall, he was tested by the physiological laboratory, which discovered that he has an abnormally high pulse rate for a miler. He also breathes less often than the average runner. To get enough oxygen, Ryun has to take in great gulps of air, which may be why he frequently ends a race with his ears popping, as though he had made a sudden descent in a plane. Ryun has other problems with his ears—a malformed bone structure in his inner ear that occasionally causes him dizzy spells.

"Physiologically speaking," says Kansas Track Coach Bob Timmons, "Jim has no right running the four-minute mile. If he had taken the tests before he did, we'd have probably decided that it was impossible, and that would have changed our whole attitude."

As it was, Timmons was certain from the start that Ryun could go below four minutes. Timmons, a tiny, intense man, was the track coach at Wichita East high school in 1963 when Ryun, then a gangling 15-year-old, ran a mile in 4:26.4, a remarkable time for the second race of his career.

"Jim," Timmons told him when the two were alone after the race, "I think you have a good chance of becoming the first four-minute miler in high-school history. It's all so logical. Now listen to what I'm telling you . . ."



Yawning at a high-school meet, Ryun shows no fright, but it always builds up in him.

"At first," Jim says, "I thought he was probably shooting too high. I thought it would be great if someone did it some time. But *me?* But as my times improved, I began to think that maybe it *could* be me."

Part of Timmons's coaching technique is to get each boy to commit himself before the entire track squad to attain a specific goal. Still wondering if he could do it, Ryun got up and vowed that he would run a four-minute mile before he graduated. His training regimen called for him to run six miles in the early morning hours after delivering his newspapers, and another 12 to 16 miles after school.

"It was so boring," Jim says, "especially when you had to run alone." But he did get some amusement out of the fact that many people seemed to be personally offended by the sight of him running through the streets of Wichita. "Some of them even cursed me. I can't imagine why."

He missed very few mornings. "Only once or twice, when it was dark and cold and snowy and I didn't want to get out of bed. The difficult part isn't running, it's getting up. Once you're up and out, it's really very pleasant, really the best time of day."

At one point Bob Timmons thought it would be a great idea to have Jim take dancing lessons to help develop coordination. Timmons learned quickly enough that the Ryuns are devout members of the Church of Christ, a fundamentalist sect that believes in a strict interpretation of the New Testament. The church does not permit dancing. Or drinking. Or the playing of instruments as part of a church service. Gerald Ryun, Jim's father, observes the strictures of his religion so firmly that he has taken his family out of a restaurant because he sighted a bar on the premises. "We live not by the doctrine of men," explains Mr. Ryun, who works as a parts inspector at Boeing Aircraft. "We live by the Bible. We don't try to bring in things to suit our fancy."

So young Jim Ryun had before him the examples of two strong-willed men, his father and his coach, each in his own way a zealot. He disciplined himself to follow Timmons's rigorous training program as he had been disciplined to follow the rigid code of his church.

On May 25, 1963, Ryun finished second in a regional meet with a time of 4:08.2 for the mile, and came back one hour and 45 minutes later to run the half mile in 1:54.5. It was the best double of its kind ever run by a high-school boy in this country.

When Jim got home that night, the house was dark, so he just went to bed. Over the breakfast table, his mother asked him how he had done. "Oh," he said, "I finished second and fifth."

"That's all right, dear," his mother said. "You'll do better next time."

"Jim's so modest," his father says, "that Timmons had to tell him that it wouldn't be out of place if he told us he was doing pretty well."

On June 5, 1964, Ryun was entered in the Compton Invitational Mile in Compton, Calif., against eight of the best men of all ages in the country. Ryun's goal for the event was 3:59 flat, the first time it had ever been set below four minutes.

Midway through the race Jim got caught in the rush and was bumped off the track. He fell into last place, 2.6 seconds behind the pace that Timmons had laid out for him, and he finished

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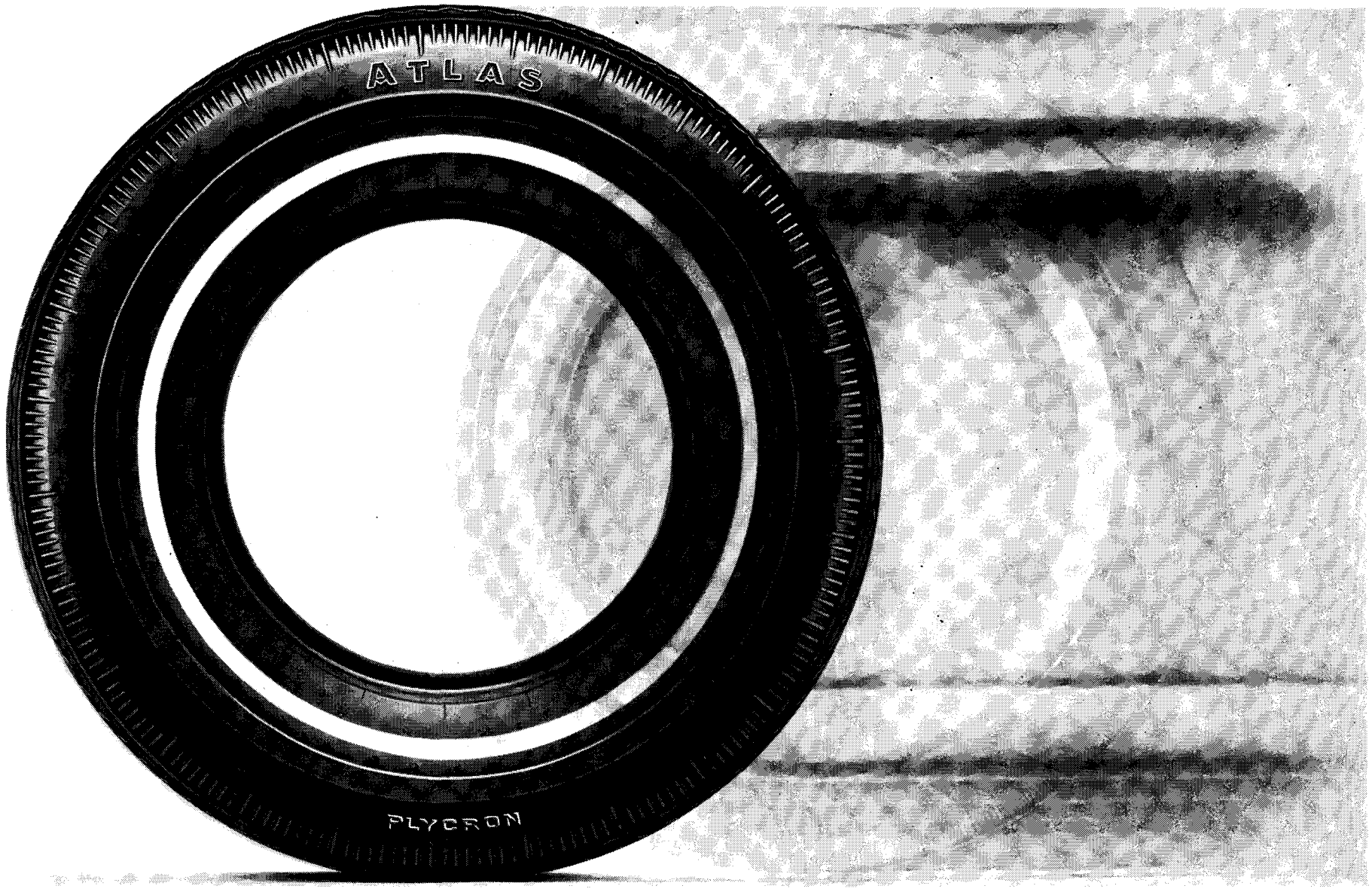

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far back in the pack. "I thought I had done very badly," Jim says now. "I thought I'd let everybody down."

Then the voice on the loudspeaker announced, in great excitement, that the first eight finishers had broken four minutes. "The first thing I thought was, 'Did I finish eighth or ninth?'" Jim says. "I tried to remember if there had been anybody behind me, and I was so excited that I couldn't."

He had finished eighth and his time was 3:59 flat. Just 434 days had passed since Timmons had told him that he could break four minutes. "It's still unbelievable to me," says Jim.

After the race the reporters gathered around the winner, Dyrol Burleson, then the top miler in the country. Burleson, who had become very fond of Jim—as had most of the other American milers—told them, "The entire story was back there in eighth place. This is as important a breakthrough as when Roger Bannister broke the four-minute barrier. There's no telling how good this boy can be when he becomes an adult."

Through it all, Jim remained an extraordinarily modest and reserved young man. Mike Petterson, his high-school buddy and a 4:10 miler himself, says, "They used to say that Jim never said anything except yes and no. That's not true. Sometimes he said, 'I have no comment on that.'"

Petterson set the pace for Jim in his senior year when he broke four minutes in a high-school meet. Above the entrance of the Wichita East gym there is a huge white board listing all of the school records. Below Ryun's mile record there is printed, at Jim's request, the addendum: "Thanks, Mike Petterson."

Jim carried his modesty to a ludicrous length in 1964 after he failed to make the 1,500-meter final in the Olympics. His poor performance was at least partly due to a bad case of virus, but he returned to Wichita East completely disheartened. At the time Bob Timmons had moved on to Kansas University, and the new high-school coach was J. D. Edmiston. Jim told Edmiston that it would be presumptuous of him to take his place on the cross-country team, which had gone through the season undefeated without him. You had, in short, the preposterous situation of an Olympic distance runner being afraid that he would weaken a high-school team.

Edmiston jollied him up to the big meet, but a half hour before the race Jim complained that he felt dizzy and asked to be allowed to withdraw. Edmiston knew this sort of thing had happened before with Jim. He was insisting that the ball of his foot hurt the day before he ran that 3:59 in Compton. Jim's close friends believe that he gets wound up so tightly before a race that he needs to establish some potential excuse in his own mind—some little relief from the pressure—before he can relax enough to run.

Edmiston turned to Jim's minister, who was there as a spectator, and told him, loudly enough for Jim to hear, "You better say something that will get him to the starting line, because if you don't, I will. And I won't be so gentle."

Jim, of course, made it to the starting line and ran away from the field.

Edmiston was particularly galled by Jim's awe in the presence of the great stars he was competing against and his gratitude for their kind words. "You have no friends once you're out on the track," he'd tell Jim time and again. "There's nothing in your religion that says you can't be mean."

The problem was that Jim always seemed to hang back in the early running, almost as if he felt it would be disrespectful of him to go to the front the way he did against high-school kids. To make it worse, he always seemed to manage to run the full race on the outside of the other runners, a deferential position that made it necessary for him to cover as many as 25 more yards than anyone else.

The change in his attitude came about last June after an encounter with Peter Snell, whom he had always idolized above all others. The event was the Compton Invitational, the same race in which Ryun had run his 3:59 the year before. The race was to be the first stop in what was supposed to be Snell's final triumphant tour before retiring.

As usual, Jim took his place on the outside of the pack, but although he was running a few extra yards every lap, he was right at Snell's shoulder when the New Zealander suddenly began his famous finishing sprint. Although he was caught off-guard by Snell's burst of speed, Jim rallied to finish only a yard and a half back in third place. Not only had Ryun run farther than either Snell or Oregon's Jim Grelle, who finished second, but he closed faster and looked fresher.

Right after the finish Jim tried to shake Snell's hand, but the New Zealander did not seem to notice him. After he got his breath back, Jim made another try at offering congratulations, and once again Snell—who was surrounded by reporters—ignored him.

After showering and dressing Jim decided to make another try at congratulating the winner. Snell was standing outside the doorway of the dressing room, talking to some fans. Twice Jim went up to him, his hand extended. Both times Snell turned away to resume his conversation. Confused and embarrassed, Jim remained stubbornly at the door. When Snell finally walked into the dressing room, Jim grabbed his hand. Snell brushed by without a word.

The reason for Snell's rudeness came out two weeks later while he was breakfasting with some writers before the Amateur Athletic Union meet in San Diego. One newsman asked him what he thought of Ryun's chances. "He's eighteen years old," said Snell, who was then 26. "Enough said?"

And later Snell remarked, "You know, I resent having anybody that young in this kind of race." And when you think about it, it is not too difficult to understand why. For every mile Ryun had run to reach his position, Snell had run 10. For every sacrifice the teen-ager had made, the adult had made a dozen. It had taken Ryun only three short years to come so far.

To this day, Jim will not admit that Snell had snubbed him. But he no longer stood in awe of the barrel-chested New Zealander.

"Jim," Coach Edmiston told him, "you can take him."

And Ryun answered, "I guess I can."

So Edmiston was not worrying that his boy would run his usual timid race when he and Jim relaxed in their motel on the afternoon of the meet and planned how they would defeat Snell in the A.A.U. mile.

On the last lap, just as they had planned, Jim stepped up the pace and took the lead. Everyone in the stands waited for Snell to run the 18-year-old boy into the ground with his tremendous finishing kick. But he didn't.

After the race, Snell threw an arm around Jim and grabbed his hand. And Ryun, stepping out of character for an instant, ignored him. But as Snell turned away, Jim thanked him for his congratulations. "Well," Jim later told Edmiston, "I think I've made a friend of Peter."

When Jim flew back to Wichita, he found the airport jammed with a crowd prepared to give him a hero's welcome. Jim began to grumble that the receptions were becoming more difficult than the running.

"It's all yours, buddy," Edmiston told him, and went off to find his wife and children.

When they met at school the next day, Jim said to his coach ruefully, "You rat, you deserted me."

"What do you mean, 'deserted you?'" Edmiston answered. "You're old enough to take care of yourself."

These days Ryun is taking care of himself better in crowds, but he still has trouble adjusting to acclaim. He has a particularly difficult time talking to newsmen, struggling to be responsive to their questions and yet to avoid saying anything that might sound flamboyant. Ryun is anxious to show that his bewildering fame hasn't changed him one bit. Even now he is the one baby-sitter that Coach Timmons's wife can count on whenever she can't get anyone else.

"Having a good religious background has led me to believe that running isn't everything in the world," he says. "Besides, if you get overconfident you brag on yourself and you lose your friends." And then, like any teen-ager deciding to share a secret, he adds, "Before a meet I'm always so frightened that I try to build up my confidence. I tell myself that everything is going to be all right. After it's over, no matter how I've done, I tear myself down and tell myself that next time I might not be so lucky. I try not to be too confident because I know I need that nervous energy before the race."

As far ahead as Jim can see, running will dominate his life, just as it has since he was 16 and began covering 100 miles a week in training. There will be the springtime college meets and the Compton mile and the National A.A.U. championships in June and then the 1968 Olympics in Mexico City, and perhaps four more years of running leading up to the 1972 Olympics, when he will still be only 25.

This winter Jim had a brilliant season running indoors, although the tiny wooden tracks prevented him from stretching his long legs. He ran a 3:59.6 mile at a meet in Kansas City, and Coach Timmons cannot wait to see what will happen when his boy gets a chance to run outdoors this spring on a cinder track. Timmons is convinced that Ryun is still in the early stages of his development, that he is still maturing from a gawky high-school kid into a lean, hard athlete.

"The next goal," Timmons says, "is to break 3:50. Any time the top four or five milers get together, it can go."

Jim Ryun agrees that someone will break 3:50 one of these days. "I have a private goal," he says, "but that's what it is—a *private* one." And then he gives the interviewer a sidelong glance that clearly says, "We both know it's me we're talking about, but if you think you're going to get me to brag on myself, you're crazy." □

"Not in my opinion. I see the Dodgers first, Giants second, Cincinnati . . ."

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MR. PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD

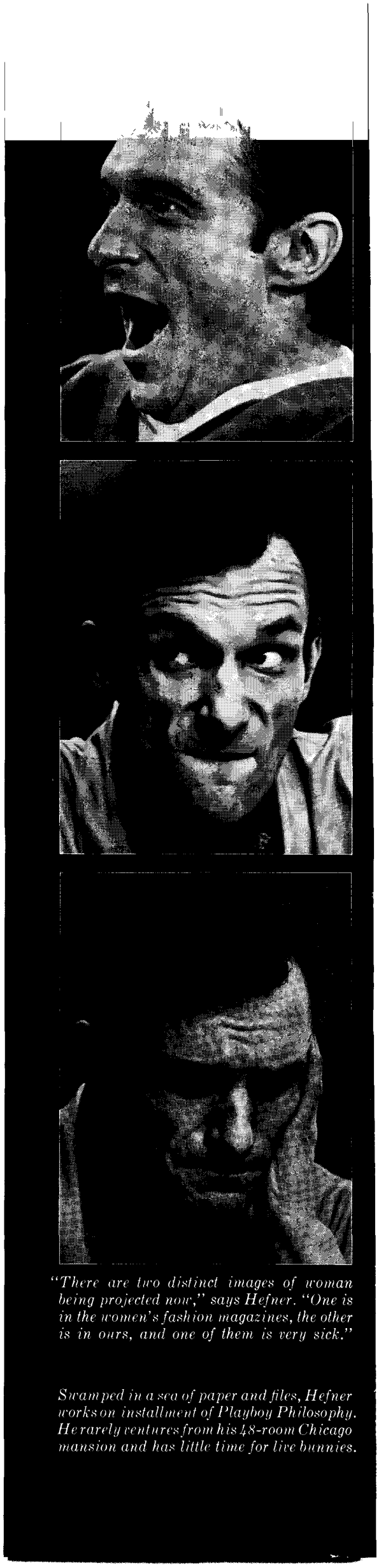
The boyhood dream is real and the empire flourishes. Bunnies gambol prettily in The Mansion, the money pours in and the Official Philosophy pours out. But is Hugh Hefner happy?

By Calvin Tomkins

A few weeks from now, when the wind whipping off Lake Michigan has lost its bite and the Bunny girls on front-door duty at the Playboy Club have put away their tiny fur capes, Chicago's most spectacularly successful citizen will pass a major milestone in his career. Hugh Hefner, the boy genius who started a magazine of "entertainment for men" in 1953 on $600 in borrowed cash and built it into a $48-million-a-year empire, is taking over the 37-story former Palmolive Building on Michigan Avenue as his new headquarters.

Some old Chicagoans may pretend not to notice the event; it is still a little hard for conservative, middle-aged burghers to accept *Playboy* magazine's brash young publisher-editor as a fellow captain of industry. But ordinary citizens will look on with amused admiration, taxi drivers will point out the remodeled Playboy Building to sightseers, and airline pilots and Great Lakes seamen will probably go along with the campaign to rechristen the two-billion-candlepower, rotating searchlight atop the building—the most powerful navigation light ever designed, a famous landmark with a beam that can be seen 500 miles away—the Bunny Beacon. Such is the irresistible contagion of success.

It is quite an empire that is being consolidated. The Playboy Clubs alone grossed more than $19 million last year—there are 15 of them in the United States and Jamaica—and they have revolutionized the nightclub business with their $1.50 drinks and $1.50 meals (steak or roast beef) and their Lorelei-waitress Bunnies in scooped-out, squeezed-up, cottontailed costumes. The first European Playboy Club is set to open on London's fashionable Park Lane this June, and Hefner plans eventually to establish Bunny beachheads in all the major cities of the western world. In addition to the key clubs, there is the Playboy Press, which publishes highly salable anthologies of *Playboy*'s stories, jokes and cartoons, and also puts out hard-cover editions of books by Lenny Bruce, J. Paul Getty and other eminent sages. There are the Playboy Products—calendars, record albums, and some 90 other items, from cuff links to Caribbean cruises—which brought in well over one million dollars last year. There is Playboy Models, Inc., a model agency that doubles as a source of new



"There are two distinct images of woman being projected now," says Hefner. "One is in the women's fashion magazines, the other is in ours, and one of them is very sick."

Swamped in a sea of paper and files, Hefner works on installment of Playboy Philosophy. He rarely ventures from his 48-room Chicago mansion and has little time for live bunnies.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BURT GLINN

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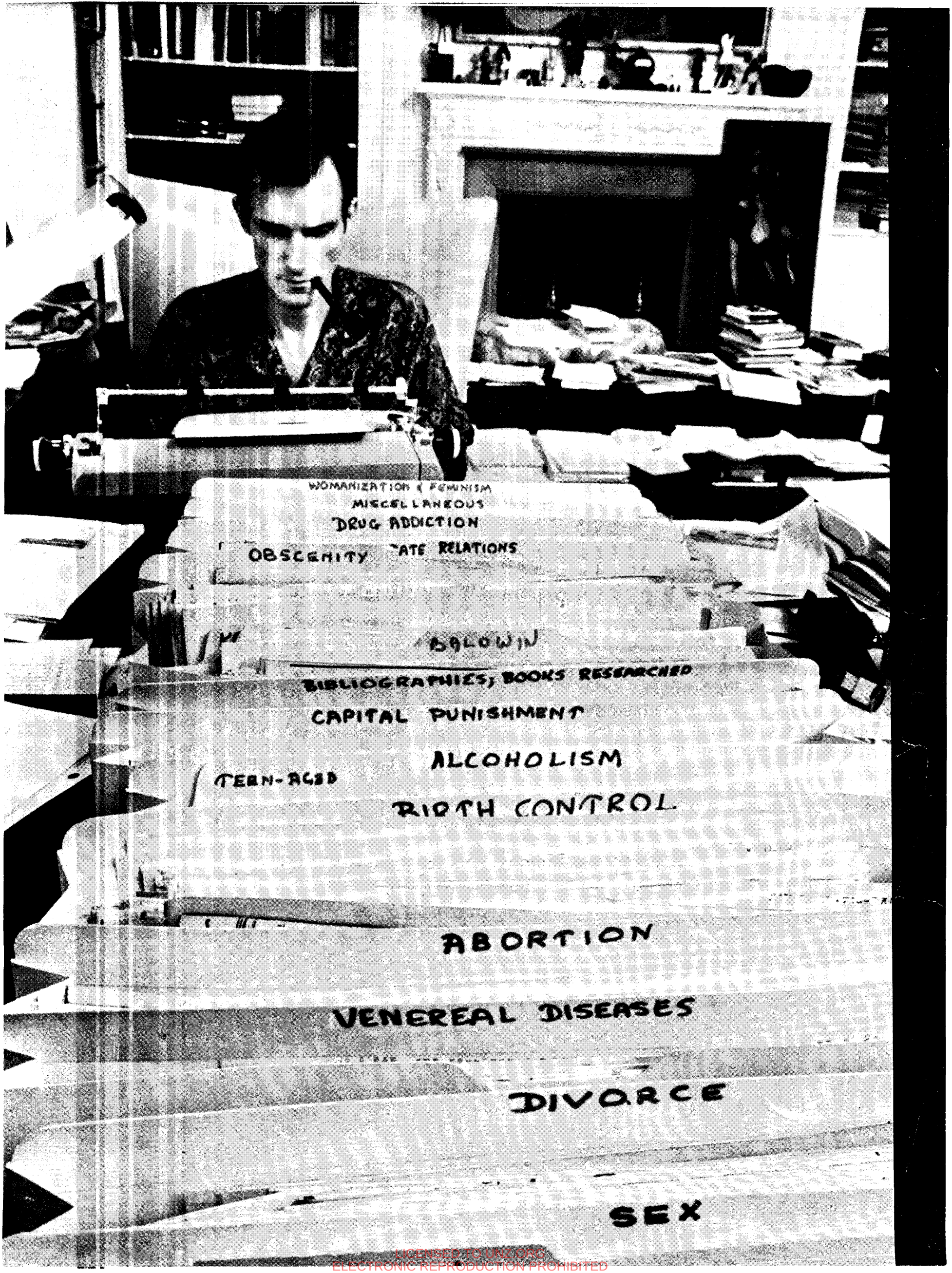

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Bunnies, and there is the Playboy Theater in Chicago, a film showcase that has the temporary distinction of being the only Hefner enterprise currently making no money. And of course, underlying everything else, there is the magazine, a plump, glossy, monthly mélange of fiction (good and awful), articles, sobersided crusading (THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY), advice to the sexlorn and the would-be sophisticated, and pages and pages of nude or nearly-nude Playmates in glowing lithograph. *Playboy*'s circulation soared past the three-million mark in 1965, and the curve is still going up (3,770,000 for the March issue). Its sales last year were $28.5 million. All things considered, the HMH Company (Hugh Marston Hefner, president and principal stockholder) is estimated to be worth $70 million, and with its prospects bullish, Hefner had no qualms about signing a 63-year, $2.7-million lease on the new building in which 700 employees will commingle.

Curiously enough, Hefner may rarely set foot in the new offices. For the last five years, while his staff operated for the most part out of its crowded downtown quarters on East Ohio Street, Hefner has spent most of his waking and sleeping hours in a four-story, brick-and-stone, turn-of-the-century house on a quiet street in Chicago's wealthy Near North Side. It is known to all Playboy employees as The Mansion, and it is the real heart of the HMH empire. Here is where Hef—as he likes to be called by the staff—performs his daily miracles and dreams the great Playboy dream and imbibes, so it is said, the sweet nectar of his success. *Playboy* frequently paints the scene in text-and-picture spreads. Hef in the seigneurial, 60-foot living room with its carved-oak paneling, presiding over a huge party attended by all the show-biz celebrities you can name; Hef inspecting a bumptious lineup of Bunnies who live *right here* in The Mansion, on the top two floors, paying a nominal rent and providing the right sort of

'I could walk away from the whole thing anytime.'

ambience for Mr. Playboy himself; Hef demonstrating to a recent Playmate his Electronic-Entertainment Room, which is lined floor to ceiling with professional audio and video equipment, including a TV camera for home use; Hef showing off the downstairs swimming pool, a Polynesian paradise where the friendly Mansion photographer can always catch several deliciously nude Bunnies sliding into the 82-degree water; and Hef working, editing the magazine from a circular, eight-and-a-half-foot, motor-driven, revolving, vibratable bed in his inner sanctum, with a fire going in the fireplace and the house staff of 28 poised to attend to his every need. But is Hef happy? Have all his dreams come true?

"I'm tremendously, completely fulfilled," he says. "I wouldn't trade places with any other human being alive now or in any past age." He is seated at the octagonal table in his private conference room in The Mansion—dark walnut paneling, thick green rug, long, low cabinets, corkboard on one wall. It is 5:15 on a Wednesday afternoon, and Hefner has just risen from bed. He wears gray slacks, white shirt open at the neck, a white cardigan, black loafers. He is 40 years old. "Success, I'd say, has to do with how close you come to the ideas you had as a child," he says. "I couldn't have imagined anything closer to what I've got now. Ideally, of course, you'd like to be completely on top of your success, and sometimes you find that it's on top of you a little, but any restrictions of that kind are self-imposed. I *could* just walk away from the whole thing anytime."

The last statement is debatable. Hefner rarely leaves The Mansion these days. Even within The Mansion he is seldom visible, for the HMH Company's nerve center actually comes down to three rooms out of the 48 in The Mansion: the conference room; the white-carpeted bedroom; and the white-carpeted office a few steps down the hall where he writes the interminable PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY (25 installments to date), sitting behind his L-shaped desk surrounded by a great sea of papers and magazines and books and manila envelopes and schedules and photographs and pamphlets. In addition to writing THE PHILOSOPHY, Hefner supervises every detail of the editing and layout of every issue of *Playboy*. Each page must be brought to The Mansion for approval. The other editors spend a good deal of their time waiting for The Word from their often inaccessible chief, but this is not because the chief spends *his* time in the steam room or the swimming pool or consorting with Bunnies. Hefner has no life apart from the business, and no time for live Bunnies. It is true that there used to be a party in The Mansion every Friday, a party that Chicagoans used to think of as a Gatsby-like Bacchanal until they went to one and found that nothing much happened. But even the Friday-night party is a thing of the past. Hefner has lost interest in parties. He works around the clock, sometimes 30 or 40 hours at a stretch, eating when he remembers to, drinking bottle after bottle of soda pop, going to bed only when he is ready to drop from exhaustion, sleeping like a baby for eight or nine hours and then getting up and starting over again.

On one recent occasion, for example, having risen and dressed at a little before five in the afternoon, he chatted with an interviewer until nearly 11 o'clock that evening despite several interruptions

Three or four times a year there is a party for Bunnies in the 60-foot living room of The Hefner Mansion. The top two floors of the house serve as a hutch for two-dozen live-in Bunnies.

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for conferences with members of his staff. During the interview, he had his hair trimmed by his private barber and his nails attended to by his private manicurist. At 11 P.M. he went downstairs to the bedroom, changed into pajamas and pored over picture layouts until about 1:30 in the morning, when three employees arrived to play Risk, a highly complicated war game that is Hefner's latest enthusiasm. At 5:30 A.M. the game broke up and Hefner went back to work. He scrutinized and approved several picture layouts and half a dozen editorial pages for the upcoming issue. Then he worked on THE PLAYBOY FORUM (a letters-to-the-editor feature) until midafternoon, finishing it just in time to keep an appointment with Cynthia Maddox, *Playboy*'s assistant cartoon editor and a onetime Hefner girl friend, who had brought over a batch of cartoons. At 4 P.M. Hefner went into a 45-minute conference with the head of a movie-theater chain to discuss possible HMH Company moves in that field. A telephone call from his 11-year-old son took up half an hour—Hefner has a boy and a girl by his first and so far only marriage, which ended in divorce seven years ago. At 6:30 that evening he OK'd a proof of the forthcoming Playmate of the Month—always a major decision. Then he went back to editing copy, and stayed with it through the night. At six o'clock the following morning, 37 hours from the time he got up, Hefner collapsed into bed.

Understandably, Hefner does not look the picture of health. His cheeks are hollow, his intense brown eyes are sunk deep in their sockets, his longish brown hair is tinged with gray. His manner, however, is highly energetic. Candid, friendly and utterly engaging, he is also supremely self-confident. He speaks quickly, in articulate bursts, and with the flat, slurred accents of the Midwest. As he talks, his immaculate fingers clasp and unclasp, toy with a silver pipe tool, twist a pencil. His hands never stop working.

"I *hate* sleep," Hefner says, leaning forward with both hands on the octagonal conference table. "Life is too short, the days are too short for all I want to do. That's my only discontent. I'm awfully glad this all happened to me so early. It's been twelve years now, and if I don't push myself too hard I've still got quite a few more left. But even if I were to drop dead tomorrow, I'd feel as though I've lived a full, complete life. *Playboy* fulfills all my needs and drives. And sometimes I suspect that it does the same for a lot of other people—much more so than they care to admit."

What *are* the needs and drives that *Playboy* magazine manages so successfully to fulfill in its readers, the "young, urban, sophisticated males" that Hefner has always considered his primary audience? To answer this, one must go back and trace the remarkable career of Hefner himself, for rarely has a magazine been so completely the product of one young man's lively imagination.

As a boy growing up in Chicago, Hugh Hefner chafed under the rigid fundamentalist ethics of his highly religious parents. The elder Hefners were God-fearing Methodists of German and Swedish descent, who had only recently moved from the flat farmlands of Nebraska to the city, where the elder Hefner worked as an accountant for a large aluminum company. There was no drinking, no smoking, and no Sunday moviegoing in the Hefner household, and Hefner has often said that he and his younger brother, Keith, grew up behind "a wall of restrictions." Although he seems to bear no resentment toward his parents—Mr. Hefner, in fact, now serves as treasurer in his son's company, and brother Keith is director of training for Playboy Club employees—Hefner also has said that one of the motivating forces behind *Playboy* was his own desire to thumb his nose at the moral strictures he knew as a child.

He appears nevertheless to have had a fairly normal, middle-class boyhood. After graduating from high school in 1944, he served two uneventful years in the U.S. Army (clerical jobs in the States), and then entered the University of Illinois on the GI Bill. He majored in psychology, got average marks, contributed cartoons and stories to the campus humor magazine, sang with a three-piece band, and went steady with his high-school sweetheart, Millie Williams. And yet, according to his college roommate Robert Preuss—now *Playboy*'s business manager—there was an aura of success about Hefner even then. "He was a very sharp guy," Preuss recalls. "There was no doubt about his going places."

Frolicking Bunnies sometimes spill out of the living room into the pool. It has a waterfall and Polynesian decor.

One indication that Hefner thought so too is that he had been keeping a scrapbook since high-school days, a sort of semi-fictionalized comic-strip account of the main events in his life. He has continued to keep it ever since, substituting newspaper clippings and photographs for his own drawings as he grew more successful. Thus far, there are 84 volumes.

For the first few years after he graduated from college in 1949, Hefner seemed to be going nowhere. He married Millie Williams, had two children, and worked at a succession of mediocre jobs. He did one semester of graduate work in psychology at Northwestern University, thinking he might go into teaching, then gave it up. But during this phase of typical postgraduate floundering, an old idea was churning in the back of his mind. He wanted to publish his own magazine.

"I guess I've always been fascinated with magazines," Hefner said recently. "I had a one-cent neighborhood paper when I was eight. I started a school newspaper in high school—it's still going—and all through school and college I was interested in writing and cartooning. I read all the magazines there were, and I used to admire *Esquire* tremendously—the Petty girls, the sophisticated world it talked about." In 1951 he managed to land a job with *Esquire*, as a $60-a-week copywriter in the magazine's circulation-promotion department. It was not quite what he had imagined for himself. After a year the magazine decided to move its offices from Chicago to New York and offered to raise Hefner's salary to $80 if he would come along. Hefner demanded $85. *Esquire* refused, so he quit.

The usual version of Hefner's career has him going into virtual seclusion after leaving *Esquire*, and then emerging, a year later, with the makings of his own magazine. What actually happened was that he went to work for a Chicago publisher named George Von Rosen, who put out a string of girlie magazines with titles like *Art Photography* and *Modern Man*. During the year he worked as Von Rosen's circulation manager, Hefner got to know many of the country's newsstand wholesalers by name, and acquired a firsthand knowledge of newsstand circulation methods that he would find invaluable later on. He also learned that photographs of naked women sold magazines.

For some time Hefner had been trying to interest investors in his idea for a new publication called *Chicago*, which would deal with the livelier aspects of life in that city. (Hefner is a great Chicago booster, and to this day he retains a Midwesterner's mistrust of and contempt for New York.) Now, suddenly, he began to think about a magazine of "entertainment for men." Its tone would be sophisticated and racy. It would print

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Pajama-clad Hefner checks proofs of Playmate of Month.

He likes girls with a sulky-pouting, Bardot-like look.

humor (cartoons, jokes, satire) and time-tested fiction (Hefner had discovered that copyrights expired after 56 years, which made a lot of good stories available free of charge). It would also provide generous servings of girlish anatomy, and in this area Hefner had an inspired idea.

It was then 1953 and Marilyn Monroe was a big star. The nude calendar photograph she had posed for in her early days had become part of her growing legend. But few people had actually seen the photograph. Hefner tracked down the firm that had published the calendar, and for $200 secured permission to reproduce it. He raised the $200 by getting a bank loan on his 1950 Studebaker.

Hefner spent all his free time on the new magazine. Dissatisfied with his own efforts, he finally took the rough dummy to a young free-lance designer named Arthur Paul, asked him to redesign the layouts, and offered to pay him in shares of stock in the magazine. Paul is not quite sure why he took on the job. Hefner's layouts were awful, he says, and the textual material was a far cry from the sophisticated charivari that Hefner had in mind. But Hefner struck him at the time as a man with "tremendous dedication—something you couldn't dismiss easily," and the idea of becoming art director of a new magazine was tempting, and he accepted. Hefner's total working capital then came to $600, raised mainly by getting two banks to lend him money on the furniture in his apartment. He managed to sell $2,000 worth of stock to an old friend named Eldon Sellers (now *Playboy*'s special-projects editor), and a few smaller blocks to other acquaintances. The magazine in its final form was put together on the kitchen table in Hefner's apartment. When it came out in December, 1953, the first issue bore no date because Hefner and Paul were not at all sure there would be a second. They needn't have worried. With Marilyn clothed on the cover, waving cheerily, and Marilyn nude inside, the first issue sold 51,000 copies at 50 cents apiece, earned nearly $26,000 (with no advertising), and put Hefner and Paul on the road to affluence.

As the money rolled in, a lot of it went right back into the product. Layouts improved and so did graphic work. In 1956 Hefner hired A. C. Spectorsky, an experienced magazine man and the author of a best seller called *The Exurbanites*, as his editorial director. *Playboy* stopped carrying reprints and soon raised its pay scale for original articles and stories to such a high level that more and more "name" writers began appearing in its pages. To those who sneered at the magazine's continued reliance on the buxom nude Playmate at the centerfold, Hefner and his associates had a ready answer: Less than 10 percent of the magazine was devoted to such material and anyway, what was wrong with pretty girls? The answer rather begged the question. No matter what percentage of space the girls occupied, they have always been (and still are) the magazine's salient feature. But they, too, have improved in quality over the years, in part because *Playboy* itself has helped to make the idea of posing in the nude more widely acceptable. They have also passed through an interesting evolution.

Marilyn, the first, was unique—a joyous and unrepeatable inspiration. For the next two years, though, the Playmates did not really seem to be enjoying their work, and many of them displayed the bored expression and weary pose of the professional stripper. One characteristic they all had in common: enormous, gravity-defying, sometimes freakishly overdeveloped breasts. The archetypal figure of this period was Jayne Mansfield, who was relatively unknown when she first appeared in the magazine in February, 1955, and who then went on to theatrical fame and fortune and six more appearances in *Playboy*, each time revealing a larger area of her topography.

But the Playmate underwent a striking change in 1955. According to office legend, it all began when *Playboy*'s comely subscription manager, Janet Pilgrim (36-24-36), walked into Hefner's office and asked for an Addressograph machine. Hefner (29-30-31) had been having trouble finding suitable candidates for the centerfold, and he told her "half-jokingly" that she could have the machine if she would pose for Playmate of the Month, and "half-jokingly" she accepted. Miss Pilgrim's picture, which adorned the July issue, became the model for Hefner's concept of a Playmate as the "fresh, wholesome" girl who lived next door or worked in the adjoining office. No more daydreaming about inaccessible starlets; here was *down-to-earth* fantasy to arouse even the most sluggardly imagination! A chick in every pot! But what sort of chick? Miss Pilgrim, whose first appearance drew so many breathless letters that she kept turning up in the magazine at regular intervals for the next seven years, established the image. She was a big girl, with blue eyes and chemically blond hair and milk-white skin and, inevitably, a pneumatic bosom. And in addition, no matter what the photographer caught her doing—spending Christmas Eve at home, taking a bubble bath on her vacation—she maintained an attitude of friendly yet innocent decorum.

Although she is still listed on *Playboy*'s masthead (JANET PILGRIM *reader service*), Miss Pilgrim is no longer with the magazine. She lives far away in Texas, married, a housewife and mother. Her image doubtless lives on in the hearts of countless readers, but the Playmate herself has passed through another transformation. Since about mid-1962 the major influence has been Brigitte Bardot. Sulky, hot-eyed and distinctly provocative, the sex kitten has rudely supplanted the girl next door, and the centerfold is accordingly a good deal sexier than it used to be. Although Mlle. Bardot herself has never consented to pose for *Playboy* (it has had to make do with studio stills), other film stars seem to welcome the opportunity. Kim Novak, Susan Strasberg, Carroll Baker, Ursula Andress and a galaxy of comparable supernovae have exposed their assets in the magazine.

Like the nubile maids who attend James Bond and other current heroes, the Playmate is, above all, compliant. She exists only to give pleasure, she makes no demands that a growing boy cannot imagine himself gratifying, and the sex she proffers is, quite literally, skin deep. To the frequent accusations that this is a puerile and insulting attitude that reduces women to the status of a commodity, Hefner invariably replies that such criticism simply reveals the critic as having a "sexual hang-up" of some sort, a pathological bias against healthy sex. (Hefner believes he would have made an excellent psychiatrist; "I'm good at understanding people's motivation," he says, "and I find the hang-ups of Americans very interesting.")

His answer, which is quite sincere, is understandable. Like everything else in the magazine, the Playmate has always been a direct reflection of Hugh Hefner's personal tastes and predilections. Hefner often refers to himself as "a very romantic guy," and since his divorce in 1959 he has been linked romantically, as the columnists say, with a succession of "special girls," most of whom have worked for the magazine and none of whom has been very long out of high school. "I like freshness," Hefner said, when asked to describe his requirements for the ideal girl. "Sophistication doesn't mean much to me. I like honesty, none of that competitive thing. And I like her to be attractive—you know, long-legged, well built. I'm very attracted to the Brigitte Bardot kind of thing, the sulky-pouting, youthful-fresh sort of look."

Girls aren't everything though, in The Mansion or *Playboy*. This is a *serious* magazine! Interviews with Albert Schweitzer, Dr. Martin Luther King, Bertrand Russell! Probing articles by James Baldwin, Jean-Paul Sartre and J. Paul Getty! Important fiction by Vladimir Nabokov, Lawrence Durrell, James Jones, Bernard Malamud! The PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY! More than any other feature, THE PHILOSOPHY, as it is referred to around the office, embodies Hefner's bid for editorial respectability. Begun in December, 1962, as a three-part series of editorials by Hefner to defend the magazine against its critics, THE PHILOSOPHY has blossomed into a full-fledged, seemingly endless crusade against censorship, obscenity laws, sexual repression and American puritanism in general. "Once I started I was hooked," he said recently. "And then the response has been so fantastic. You'd be hard put to find a single piece of writing that's more influential with college kids today. They talk about it, they write us—we've had thousands of letters on the subject—and I couldn't even count the number of requests I've had to come and speak at different colleges. Nobody else is talking about these things, that's why."

It is only natural that there should be conflicting opinions about a man such as Hugh Hefner. His *Playboy* staff seems genuinely to admire him, although very few feel they know him well. "There's something wonderfully informal and unstructured about Hef, which gets reflected in the magazine," Spectorsky said recently. "He's a complex kid, one of the most questioning and impatient people I've ever met. He can be brutal in a meeting; he's a terrifically quick thinker, he usually knows what you're going to say before you finish saying it, and if there's any fumbling he'll get restless and say 'Come on, come *on*. . . .' With people he doesn't know so well, he can be the soul of patience. He's a perfectionist—nothing goes into that magazine until he's completely satisfied with it—and at the same time he's a fantastic businessman, although he really doesn't like to think of himself as one."

But those who have parted company with Hefner tend to draw a different picture. Frank Gibney, the man whom Hefner hired to edit *Show Business Illustrated*—the magazine Hefner started

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in 1961 and sold six months later after losing $1.5 million—has nothing but scorn for his ex-boss. It would be hard to find two men with less in common. Gibney is a former *Time* editor, author of several books, and a Yale man who set the tone for his relations with Hefner by choosing to call him "Hughie" instead of "Hef." "Hughie always reminded me of a corrupt Methodist trader who sold liquor to the Indians, and felt he ought to just *taste* each brand first," Gibney observed recently. "His real idol is Frank Sinatra. He was shocked—absolutely appalled—when he found I didn't know what 'ring-a-ding-ding' meant. I still don't know. What impressed me about Hughie at first was that he seemed to have some of the qualities of Henry Robinson Luce. There was that same total dedication to the business, the ability to work all night if necessary. Aside from the business, though, he's a very boring man." Gibney, who says he quit the job when he found that Hefner's idea of show business was nude chorus girls in Las Vegas and the censored footage from European films, attributes the magazine's failure mainly to Hefner's inability to keep the costs in line. Hefner's explanation is simpler: "It was badly edited, that's all." The idea behind the magazine is still a good one, he maintains, and he is thinking seriously of trying it again.

Hefner is thinking very seriously about a lot of things. He wants to get into movie producing, and he is hip deep in plans for a new five-million-dollar all-year resort hotel at Lake Geneva, Wisc., that would be the model for a chain of hotels and resorts throughout the world; it will have a private lake, skiing facilities, and a 200-room hotel staffed in large part by Bunnies, whose social grace under pressure ("Please, sir, you are not allowed to touch the Bunny") may be put to its severest test yet. He sets great store by his Playboy Foundation, whose principal object is to work for the repeal of antiquated sex statutes and promote the ideas of THE PHILOSOPHY. And who knows?—one of these days Hef may even tear himself loose from The Mansion. He talks now of using an airplane as his future base of operations. They are making jets big enough, he says, and as his empire spreads out over the civilized world, it might be fun, it might be a real gas, to come swooping down over any part of it, loosing Jovian thunderbolts and appearing, perhaps, to some lucky Bunny as a shower of gold. Ring-a-ding-ding!

Hefner still devotes most of his time and energy to the magazine, though, and as the circulation soars, he thinks more and more about his editorial responsibilities. He is very much aware of the changing attitudes among today's college students, and he does not hesitate to link their new mood of political and social protest with THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY. "These things are all related," he said recently. "Exactly the same things that are causing the sexual revolution in this country are also causing the civil-rights revolution and the dissent on Vietnam and the student protests. . . . I'm sick about Vietnam. I'm generally sick about our whole foreign policy since World War II—just to be against Communism isn't a policy. What are we doing in Vietnam in the first place? Listen, I'm a very idealistic guy. I think this country is based on a very moral ideal, and that we're at our best when we're closest to that—which we're clearly not in Vietnam.* I also worry about the whole nuclear thing. There's only one solution to this—it's clear-cut, it's obvious, there is no other—we've got to turn over all nuclear arms to the U.N. And not only are we not moving toward that, but nobody's even saying it. The free press isn't living up to its responsibilities. I think you may hear us saying some of these things from now on. Listen, *Playboy* is the most contemporary magazine being published today. That's the reason for its success."

*Recently, to bolster the morale of GI's, *Playboy* dispatched Playmate of the Year Jo Collins to Vietnam for a five-day tour. Among other things, she fired a mortar, visited an officer who had bought a lifetime *Playboy* subscription, and caught a virus.

It is just possible, of course, that in taking his responsibilities so seriously, Hefner may risk losing touch with the new generation. Student dissent and political activism are not the only changes in the wind these days, and there are some aspects of the contemporary youth-dominated scene that Hefner does not dig at all. He detests rock 'n' roll, for example, remaining staunchly loyal to the Sinatra-styled rhythms of his high-school days. Nor does his sympathy for student anti-establishment protests extend to "beatniks" and others who opt out of the affluent society.

For the time being, though, Hefner's basic rapport with his audience seems to be secure. The money keeps rolling in, the HMH Company continues to expand, the magazine grows steadily fatter and better-looking and more interesting to read. No doubt about it, Nabokov and Sartre and Baldwin do lend an aura; the quality is unmistakably there. And at the center of it all, pumping her vital energy into every corner of the far-flung empire, reflecting the needs and drives of God-knows-how-many pale urban dreamers out of a population that gets younger each year, astounding the adolescent and rejuvenating the senior citizen, beckoning provocatively yet sweetly, promising all, demanding nothing—right *there* in full, radiant, delectable color is the Playmate-Bunny-Girl-of-Our-Dreams. The child woman. The teen-age ideal. Like Keats's maiden on the Grecian urn, she remains forever just out of reach: Look but don't touch. And this, of course—as who should know better than Hugh Hefner?—is the secret of her mysterious appeal. □

In bed, Hef edits color shots. Epoxy resin sculpture, GIRL IN A SLING CHAIR, is by Frank Gallo, young artist whose work is in collection of New York's Museum of Modern Art.

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Editorials

Is poison safe?

We should by now be accustomed to the fact that we are engaged in the regular production of hydrogen bombs, nerve gases and other poisons useful to the waging of war. Large quantities of these weapons are presumably stockpiled in arsenals all over the country, and, according to the Defense Department, they're perfectly safe. No accidents are possible.

Yet two recent incidents indicate that many people don't really believe the Pentagon's reassurances, and that the Pentagon doesn't fully expect to be believed.

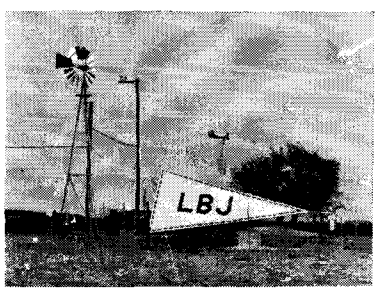
The first incident was the tragicomedy of the four hydrogen bombs that fell on the coast of southern Spain, when two American planes collided in midair last January. One of the four bombs couldn't be found, but, since there had been no explosion, there seemed no basis for the rumors that the area had been contaminated by radioactive materials. Only several weeks after the accident did officials disclose that two of the recovered bombs had broken open in the fall, scattering radioactive plutonium and uranium over 18 acres. No danger at all, officials kept saying, as they scooped up 1,500 cubic yards of contaminated topsoil to be shipped to a dumping ground in South Carolina. While searchers continued hunting for the fourth bomb offshore—where they finally found it lying in 2,500 feet of water—the U.S. ambassador went swimming nearby to show everybody that everything really was perfectly safe.

What, then, was all the excitement about? The assumption seems to have been that the missing bomb might blow up after all, and that Government statements on the subject may be taken with a grain of salt. If this is the case, we are indeed in a sorry plight. For we have stockpiled so many bombs that, if the military's safety precautions really can't be counted on, we might as well kneel down every night to pray that the country will survive to see another dawn.

Yet no sooner had the Spanish incident been closed than the United States Geological Survey stated that a series of minor earthquakes around Denver "probably are related" to the fact that the U.S. Army dug a two-mile hole into the Rockies to dump dangerous wastes from the manufacture of deadly nerve gases. This interesting announcement prompted some inquiries, but a spokesman at the Rocky Mountain Arsenal would say only that the arsenal was "engaged in preparation of munitions in very sensitive areas." And there was no indication of what was in the 150 million gallons of poisonous wastes that the Army had been pumping into the hole for the past four years.

The Defense Department has a right and duty, of course, to keep secret all details of the production of new weapons, particularly nuclear warheads and poison gases. It has a right, too, to try to prevent the hysteria that inevitably surrounds all talk of accidents involving these dreaded weapons. However, accidents do happen, and when they do happen, the public will find out about them. To the extent that the military is less than candid on the subject, the public will be less than confident about the truth of official statements.

LBJ's good-neighbor policy



It must be exhilarating to have the President of the United States for a neighbor—until you find that your land is about to be condemned for the creation of a Lyndon B. Johnson state park. That was the experience of several score Texans who live just across the road from the LBJ Ranch, and who are now struggling to keep their land.

"We don't need a park here," said one rancher whose family had settled in the region in 1882. "My boy planned to make this his farm." Another, whose great-grandfather settled there in 1860, added, "I don't like it, but I might have to like it."

The Texas Parks and Wildlife Department went into action after one neighbor talked of building a motel on the presidential highway and another considered opening a curio shop there. It has a right to object to such commercialization of the Presidency, but surely the proper antidote is a zoning law, not wholesale condemnation of land.

There were other elements involved, however. "Eventually," said one of the parks department's three commissioners, "we thought maybe the whole ranch would become a national shrine." It does seem a bit early to be planning on that.

People who live in glass houses. . .

Secretary of State Dean Rusk, who has had long experience with our enterprising allies selling supplies to our enemies, sounded understandably exasperated when he recently criticized the West Germans for planning to provide Communist China with a $150 million steel mill. There may well be a case to be made for increased trade as a peaceful bridge between East and West, but we wonder whether the merchants of the Ruhr are the right people to make that case. Since the Bonn government vehemently opposes anyone dealing with Communist East Germany, how would it have reacted to the East Germans acquiring a brand-new steel mill on credit from Nationalist China?

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